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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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THE NATION'S PROGRESS

COMMERCIAL PATRIOTISM

THE Canadian Industrial League is an organization whose aim can hardly be commended too highly. Its motto, "Keep Your Money In Circulation At Home, by Buying Goods Made In Canada," is surely one which should appeal to every patriotic Canadian. The Canadian Industrial League, is conducted under the auspices of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and, like the Association, is strictly non-political. All Canadians are eligible for membership, and among members are large numbers of Canada's leading men of both political parties, and of all trades and professions. It aims to built up and foster a strong spirit of national co-operation among workers in the varied fields of Canadian industry, and its members are pledged to use their influence to further the principle of Tariff Protection for Canadian farming, mining, fishing and manufacturing; the development of shipping facilities at Canadian ports, and their use in preference to foreign ports, as well as the improvement of Canada's internal and external transportation facilities. They also agree in making purchases, to give the preference to goods made in Canada, when they are as cheap and as good as similar foreign products. Branches are being established in all parts of the Dominion.

THE BY-ELECTIONS

THE people have spoken. London and North Oxford have declared their allegiance to the Laurier Government. London's largely increased majority for Hon. Charles Hyman, came somewhat as a surprise to a few, but students of politics will recognize what a tremendous power lies in the prestige of a Cabinet Minister, and the influence of the immense majority behind the federal Government. In addition to that, Hon. Charles Hyman is an able man, popular locally, and one who bids fair to become a capable administrator of his department. In North Oxford, while the majority is cut down from 1500 to 300, the liberal Candidate is sustained. Mr. George Smith is a prominent barrister, a native of the county and we feel sure he will prove a good representative of the people who have sent him to Ottawa. It is to be hoped that the regrettable agitation which has threatened to become bitter at times, will now subside. We should all remember that "We're a' John Tamson's bairns," and work together for the good of our common country, leaving the bickering to professional politicians.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

AT the recent banquet in Berlin, of the Canadian Industrial League, Mr. J. D. Allan, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, gave an interesting address. Amongst other matters, he touched upon technical education for Canada. This is a branch of educational work which all our educational departments have united to neglect. The best example of what technical training will do for a country, is Germany, where the value of such education was long ago recognized. This has been the prime

factor in putting Germany near the head of the industrial nations of the world. In Great Britain the importance of technical education is just being felt, and efforts are being made to supply the want. There are a few such schools and institutes in the United States, and they will be multiplied many fold in the near future. Canada is far behind in this movement, and it seems a good subject for attention, on the part of our Legislatures. With Canada's immense resources, and the proper knowledge and facilities for development, we should not be long in overtaking our big neighbor to the south. In the acquirement of these, no factor has the potential power of technical education. We have a Technical School in Toronto, and beginnings have been made in a few other cities, but on such a small scale that the work is barely felt. The need is apparent. What are we going to do about it?

A ROBUST CANADIANISM

AT the same banquet in Berlin, mentioned above, Mr. J. D. Allan, one of the foremost manufacturers of Canada, a man who has travelled extensively in Europe, besides knowing Canada from ocean to ocean for the past forty years, gave his idea of "adequate protection" for Canada. He said, "I would build a tariff wall, every whit as high as the wall erected by the United States against us, and then add three or four courses for luck." The opinion of a successful man of such wide experience should carry weight.

TRADE WITH THE ORIENT

A PRACTICALLY virgin market is being opened to the commerce of the world. The east coast of Asia offers almost unparalleled facilities for building up a trade which has enormous potentialities for wealth and extent. Canada occupies the most advantageous position, geographically, for ready access to this market and it will be Canada's own fault if she allows the United States to outstrip her in the race for commercial advantages in the Orient. China alone has a population of 400,000,000, and the countries to the south are similarly populated. Flour is just beginning to be used as a staple article in China, there is a demand for our lumber, and our manufactured goods, which only needs attention to develop into an enormous trade. It is true, these countries are not up to the standard of the consuming power of Europe, but they are rapidly advancing, and it is to Canada's interest to foster and cater to the vast market lying between Vladivostock and the Straits Settlements. Japan also offers a market which should prove of great value if properly cared for, and it is to be hoped that no lack of foresight and no unwise legislation on our part will place a barrier which may hinder our commercial intercourse with the Far East.

AN AUSTRALIAN VISITOR

HON. J. G. JENKINS, Australian Agent-General to Great Britain, and ex-Premier of South Australia, was a recent visitor to Canada. His position is the highest office open to Australian public men, and only ex-Premiers are eligible. Hon. Mr. Jenkins headed the poll in his division for eighteen consecutive years, has had nearly every portfolio in the Cabinet, and was for some years Premier of South Australia. He is a man of fine presence, ready wit, eloquent and incisive speech, and thoroughly conversant with the commercial outlook. He is an ardent promoter of inter-Imperial trade and advocates better steamship service as the best and only way of encouraging trade between the British colonies. During his short stay in Canada he gave several able addresses, the keynote of each being a plea for the development of trade within the Empire, and the creation of an Imperial preferential tariff. He also advocated the establishment of regular steamship services between the colonies. The present lines are owned and operated almost exclusively by German and French companies, the British lines themselves seeming to have neglected this field. If Canada's subsidized steamship line to Mexico has fallen through, why cannot something be done to inaugurate a regular line of good freight carriers, between our Pacific ports and the great island colony of Australia? We would commend this matter to the Government's attention.

STILL THEY COME

THE remarkable influx of American immigration into the Canadian West, continues to increase. All reports from the West indicate that this year will overshadow even the record of 1904. And the best feature is the desirable quality of the majority of the settlers, who are pouring in from the middle and western States. Most of them are men of experience with ready money, and families whom they desire to establish and provide for in the great territory which is so rapidly filling up. In fact, the United States is suffering such a serious leak, not only in its best citizens, but in cash deposits, that the matter is to be brought up for investigation at the next Congress. With hordes of illiterate, poverty-stricken, and undesirable foreigners, mainly from the under side of Europe, pouring in at the rate of eight or ten thousand a day, and the finished product of American citizenship taking his family and his fortune to Canada, the United States seems for once to be getting the worst of the bargain. Canada has in the past lost so much to the Great Republic that a turn of fortune is cause for hearty congratlation. These hard-headed, practical and experienced American farmers and stock raisers, will prove the very best material out of which to manufacture a sturdy Canadian citizenship.

BANKING IN CANADA

SOME interesting facts are at hand, with respect to the wonderful strides in Canadian banking. The system, (modelled after the Scottish system), is recognized the world over, as the most suitable and flexible yet devised, as well as being admirably fitted for the needs of a young and growing country. In 1817, the Banks of Montreal and Quebec were established, and for some time they had the field to themselves. To-day there are thirty-five chartered banks in Canada, of which number twenty have their head offices in Toronto. Their branches dot the Dominion everywhere, from Vancouver to Sydney, and from the Great Lakes to the Yukon. One bank alone has something like one hundred and twenty-five branches. As an illustration of the volume of business done, the clearing house figures are a fair criterion. The total figures for the Toronto clearing house for 1892 were $326.000.000, and in 1904 they reached $842.000.000. This is but a fair sample of the growth all over the country. And as yet the country is in its infancy. There have been half a dozen new banks chartered within the last few years, and there is probably room for as many more.

CANADA FOR CANADIANS

IN a recent able speech by Mr. Watson Griffin, a writer on economic subjects, he said that "Canada for the Canadians," was a policy that would keep Canadians in Canada. The last United States census showed that there were 1,200,000 Canadians in the republic. If their descendants were considered, the number of Canadians there would probably equal the number in Canada. Canada's past policy had been practically the United States for Canadians; United States seaports for Canadian exports and imports; United States manufactures for Canadian farmers; and United States farm products for Canadian towns and cities. Canadian trade and navigation returns showed that in 1904, excluding gold and silver from both imports and exports, one Canadian bought more in the United States than forty-one United States people bought in Canada. In that year the United States bought only a trifle over nine cents per head of population worth of farm products in Canada. This in the face of the oft-heard assertion that the United States was the natural market for Canada's agricultural products. During the same year Canadian purchases from the United States amounted to over $3.15 per capita. and in making this comparison southern fruits and other things not grown in Canada were excluded. The doors of the United States were barred against Canadian products. A similar policy was what Canada should adopt. Continuing Mr. Griffin pointed out that one Canadian ate more of United States meat than 491 Americans ate of Canadian meat. Similarly significant figures were cited as regards the consumption of eggs, butter and cheese. It was not in Canada's power to cause the Americans to eat more Canadian farm products, but Canada could cause Canadians to eat less of United States farm products.

WORLD AFFAIRS

WILLIAM, THE WAR LORD

THE fierce white light which beats upon the throne never shines too brightly to dazzle Emperor "William the Sudden" of Germany. He pursues his way steadfastly, with an eye single to the aggrandisement of the German Empire and the German Emperor. After five years of diplomatic manœuvres he has at last brought about the virtual cancellation of the Dual Alliance between France and Russia. But in this he had the Fates working for him. Russia's military power is reduced to a minimum at present, and Russia is in no position to threaten the eastern frontier of Germany should hostilities break out between that country and France. Emperor William has also engineered the downfall of M. Delcasse, the ablest Minister of Foreign Affairs whom France has had for many years. M. Delcasse brought about the Franco-Russian alliance and about a year ago he and Lord Lansdowne engineered the Anglo-French *entente* regarding Morocco. These two agreements were the two hardest set-backs the Kaiser ever received in his policy of Pan-Germanism, which includes the practical isolation of both France and Great Britain. Recently the Kaiser startled the world by announcing that he would not recognize the Anglo-French *entente,* as he had not been consulted or notified. He then made a dramatic journey to Morocco, and while there assured the Sultan publicly that he would not recognize France as the paramount power in Morocco. This amounted to a threat to France and the consequence has been another crisis in Europe, with the Kaiser as the man who has to decide whether it is to be peace or war. The diplomats of the countries concerned have been busy trying to straighten out the tangle, and it is probable that peace will be maintained, although there are many rumors of preparations for mobilization, and strengthening of frontier defences on both sides of the Rhine.

Canadians are interested because of Great Britain's part in the tangle. By the terms of the *entente,* Great Britain supports France in her position in Morocco, which amounts to a protectorate, and allows France a free hand there to restore order. Great Britain has given strong backing to France so far in the negotiations, and would probably give armed support if hostilities should break out. Great Britain wants peace more than at any other time for many years. But if Great Britain had to choose a nation to fight, that nation would undoubtedly be Germany.

THE VICTORIOUS JAP

"THE victory of Togo is such a tremendous affair that it is difficult to speak of it with moderation," says the sober *St. James' Budget,* in an article commenting on the naval Battle of the Sea of Japan. The naval power of Russia, is smashed beyond all hope of redemption, for at least thirty years. Her navy to-day consists of the few obsolete and ill-found vessels comprising the Black Sea fleet, which cannot leave those waters, and a few unimportant odds and ends not worthy of notice. From the third Power in point of naval strength, Russia is reduced at one stroke to seventh or eighth, while Japan ranks really next only to Great Britain. On paper, the fleets of France, Germany and the United States still present a more formidable array, but with the Japanese officers and men trained to the highest point of efficiency, with their victorious experience as a guide, and reinforced by the captured Russian warships, it is safe to say that no Power to-day could regard with equanimity a contest with the navy of Japan. After an unbroken series of Japanese victories on land and sea, Togo has utterly destroyed Russia's only hope of final victory. There is now nothing for the Russians to do but seek peace on such terms as Japan may grant, and devote themselves to the reconstruction and reorganization of their already too large Empire.

PROSPECTS FOR PEACE

AS we go to press, the chances for peace are brighter than ever before, and negotiations are beginning to take definite shape.

Plenipotentiaries are to be appointed by the two belligerent Powers, and Washington has been agreed upon as the meeting place, to discuss terms. The chief matter over which difficulty is anticipated is the indemnity which Japan will probably demand, and which Russia is unwilling to grant. There may be vexatious delays, but Russia is apt to be spurred on, and her desire for peace strengthened if Field-Marshall Oyama, succeeds in his present advance, as he has always succeeded before. One more smashing defeat of the Muscovite power on land, and even the blinded ring of reactionary autocrats who misrule Russia, would be brought to see the futility of further continuance of the war, from which nothing but further disastrous failures can now ensue. In the peace negotiation it is interesting to note that President Roosevelt assumed the initiative, in sending a note to the two Powers to urge the conclusion of peace. Thus the Man With the Big Stick proves an efficient peace-maker.

THE SPANISH VISIT

KING ALFONSO, of Spain, has just concluded a visit to England. If rumor be true, his visit was not purely a social one—a mere return of the complimentary courtesies, usual between European sovereigns. Alfonso wants a bride, and his Ministers have impressed the fact upon him. To ensure the continuance of the dynasty it is necessary that the young king should marry, and that right early, as his health is delicate, and fears are entertained as to his ever attaining the honed for vigor and strength which a king needs as much as his humblest subject. But the Princess Patricia, of Connaught, who is supposed to be the English royalty, destined to share the Spanish throne, is said to look with strong disfavor on the young king, and it may be that she will not consent, if negotiations ever reach that stage. The last Spanish King to visit England, was that King Philip, who married Queen Mary, sister of Queen Elizabeth. It is to be hoped that if the projected marriage between King Alfonso and Princess Patricia takes place, it will prove happier than the ill-starred union between Philip and Mary. Whether anything comes of the visit or not, it is certain that one more bond of sympathy and cordiality has been made between Great Britain and the other European powers. King Edward and the English Royal Family are unceasing in their efforts to promote good feeling between the different continental states and Great Britain, and our beloved sovereign has well earned his title of Edward the Peace-Maker.

TROUBLE IN NORTHERN EUROPE

A CRISIS of a peculiar nature exists in the dual kingdom of Norway and Sweden. After a dispute, which has lasted for some years, and which has at times been bitter, the union of the two countries under King Oscar has been dissolved by the Norwegian Storthing, and the government of the country will be until further notice in the hands of the Council of State. The committee appointed to acquaint King Oscar with the decision of the Storthing was refused audience by that irritated monarch, and had to retire discomfited. Norway declares that she will resist even to the arbitrament of the sword any attempt to force a renewal of the old state of affairs. That Norway has no ill-will to the reigning house is proved by her desire to obtain a prince of the house of Bernadotte as King of Norway. There has been an interchange of diplomatic notes between the King and the Storthing, but the latter remains firm. There is little danger of war breaking out, the pressure of the surrounding powers upon both parties being too strong to allow it. Such a strife might possibly begin the long-dreaded struggle which some think will one day involve all Europe. The disruption of the Scandinavian kingdoms will tend to weaken them, and make them an easier prey to the ambitious schemes of Russia and Germany.

THE SEA POWER OF BRITAIN

BRITAIN still rules the waves. The recent battle wherein Russia was wiped off the list of naval powers, and Japan raised to a naval power of the first rank, makes no difference in the relative superiority of the sea-fighting strength of the British Empire. From the following figures it

will be seen that in point of tonnage, the British fleet is a good deal more than equal to the combined fleets of France, Germany and the United States. Figures prepared by the Intelligence Bureau of the United States Navy Department, show that as a result of the battle just fought and its predecessors, Russia has dropped from third to seventh place in naval power, and Japan has risen from seventh to sixth. The fighting has put the United States up from fifth to fourth place, and Germany from fourth to third.

The naval powers now rank in this order. Great Britain, France, Germany, United States, Italy, Japan, Russia, and Austria.

Prior to the battle of the Sea of Japan they ranked as follows: Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, United States, Italy, Japan and Austria.

Great Britain's tonage is 1,595,871; France's, 603,721; Germany's, 441,249; United States, 316,523; Italy's, 254,510; Japan's, 252,661; Russia's (which formerly was 447,315), is now 227,343, Austria comes last with 112,336.

SAFEGUARDING INDIA

LORD KITCHENER has inaugurated a comprehensive reorganization and redistribution of the British army in India, which has practically doubled its fighting efficiency and mobility. Kitchener has a genius for organization which many have fondly hoped might some day be brought to bear on that conglomerate mass of inconsistencies—the British War Office. He is, however, putting the finishing touches upon the problem of Indian defence to which Lord Roberts devoted forty years, and now the Afghan frontier is said to be impregnable. The wild hill-tribes of Afghanistan are the best fighting blood of India, and they act as a buffer between the British Indian states and the Russian possessions on the north. A treaty has been concluded between the Amir of Afghanistan and Britain as follows:

1. The Amir agrees to have no political relations with any foreign power except Great Britain.

2. Great Britain undertakes to assist the Amir in repelling any unprovoked aggression on his dominions as defined in the Delimitation Agreements of November 12th, 1893, provided that his Highness follows unreservedly the advice of the British Government in his external relations.

3. Great Britain agrees not to interfere in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, and not to appoint a British resident at Cabul. The Amir, on his part, agrees to receive a Mohammedan Agent of the British Government in his capital.

4. Great Britain agrees to raise no objection to the purchase and import by His Highness of munitions of war, and will grant him help in this respect.

5. Great Britain agrees to grant to the Amir a subsidy of 18 lakhs of rupees a year.

This, together with Russia's overwhelming defeat by the Japanese makes a Russian attack on India almost an impossibility for a long time to come.

THE PRIZE QUILT

By ERIN GRAHAME

"WHAT did your mother say about it, Fred?"

The young man's face darkened and he hesitated over a reply. The girl who had questioned him laughed merrily and continued. "I know she was awfully disappointed when she heard that you are going to marry a girl who has a university degree, and who won't know anything about house-keeping. She has never liked me. Now, tell me honestly what she said. Didn't she paint a dismal future, in which you would lead a dinnerless and buttonless existence?"

This guess came so near to the truth that Fred Hardy preserved a guilty silence, for he had the average man's awkwardness in polite prevarication, and he had also the masculine dread of a disagreement between his mother and the woman who was to be his wife.

"She—she, seemed a little anxious," at last stammered the unfortunate young man. "She doesn't understand, you see, how sensible you are and how you've been to cooking-school and all that. But she'll be all right," he added hopefully.

The girl's face flushed, and her brown head was thrown back proudly. "It's so ridiculous to think that a girl must be a fool because she knows a little Latin and mathematics. People aren't so stupid about a man. Your mother doesn't doubt your ability to drive a nail or harness a horse, simply because you have studied law."

"My dear Evelyn," answered her lover gently," my mother is an old-fashioned woman, with old-fashioned prejudices. When she knows you she can't help loving you."

"You ridiculous man," replied Evelyn Foster, with the brown head drooping half shyly. "I must remember that she is your mother and that it must be dreadful to have a strange young woman capture an only son. It's queer that you haven't been spoiled, Fred."

"There's too much of the Scotch Presbyterian in mother for that. The rod was not spared in my childhood, but it wasn't used any too freely. Mother's affection is eminently practical. I'll never forget how she nursed me through that attack of typhoid. The doctor said her endurance was almost superhuman. I don't believe she ate or slept."

"She must be a splendid woman," said Evelyn enthusiastically, "but I have always felt a little afraid of her. You see, my mother is such a dear, frivolous little body, that I have treated her like a chum, and daddy has always treated her as a child." Mr. Hardy laughed and the lines of anxiety disappeared from his face.

"I couldn't imagine a greater contrast than your mother and mine. Yours is a butterfly and mine is a sober and industrious bee."

Just at this moment the butterfly, in the form of Mrs. Foster entered the room and fluttered up to Mr. Hardy on wings of gray chiffon.

"My dear boy, I am so glad to see you. Of course, we expect now to have you with us a good deal. It's rather like having a son of my own, without the bother of bringing him up and mending his clothes. My two girls, Evelyn and Mabel, have always been so much like their father, solid and capable, that I've hardly worried about them at all. Only, it *did* trouble me when Evelyn went to the university, for I was afraid of her learning to scowl, or doing her hair in one of those frightful tight knobs." Mr. Hardy glanced at the fluffy brightness of Evelyn's hair and smiled.

"You needn't have worried about that, my dear Mrs. Foster. No daughter of yours could do her hair up in an unbecoming fashion."

"This is developing into a disgraceful flirtation," said Evelyn, rising from the depths of the cosy corner, "I am going away to escape the painful sight and to make some coffee for all of us."

"Dear Evelyn," sighed her mother, after

the girl's departure, "she's the greatest comfort to me. Really, Fred, you mustn't be married for ever so long. I don't know what I'll do without Evelyn's coffee."

"You must come over and have breakfast with us," answered her future son-in-law gayly—and, what is very strange, he meant what he said.

Mrs. Foster was a woman who remained utterly unspoiled, by a life of spoiling. Her parents had petted her, her husband continued the treatment, and her two daughters treated her as a charming and incorrigible person, much younger than they. It was impossible to do anything else with a woman so pretty, so dainty, and so utterly loveable as Lillian Foster. She was blessed with that rarest of gifts, a sense of humor, and had laughed her way through a world which was usually ready to laugh with her. "Frivolous," "worldly," "empty-headed," she was called by the sisterhood of the serious, but she was never known to utter scandal, and her home gathered more sunshine than any other spot in town. What was remarkable beyond all modern fiction, was the fact that her one faithful servant, Kate, had been with her for fifteen years, and declared that she was lonesome "anywheres else."

"Fred Hardy had also fallen under the spell of this merry little woman, and found the pleasure of being adopted by her, second only to his position as Evelyn's sweetheart.

But as he walked home that night the young man was as nearly miserable as a youth who has won "the dearest girl in the world" can be. His own mother's stern, suffering face was before him, and yet he felt helpless before her silent resentment of his love for Evelyn Foster. He knew that he had done only what every man has a right to do—wooed and won the woman of his choice. But his mother had said a few bitter words when he told her of his love for Evelyn, and of his hope of winning her—and then had been grimly silent. She had promised to call on Mrs. Foster and her daughter, but had not yet fulfilled the promise.

Fred knew that Evelyn was hurt and on the defensive, yet he felt a deep pity for the elder woman, who had formed such an utterly mistaken estimate of the girl who had captured her son's heart.

Fred's father had lived on one of the finest farms in the county, but, eight years before, had given up country life on account of ill-health, and had bought a pretty residence in the thriving town of Thurston. There was no one in the community more highly respected than John Hardy, for he belonged to the best class of Canadian farmer—a man who kept in touch with his country's development, and who always knew what he was talking about.

When Fred showed that he was not "cut out for a farmer," his father cheerfully devoted a generous share of his savings to the boy's university and legal education, and was quietly proud when Lawyer Benson, who was considered the shrewdest man in his profession in the county, offered young Hardy a junior partnership.

Mr. Hardy was quite content when his son announced the news of his engagement. Evelyn Foster was a handsome, high-spirited girl, of whom even a rising young statesman might well be proud. Her father had been manager of the Bank of Montreal for twenty-six years, and was a quietly influential citizen.

But in Mrs. Hardy's soul there was a great bitterness. She had regarded Mrs. Foster's invincible youthfulness and pretty gowns as utter folly, and Evelyn's university course as worse than folly. It would have been hard enough to give up her boy to any woman, but to surrender him to a daughter of "that silly piece of affectation," was more than she could bear.

However, a promise was a promise with Fred Hardy's mother, and she set forth one afternoon with the determination to call on the Fosters as a matter of duty. She found the mother of Evelyn daintily leaning against a pile of cushions, as she beamed upon a shy young curate. Mrs. Hardy did not approve of curates, did not, in fact, approve of the Church of England, and gazed at the young man so sternly that he speedily fled.

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Foster sweetly, "that Evelyn has a very bad sore throat.

She was obliged to go to bed this morning and the doctor has just been here. It isn't diphtheria or anything very serious. Won't you come up and see her?" But Mrs. Hardy was only too glad of an excuse to decline, and expressed her views regarding girls who went to bed for a slight sore throat, to her husband who was secretly troubled about his wife's hostility to the Foster household.

When Evelyn and her mother returned the call the experience was not more encouraging. The conversational lapses became so alarming that Mrs. Foster's lips began to quiver, and Evelyn hurried away lest her mother should openly laugh, and thereby sin beyond hope of pardon. As the weeks went by the situation became no less painful, and Evelyn, seeing her lover's distress over his mother's unsympathetic attitude, became extremely thoughtful. One afternoon there came to her an inspiration, and the next day, before her ardor had time to cool, she went for a walk in the direction of the Hardy residence. Mrs. Hardy had dismissed her servant the week before, as a "lazy, good-for-nothing creature," and as she opened the door, her expression was far from reassuring.

"I'm sure you are surprised to see me," said Evelyn brightly, "but I want to do a piece of work and you are the only person who can give me good advice about it."

"Come in," said Mrs. Hardy stiffly, "I don't see how I can help you, though."

"You know," said Evelyn, when she was seated in a rocking-chair that rocked forward in a reckless fashion, "that a prize is offered every year for the best quilt at Wexford Fair. Now, I want to try for that prize. You see, I have always been fond of sewing although I haven't any experience with quilts. Then, those you make are so much better than anything you can buy. I've heard that your quilts were famous, and I wish you would tell me what you think of my design. My grandmother—my father's mother—had a wonderful old quilt with a sunflower pattern, which I used to admire so much. Mine is to be morning glories, because I have always liked them, even if they last such a short time."

"It will be no easy pattern," said Mrs. Hardy.

"I know that, and, of course, it must all be my own work. I noticed such a beautiful picture in your parlor—morning glories done in water colors. Would you let me look at it closely? I want to be sure of the coloring and the leaves."

Mrs. Hardy turned very pale and Evelyn was almost frightened. "Yes," said the elder woman at length, in a hoarse voice, "I'll take it down and let you see it. It was done—by my sister, Jessie. She died—long ago." Evelyn was silent, as the flower picture in the narrow gilt frame was laid carefully on the mahogany table. She noticed how Mrs. Hardy's thin hands were trembling, and with a sudden impulse she laid her warm fingers on them.

"What a talented girl she must have been? These flowers are so delicate and perfect."

"She was like a flower herself," said Mrs. Hardy, very slowly withdrawing her hands from the strong young clasp. "I could only do quilts and such like. But Jessie was just a born artist, and as bonnie as any picture."

"I wish," said Evelyn shyly, "that if you don't mind, you'd tell me a little about her. It seems so dreadful to lose a sister. I don't know what I'd do without Mabel." How she came to do it Mrs. Hardy never knew, but she sat there with Evelyn's hand occasionally caressing hers and told of the bright young life that had suddenly gone out more than thirty years before, and told the story with a certain rugged pathos that brought the tears to the dark eyes of the listener.

"My mother never lifted her head after that and my father was just a changed man. I've a great deal to be thankful for, but I've never forgotten Jessie."

She went to an old oak secretary in the corner, and searched carefully in the smallest drawer. "This is her picture," she said, "but it hasn't her bright look." Evelyn took the quaint old portrait and looked reverently at the bright face of the girl who had died on the eve of her wedding day.

"What a sweet face she has! And her

eyes—are—like Fred's—and so are yours." With an impulse wholly unlike her usual undemonstrative self, Evelyn pressed her lips to the cheek of the woman whose gentler nature she had seen for the first time. For a second, Mrs. Hardy held the girl's head against her shoulder and then, recovering herself, said brusquely:

"Will you come upstairs? I have some quilts put away you might like to see." So they went upstairs, and Evelyn's domestic ambition progressed by leaps and bounds when she saw the piled-up store of immaculate "bedding" and smelled the inevitable lavender.

"Take off your hat," said Mrs. Hardy, when she discovered that Evelyn understood the mysteries of the "log-cabin" design. "I'm sure Fred and father would be glad to have you stay to tea—and—and so would I."

"Well," said the girl gayly, though the triumphant tears were near the surface. "I'd like to ever so much—if you'll let me wash the dishes." Conversation became positively brilliant when Evelyn was allowed to see Grandmother Gordon's frail china which had crossed the seas from Scotland.

"I never saw anything so dainty. But I'm almost afraid to look at it."

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At the hour of six, Mr. Frederic Hardy, barrister-at-law, entered the kitchen to behold his mother industriously turning savory pancakes, while his fiancee sat in the old rocking-chair and nursed Jerry the huge gray cat. His mother's face flushed deeply but Evelyn only nodded merrily and said, "We're going to have pancakes. I asked for them because you have told me so often about how your mother makes them."

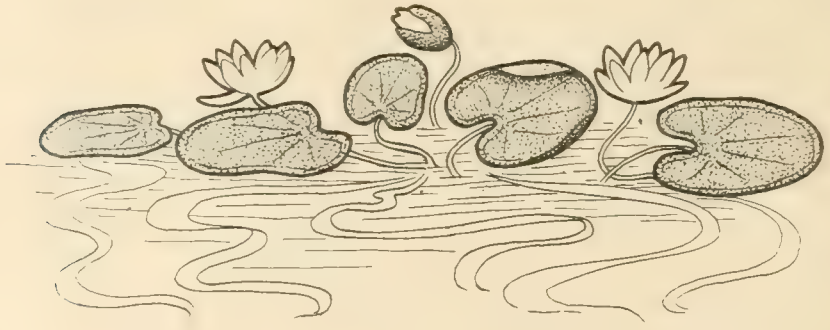
"Fred," said Mrs. Hardy, "I wish you'd show Miss—Evelyn—the clock your father brought back from Inverness. I forgot about it. "It's very old," she added hurriedly.

"Evelyn," said her lover, in raptured bewilderment, as they stood in the hall, in entire forgetfulness of the old family clock, "what in the world has happened?"

"Nothing but a quilt," she stammered as she hid a damp face on his shoulder.

. . . . . .

The morning-glory quilt was the success and surprise of the feminine display at Wexford Fair. Its pink and purple beauty captivated the judges, who gave it first prize without hesitation. Long before the award was made, Evelyn had become so completely Mrs. Hardy's adopted daughter, that both her mother and her lover professed jealousy. But a year afterwards, Evelyn, Fred and John Hardy himself all gave place to a small pink person who was lost in the folds of the prize quilt and who was no less a personage than Miss Jessie Lillian Hardy.



A DAY-TIME APPARITION

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

HE sat on the edge of the harvest-field, in the full glare of early September sunlight. It was about two o'clock; surely one of the most matter-of-fact, prosaic hours of the twenty-four. The sunlight lay around us, a flood of warmth and cheer; bees hummed in the clover behind us; at our feet were the oats in pale-gold swathes, just fallen before the farmer's scythe. The farmer himself had just dropped on the grass to rest, preparatory to loading the cart and taking us all for a ride. He was a good specimen of sturdy Canadian manhood—lean, brown-faced, clear-eyed.

I don't know just how, in that broad bright daytime, the conversation drifted around to ghosts; but it did. Mr. Harten had very little to say on the subject until he was questioned; then he answered with quiet directness.

Miss Johnson had taken us for a drive on the previous afternoon, and we had passed a most forlorn and gloomy little edifice, familiarly known in the neighborhood as "The Haunted House." (And here, before proceeding further, I must explain that "we," in this brief narrative, means the last lingering few of the summer boarders, who had sojourned so contentedly at Mr. Harten's home-like, old-fashioned farm-house.)

"Someone told me that you saw that ghost, Mr. Harten," Miss Johnson said, in an interrogative tone, "the one that lived in the little grey house on the Glenwood road?"

Mr. Harten smiled slightly, without raising his eyes from the clover-tops.

"I saw her—the woman herself," he said, "but she was alive. 'Twas no ghost."

"Why, there wouldn't be anything remarkable in seeing her, then!" Miss Johnson exclaimed; and I am sure we all looked disappointed.

"Well," said our host, slowly, "I don't know about that. She wasn't there, you know; she was nearly a mile away."

"Nearly a mile away!" I exclaimed, my interest reviving. "Oh, do tell us about it, please."

"I just *saw* her—that was all—and she disappeared. I was driving along the road; it was about eleven o'clock of the morning, and a bright day, as bright as this. I saw her coming toward me, and stopped the horse to speak to her, *but she just wasn't there!*"

For a few moments there was quite an awe-stricken silence in his little group of auditors; then I asked rather timidly:

"Did she go among the trees, Mr. Harten? Could she have been hiding?"

He raised his eyes, and as they met mine I saw in them something that quite precluded any possible doubt of his word, or any thought of taking his narrative lightly.

"There was no place for her to hide," he said. "There were just little scattering bushes at the side of the road—no thick growth at all—and then an open field. And she didn't walk to the side of the road, either; she vanished!"

"Did you call her, or look for her?" Miss Johnson asked.

"Yes; I looked for her, but I knew 'twas no use. Then I jumped in and drove straight to her house. She was there."

And Mr. Harten closed his lips with a look that seemed to promise no more revelations.

"But how do you account for it? What do you think it meant?" one of the party persisted.

"There are things there's no accounting for," the farmer answered quietly; then, with a sudden change of manner, he sprang up and called, in his heartiest voice:

"Now, in a few minutes I'll have the load made up; and then for a good ride on the oats."

The following day, having persuaded the rest of the party to go for a row, I set off alone to explore the region of the haunted house. When I was within a mile of the place I heard wheels, and in a few moments Mr. Harten himself appeared, driving along in a meditative attitude with the reins hanging loose on his knees. When he saw me he started, but quickly recovered himself and invited me to drive the rest of the way.

"I declare," he said, when I was seated beside him, "you came along so quiet, in your blue gown, I thought for a moment it was her again!"

"The woman who disappeared?" I asked, trying to speak lightly but conscious of a strange nervousness.

"Yes. You see, 'twas just beyond here I saw her," he answered.

"Please tell me, Mr. Harten," I said, summoning all my courage, "wasn't there more to it than you told us. Was she in trouble, or ill, or anything like that, when you reached the house?"

He raised his eyes to mine again, as if to assure himself that my interest was genuine, then spoke simply and forcefully.

"Yes! She *was* in trouble! Her brute of a husband had been beating her, and she had barely escaped with her life. When I came she had fastened herself in a little inner room, and he was trying to kick the door open. I was just in time."

"What did you do?" I asked breathlessly.

He smiled—rather a grim smile, though—and replied with evident pleasure in the recollection: "I settled him."

I gasped with a dreadful fear that I had indeed unearthed a tragedy.

"*Killed* him?" I cried.

But Mr. Harten burst into a ringing laugh, that quickly dispelled my fears and caused me to feel much ashamed of my sudden suspicions.

"We don't do such things in New Brunswick," he said. "But I scared him most to death! I just took him out-doors by the scruff of the neck, and I said, kind of earnest: 'Look here, you—(well I won't tell you what I did call him, Miss, for I was a little excited)—*I know* who stole Nickersen's horse and sold it in the city; and *I know* who killed Dr. Peter's eighty-dollar mastiff; and *I know*"—but he stopped me right there. He was almost green with fright.

"You needn't to shout it all over creation if you do!" he says. "What is it you want me to do, anyway; for I'll do it, if you'll shut your mouth!"

"Just to get out of this," says I, "and never come back or bother your wife any more. There's a boat to the city within twenty minutes. You get aboard, and clear out; and if you ever show up again—well, everyone shall know what I know!"

There was a long pause, of retrospection on Mr. Harten's part, and expectancy on on mine.

"And *did* he?" I asked at last.

"*Didn't* he! There was no more trouble with him in our part of the world, at least. I went straight for Alice's mother—Alice was his wife's name—and they lived together in peace and quiet for a year. Then she died."

"Alice?" I asked, hating to break the thread of his reminiscences by a word, but fearing that he might change the subject abruptly as he had before.

"Yes. Alice Mercy; that was her name. She was a little frail woman, frail and gentle and sweet; and she most always wore some sort of a blue dress. It was blue that day I saw her on the road."

"Were you at all—afraid?" I ventured. "I mean, when you found that she was somewhere else while you saw her here?"

He laughed softly.

"*Afraid* of anything connected with Alice?" he said. "Why, we played together as children, and she was a very good woman. I wouldn't be afraid if I saw her now!"

For some time neither of us spoke. The quiet country road, with the river on one side and rolling hills on the other, was beautiful beyond description. Suddenly, I heard a quickly-drawn breath, and one word, spoken as if with uttermost delight. It was the name of which we had both been thinking—"Alice!"

I looked at my companion. His face had paled under the bronze; his eyes gazed eagerly down the road before us. Following his gaze, I could see nothing but the long stretch of empty road; yet I found myself trembling, and cold, and strangely, unimaginably glad. When at last my friend turned to me and spoke, his self-controlled strong face was lit with the same emotion.

"I have seen her again," he said.

And I, believing truly that he had, could but echo in my mind his own plain words:

"There *are* things there's no accounting for!"

HON. J. P. WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO

Photo by Farmer Bros. Toronto.

PROMINENT CANADIANS

W. W. B. McINNES

GOVERNOR OF THE YUKON

MR. William Wallace Burns McInnes, an Ontario man, who was recently appointed Governor of the Yukon, is perhaps the youngest appointee to so high an office under the British flag. Mr. McInnes being not yet thirty-five years of age. The Yukon commissionership is a particularly desirable office with a salary of $12,000 a year, exclusive of the official residence and an adequate sum for its maintenance.

Mr. McInnes, who is the son of T. R. McInnes, former Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, was born in Dresden, Ontario, and was educated at Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, being admitted to the British Columbia bar in 1893. In 1896 he was elected to the House of Commons as member for Nanaimo City, being as far as known, the youngest member ever seated in Canadian Parliament, and was duly christened by the other members as "the boy orator from British Columbia."

In 1900 he entered provincial politics in British Columbia, and was elected to the Legislature. During the Dunsmuir Ministry he was Provincial Secretary, retiring with that ministry in 1903. However, he was shortly re-elected, and since then up to the present time has been representative for the constituency of Alberni. Mr. McInnes left for the north shortly after his appointment, expecting to reach Dawson City by Dominion Day.

NEW MINISTER OF MINING

THE Honorable Frank Cochrane, of Toronto, recently appointed as a member of Mr. Whitney's Cabinet as Minister of Crown Lands and Mining, has probably the most important portfolio in the whole of the Ontario Cabinet. After his appointment by Mr. Whitney, Mr. Cochrane, who is an extremel popular man, was elected by acclamation, no opposition being raised from any quarter.

Mr. Cochrane has a thoroughly practical knowledge of the new work he has undertaken, and it is felt that he will make a very efficient minister. He has large business interests in Sudbury which, until the last few years, had been his home. About five years ago he removed to Toronto in order to educate his children, and since then he has made that city his headquarters, though much of his time has necessarily been spent in Sudbury. However, his new duties will require his more constant presence in Toronto in the future.

HON. FRANK COCHRANE

GREAT FINANCIAL MAN

THE Honorable George A. Cox's connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific — now of such vital interest to Canadians — along with his many other enterprises, makes him one of the most prominent figures in the public life of Canada, and the most prominent financial man in the country.

Senator Cox is of English descent, his family having come to Canada in 1818, settling in Northumberland county, Ontario; the Senator was born at Colborne, Ontario, in 1840, and when a lad commenced his business career as an operator for the Montreal Telegraph Company in his native town. Two years later he was sent to take charge of the office in Peterborough.

It was not long before he asserted his individuality and began to take an active part in the municipal, educational and commercial interests of Peterboro'. Mr. Cox lived there for thirty years, marrying a Peterborough lady, and at the present day he still retains his former interest in the prosperity of that progressive city.

Besides his local, and later his political interests, Mr. Cox soon became concerned with undertakings of interest to the country at large, and his great financial ability has placed him at the head of many of the biggest business enterprises in the country.

He was made president of the Midland Railway, but after six years resigned the position; he founded and is president of the Central Canada Loan; he is president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Western Fire and Marine Insurance Company, the British American Fire and Marine Insurance Company, the Canada Life Assurance Company, and director of the National Trust Co., and other concerns. He is actively identified with a large number of other institutions, including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and his prominence in securing legislation in connection with this great enterprise, is so recent and well-known that further particulars here are unnecessary.

Mr. Cox has lived in Toronto since 1888.

HON. GEORGE A. COX

In conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Potts, he is Bursar of the Victoria University in which institution he has established a gold medal in Natural Science and a bursary in Theology. He is also a member of the Senate of Toronto University. Politically a Liberal, he was appointed to the Senate of Canada by the Earl of Aberdeen in 1896.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

THEIR TRIP TO THE OLD COUNTRY

AMONGST enterprises inaugurated for the general benefit of the whole country, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association stands second to none. As a national business organization, identified, perhaps, more than any other, with the industrial development of the Dominion, its remarkable growth and comprehensive field of usefulness, offer an interesting example of what can be accomplished through the co-operation of business men, in the building up of a nation.

W. K. GEORGE
President Canadian Manufacturers

The beginning of the Association's history really dates back to the year 1871, when, the country being deluged with the surplus productions of the United States factories, Montreal and Ontario manufacturers realizing the significance of the pending crisis, brought the attention of the public to the importance of developing Canadian industries, and were largely influential in bringing about the adoption of a policy of protection, in 1878.

After a hard struggle for existence in the intervening years, in 1887 the Association was reorganized, and the name changed from the Ontario Manufacturers' to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, thus interesting the whole of industrial Canada. But not until 1899, when manufacturers, and others, who have the welfare of the nation at heart, became stimulated to renewed vigor in the cause, did the Association gain much headway.

As an instance of the growth of the Association since 1899, a few figures will carry conviction. In 1899, the membership, spreading little beyond the cities of Ontario, was 137. To-day it has more than 1800 members, and is one of the strongest national organizations in existence with a thorough business management.

These splendid results and far-reaching effects have not been accomplished without plenty of earnest determination and hard work, on the part of a number of Canada's best business men who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work.

The main object of the Association is, as

C. C. BALLANTYNE
1st Vice President Canadian Manufacturers

might be conjectured, protection and advancement, and in many important political and industrial points, its influence has been felt, always brought to bear, for the country's welfare, being chained by no political body.

One particular branch of the Association's undertakings, is receiving the enthusiastic co-operation and appreciation of the members, as well as other Canadians. That is the trip taken each year, under the auspices of the Association, visiting and becoming familiar with the different parts of the Dominion, thus bringing the various provinces into closer and more friendly relation.

This year, however, the trip is farther afield. On June 9th, a large contingent—about 200—of the members of the Association, and others sailed for England, where they are now being royally entertained. Thus the Association is affording to Canadians opportunities to see the Old Land, under otherwise impossible conditions. For Canadians having on many occasions entertained British delegations, which have come to Canada on tours of inspection, the English people are glad to have now an opportunity to return the hospitality, by entertaining in their best manner the Canadian delegation.

On their arrival in England they were invited to go to Windsor Castle where they were received by the King and Queen.

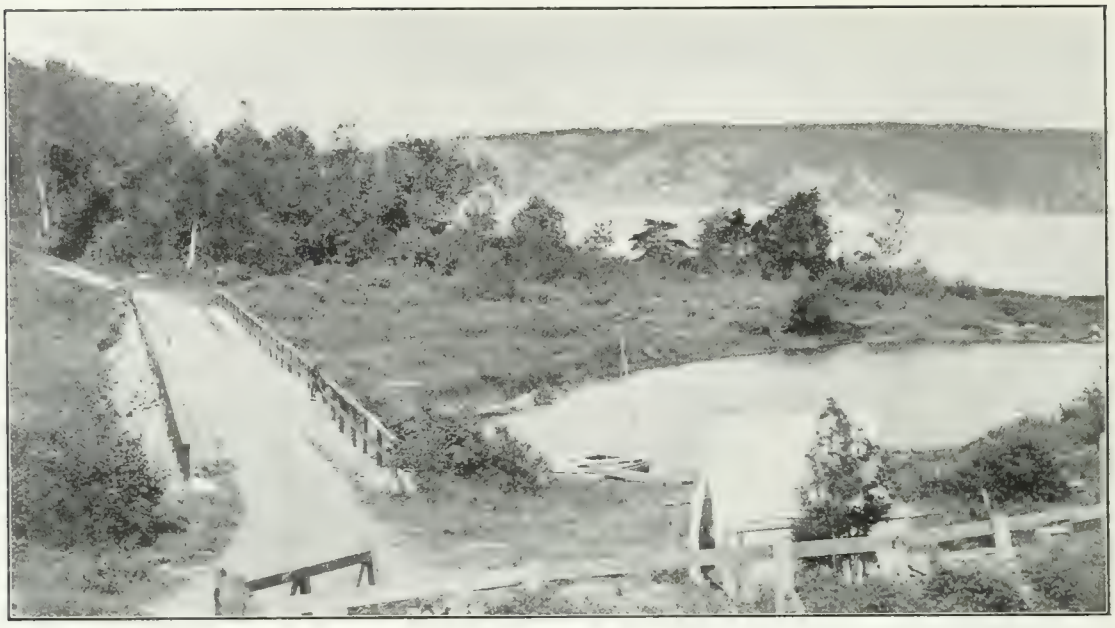
There are receptions and banquets without number. On June 19th, a garden party was given at Tonbridge, by Mr. S. R. Boulton, and from there, parties went to inspect the Royal Mint. June 20th, the London Chamber of Commerce held a reception at the Grafton Galleries, Piccadilly, and a luncheon also was given by the president of the London Chambers of Commerce, the following day, at Salter's Hall, after having visited various places of interest.

On June 23rd, by special invitation, the Canadians visited the Crystal Palace in the morning; in the afternoon Lord and Lady Brassey gave them a reception, and in the evening they were entertained by Sir George Hayter Chubb, in the gardens of the Royal Botanical Society. On Saturday, June 24th, there was another garden party and luncheon, by Hon. T. A. Brassey, at Battle, one of England's most historic spots, reminiscent of the battle of Hastings.

Leaving London, Walsall was visited, and a reception tendered by the Mayor. In

(Concluded on page 55)

E. J. YOUNGE
Secretary Canadian Manufacturers



BRIDGE TO ROTHESAY PARK, NINE MILES FROM THE CITY OF ST. JOHN

THE TOURIST AROUND ST. JOHN

TOURISTS are just beginning to realize the beauties of the Province of New Brunswick with its mighty rivers, its wild mountain scenery, its moose barrens and salmon pools, its great opportunities for sport of the genuinely exciting sort, for wild canoe flights on rushing torrents, and grand exploring trips through trackless forests, and St. John is the natural tourist centre of the whole of the Maritime Provinces.

St. John's greatest show place is the famous reversing fall, located at the head of the harbor. Here in a narrow gorge between

LOOKING OUT OF THE NARROWS INTO GRAND BAY, ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER

high limestone cliffs the great mass of water from a thousand miles of the St. John river, meets in daily conflict the ravening tide of the Bay of Fundy. When the tide is low, the waters of the river pour through the gorge in a seething, foaming mass. Then when the tide gathers up its strength, it turns the tables, assaults the river with tremendous violence, and the force of its impact is felt for eighty miles up river. This strange phenomenon has no counterpart elsewhere in the world.

Another place of interest is the beautiful natural park, Rockwood Park, back of the city, on an eminence commanding a magnificent view of the bay.

But it is the river St. John, the thousand mile waterway, which is the boon to summer tourists in this district. Rising four hundred and fifty miles away in the wild forest regions of Maine it flows along through scenes sublime and rugged, and again picturesque and peaceful, and at last a thousand miles of river lose themselves in the vastness of the ocean.

CANADA'S FIRST CRUISER

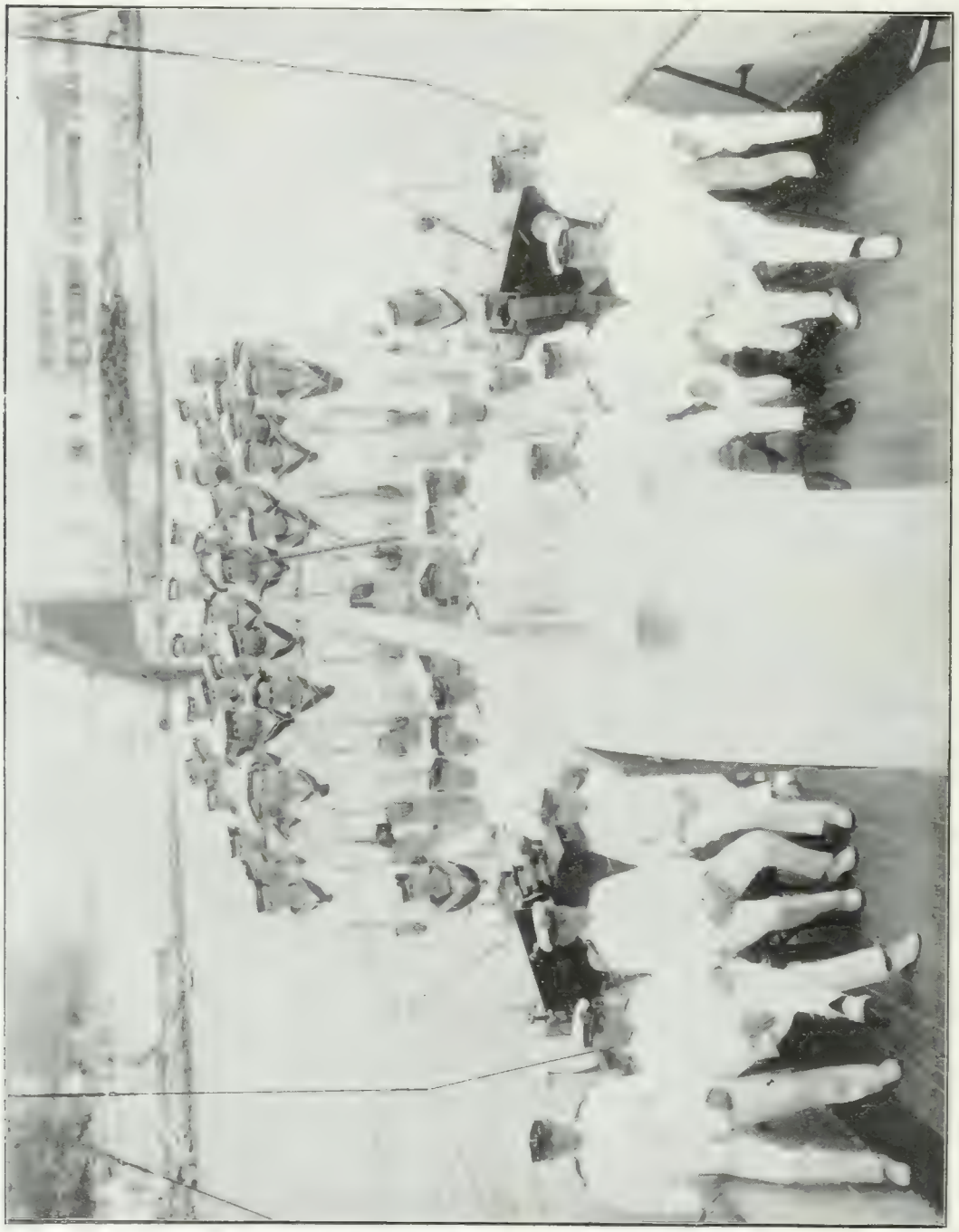
THE question of how Canada is to bear her part in the burden of guarding a portion of our great British Empire, is partially solved in the starting of a Canadian Navy. The new ship *Canada*, commanded by Captain Knowlton and manned by sturdy Canadian bluejackets, gives evidence of the reality of the fleet that is to be, and the ship is regarded as the forerunner of others of her type which will patrol our wide Canadian coast line.

It is splendid to see this ship taking her place, small though it be as yet, amongst the navies of the world, and claiming for Canada the attention of the older countries; it is good to know that in this as in our multifarious vast projects we are in our youth—not in our decaying old age—full of the strength and resources of a new and vigorous country, full of the optimism of youth and the conviction that Canadians on sea as Canadians on land will never be content with a back seat in the greatest Empire in the world, Great Britain.

In appearance and dress the Canadian bluejackets do not differ from other British tars. They are lithe active fellows from the Maritime Provinces, wearing the blue uniforms or the white ducks and soft sailor cap or straw hat.

As to the cruiser herself, officers and men are justly proud of the *Canada*, which holds the distinction of being the flagship of the Canadian Marine Service, and proud of her thorough equipment, her size and

COMMODORE O. C. V. SPAIN



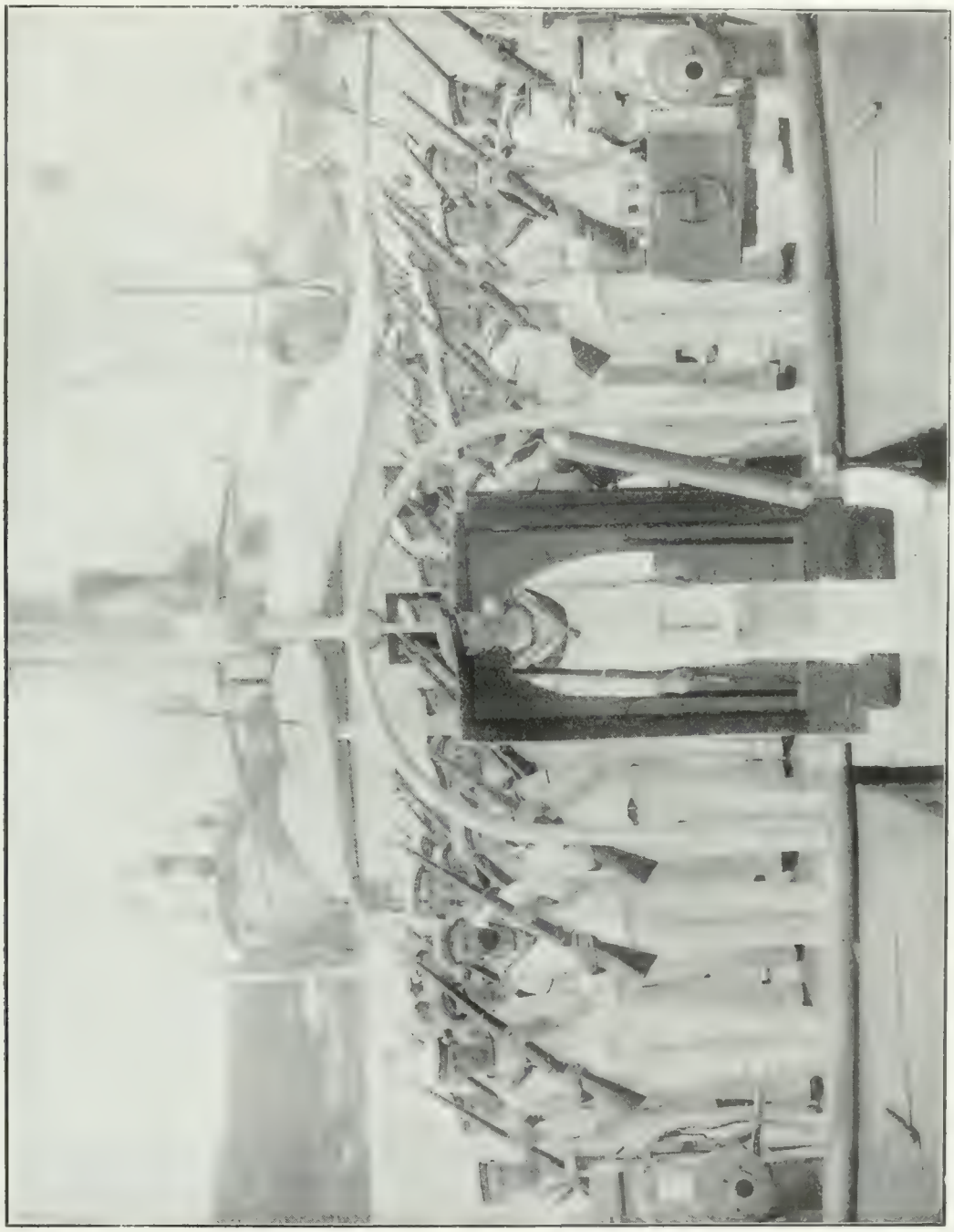
OFFICERS AND PORT WATCH OF THE "CANADA"
These photos were taken while the *Canada* was at Bermuda

commander. Though not as large as many war ships, yet with 210 feet in length, 26 feet beam and a speed of 22 miles an hour, she is not a ship to be trifled with. The vessel is armed with four automatic quick firing guns, carries the Ross rifle, which Canadian experts regard as equal to the best rifle in the world, and on her recent cruise to Bermuda, where the pictures shown here were taken, her officers and crew numbered eighty-seven.

The *Canada* is fitted with Marconi

wireless telegraphic apparatus, submarine bell receivers and all modern improvements in regard to electric light and search lights

The man at the head of the marine service of Canada is Commodore O. C. S. Spain, a typical British sailor and [illegible]



STARBOARD WATCH OF THE "CANADA"
At the Gun Practice on the quarter deck of the ship. These are all enlisted men, recruited [illegible] Montreal [illegible]

Since her return to Canada after her cruise to Bermuda she has been engaged in the fishery protection service.

Commodore Spain joined the royal navy in 1876 as a navel cadet, and retired in 1890 to join the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

WAITING THE... TURN, REGINA

REGINA, THE TERRITORIAL CAPITAL

REGINA, the capital of the Northwest Territories, is situated in the district of Assiniboia, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, three hundred and fifty miles west of Winnipeg. It was long known to plainsmen as "Pile of Bones Creek," from the great quantity of buffalo bones lying along the creek on which the earlier settlement stood. When the Northwest Territories were organized as part of the Dominion in 1875, the seat of government was at Battleford, but in 1883 the capital was transferred to Pile of Bones, hereafter to be known by the more dignified name of Regina, and since that time the Territories comprising Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with an area of upwards of 300,000 square miles, are governed from

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF REGINA.

this point. Regina is in the middle of the great wheat producing country that reaches west from Manitoba to beyond Medicine Hat, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles, where the soil changes in character, and the vast pasture lands of the West begin, furnishing prime sustenance at all seasons for the innumerable bands of cattle that roam over them.

As a farming country, that lying around Regina and for hundreds of miles north and northwest cannot be surpassed, it may confidently be said, anywhere upon this continent. The soil is a friable loam, and so deep that with care in cultivation, its productiveness may be retained for many years without the stimulus of manures and fertilizers being required, and it is capable of yielding surprising crops of grain, grasses and vegetables.

The winter is cold, by some considered excessively so, but no more so than the winter experienced in Ontario in 1903-4, and not so changeable and trying, because when winter sets in in the Northwest the temperature is not variable, and neither is there any humidity, and those prepared for it do not experience so much inconvenience from it as residents of Ontario do. And the law of compensation works to the profit of the farmer as no where else in the Dominion.

Reports from the Ontario counties show that the early winter thaws coated the ground with ice, preventing the growth of fall wheat, in some places killing it altogether. This could not occur with the winters as they are in the Northwest, where the greater the snow and the colder the season, the greater the crop of wheat. So that farmers in the west have learned that to grow what is known as No. 1 Manitoba hard, they must have continued cold and plenty of snow, the suitableness of the soil for the production of cereal crops being understood.

A COZY HOME IN REGINA

No wheat produced anywhere in the world equals the wheat of the Canadian Northwest in hardness, and to the given quantity of flour made from it, it will give more and better loaves of bread than any other flour.

A QUIET STREET IN REGINA

This great bread basket of the western hemisphere extends away into comparatively unknown regions in the north. In 1875 Prof. John Macoun, the eminent botanist, brought from Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabaska, eight hundred miles north of Regina, samples of wheat which took the prize at the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit attracting great attention. The writer last year saw samples of wheat from the Vermillon, on the Peace river, a thousand miles from Regina, that was as hard almost as shot, and was considered to be even better than Manitoba hard. So that, all through this region, where the winters are

BINDERS AT WORK ON A REGINA FARM

BUNCH OF CATTLE, REGINA

extremely cold and there is plenty of snow, wheat is the prime consideration of the farmer and as he can produce it at the rate of thirty-five or forty bushels to the acre there is a return for his labor he could find nowhere else.

Since being erected into the capital of the Territories Regina has grown rapidly, and now in the year of her majority, for the town is twenty-one years old this year, her resident population is over 3,000, with a floating population, continually coming and

HORSE RANCH NEAR REGINA

ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE, REGINA

going, of many hundreds, so that it is an extremely busy place. It is one of the gateways to the productive land to the north, and as most of the incomers are from the United States the traffic there is very great, as it can be reached from two directions, from Winnipeg over the main line of the Canadian Pacific, or by the Soo Line which, after leaving St. Paul, strikes across Minnesota and North Dakota into Assiniboia, joining the main line at Pasqua, ninety-three miles west of Regina and eight miles east of Moose Jaw, which is regarded as the real terminus of the Soo division of the C.P.R.

The extraordinary movement of population from the United States to the Canadian Northwest, which has been in full tide for three or four years, and still continues, can be seen in its fullness at such places as Regina, where changes are made for branch lines. Therefore, the traveller passing Regina usually finds the station crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, and the railway yard choked with cars bearing settlers' effects of all kinds. North from Regina stretches the Regina, Long Lake and Prince Albert Railway, over two hundred miles to the north, in the Saskatchewan district, and as the land up that way has been found to be good, thither the land hungered are making their way in a steady stream. Several land syndicates, made up mainly of Americans, acquired by purchase large tracts along this railway a few years ago, and they are active in having the country settled as soon as possible.

But the immigration is not all from the States; English, Irish, Scotch, Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans help to swell the tide, while Canadian farmers are not neglecting the opportunity to possess land that in the near future must prove very valuable.

Thus, it can be seen, Regina is in a favored position to take an important place in the West, and to play an important part in its progress. Until another transcontinental line be built to the north all the trade of the

R. N. W. MOUNTED POLICE RIDING SCHOOL

WHEAT FIELD, REGINA

upper country as far as the Saskatchewan river must pass through Regina, and as that trade has been steadily increasing in volume for some years, and has now grown to great proportions, the prosperity of the town is already well founded. A movement is afoot to secure provincial status for the Territories, and in that event there are strong hopes that the capital will be continued at Regina, though the honor is likely to be disputed by Battleford, Edmonton and Calgary, each considering that it has claims to consideration

PUBLIC GARDENS, REGINA

SOME NOTABLE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY WHICH LATELY HELD AN EXHIBITION IN TORONTO

Upper Row—F. McGillivray Knowles, William Brymner, F. M. Bell-Smith.
Front Row—C. J. Way, Homer Watson, Robert Harris (President), A. C. Hutchison, J. Smith (Secretary)

The headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police are at Regina, where the commissioner of the force resides. This quasi-military force, unique in its character, is famous throughout the Anglo-Saxon world as an organization of perfect model for the work it has to do. After the suppression of the first Riel rebellion in 1870, it was deemed necessary to have some sort of a military organization in the West to keep the Indians in subjection, and to uphold the law, which was likely to fall into contempt in a sparsely settled country, overrun by frontier characters having little regard for order. Militia could not be thought of because there were so few inhabitants. So it was decided to send a body of mounted men, recruited in the Eastern Provinces, to furnish a police patrol in the West, and to be available for military service if called upon.

The first commander was Col. White, now a general in the British Army in India, and the recruits sent from the older provinces were mustered into barracks at the Old Stone Fort near Winnipeg. As occasion arose their numbers were increased and divisions of the corps were scattered over the West, and now they patrol a region as great in area as France and Germany combined.

They are practically mounted infantry, armed with carbines and revolvers, live in barracks under military discipline, and are available for police or military duty. They contain in their ranks the best riders, ropers and riflemen in the country, and they showed themselves to such advantage in the Boer war, for which many of them volunteered, that their organization was taken as a model for the South African police, a similar body now employed in that country.

The mounted man in the scarlet coat wherever he appears in the Northwest from the borders of Montana to the Mackenzie River, and from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, and beyond in the Yukon Territory, represents law and order, and they that originated the organization and gave it the shape and scope it has to-day, builded better than they knew, for the presence of such a force—always ready, always vigilant, fearing nothing—gives a sense of security in the Northwest that is entirely lacking in the neighboring border states. Lawlessness is, therefore, almost unknown in the Territories and the men from the "other side" who are handy with their guns are careful to move most circumspectly when they cross the border.

The police establishment at Regina, whence the force throughout the Territories and in the Yukon is directed, forms a village in itself and is complete in every way for the requirements of such a body of men.

Although Regina is the seat of the government the Legislative Assembly building is a plain structure, but the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, with its well kept gardens and extensive conservatories, is one of the most attractive places in the West.

In the matter of educational institutions Regina is well supplied, having several fine schools and a Collegiate Institute, which is attended by pupils from all parts of the Territories. The Educational Department has its seat at the capital, and exercises an efficient supervision of the educational machinery throughout the districts. In churches, too, the town can boast several fine structures. Nearly all the denominations of the Christian Church are represented by congregations that extend a welcoming hand to strangers seeking companionship while stopping in the town.

In conclusion, a few words about the garden the Canadian Pacific maintains at the railway station may not be out of place. A few years ago the treeless prairie was not an attractive place, and to show what could be done the company laid out garden plots at many of the stations along the line. These were planted with trees and shrubbery; walks bordered by grass plots and flower beds were made, and the whole reduced to order. These gardens were carefully tended by men employed for the purpose, and in the proper season they are most attractive places. Their experiments are made with all kinds of plants and flowers, and these answer the question, "What will grow?" in the western country. The garden at Regina is one of the finest, and in the season of bloom its loveliness is viewed with surprise by travellers, who carry away with them confirmation of the assertion that the soil is capable of wonderful things.

'TWAS FATE, DEAR

By E. J. CARMICHAEL

"IT isn't fair," said Nora, dejectedly, and when Nora sounded out of sorts there was generally a reason, so the others looked up with interest. "I don't see any justice in the world at all, and if I had been consulted as to whether I would come and live in it or not, I would have said I was much obliged but I preferred not."

"Why! what's the matter?" asked Blanche, patiently plodding away at her darning.

"Oh! it's that odious Mrs. Halsom. I met her this morning and she actually splashed mud at me as her carriage drew up in front of Simpson's store, and she had the swellest dress on, and eyed me over from toe to chin in that hateful way of hers as though I was a beggar asking alms—and I felt like one—I was in my oldest clothes and I had been bargain-hunting, and even the bargains weren't cheap enough for me to buy, and to think that she used to be the very most vulgar girl in our school, and mother would not allow me to bring her to the house, and now she drives around in silks and satins, and would not ask one of us inside her door."

"Ten years later, Nora, dear, and you won't let little things like that bother you. It's the way of the world that's all, and you are still such a baby that you haven't grown accustomed to it."

"Baby, indeed," interrupted Nora. "Who ever heard of a baby of twenty-two. I tell you I am old, and soon shall be gray, if we go on living as we do now, with one dress each and a best one to wear turn and turn about, and everlasting dishes to wash and stockings to darn. I wish there were no such things as dishes, and that we didn't have to eat, or do our duty or anything; and I wish someone would leave me an enormous sum so that I could drive twice as good a turnout as Gertrude Halsom—wouldn't I splash mud at her, and make that immaculate coachman lament over his spotty leggings—oh, dear."

"Don't be spiteful, Nora," said the second Miss Hazelwood, speaking for the first time. "Of course it is natural enough to feel rebellious at times, but for goodness' sake don't covet and desire other men's goods merely to show off before your pet admirations. Mrs. Halsom may be a fine bird, but all the feathers in the universe cannot make her a lady—which you are—so why need envy her?"

"Oh, lady!" snapped Nora, crossly," "what good is it being born one and go clothed in rags—a veritable Cinderella all one's days. Now, if we were ugly or gaudy, or even vulgar, we might be satisfied to settle quietly down into three old maids and patch and mend the rest of our days; but to be fairly good looking, and know one is well born, and to have to go poking about in the same garments forever and ever, trying to hide the parts that are threadbare and the darns that keep them together, or not be seen at all—and knowing that everyone else in the world has things and all the good times as well, grows monotonous; and I, for one, would far sooner be a biddy and wear brilliant blouses and possess a beau with a diamond pin who would take me to band concerts, and wear yellow ties and chew gum and—"

"Oh! Nora, dear," exclaimed Blanche, "do draw the line somewhere. You know you don't mean a word you say, and surely we are happy, even if we are poor, in this dear old home of ours all together."

"Still, Nora is right; it does grow monotonous Blanche," said Gretchen, sighing, "and I have long ago made up my mind that it is high time that some of us tried to do something to relieve our position, but it is only just lately an idea has come into my head of something I can do, and I mean to commence at once."

"Fire away, then," said Nora, "for goodness sake if you've got an idea, let's have it."

"Nora, I do wish you would try to be a little less tomboyish and unladylike," remarked Blanche, wistfully. "I think mother would weep if she were here to hear you talk the way you do."

"I wouldn't have turned out so badly then," answered Nora. "You know Blanche, dear, I can be proper if I choose, but surely you and Gretchen are enough to do credit to the family—and there ought to be one man in the house to keep you all alive. Now Gretch, go ahead; let's hear your scheme. I won't speak again for five minutes, so take the floor."

"Well," began Gretchen, "I've been thinking a lot lately. Other girls make their living, why not we? Father's little legacy gives us enough to eat, and that is about all it will do. Thankful as we are that we have that, and no house rent to pay—it would be nice to be able to make a few dollars to help out with our dress—and I mean to try and turn what small talent I have got into making some."

"But how, how," interrupted Nora, "take in washing, do dressmaking, or what."

"I thought you weren't going to speak again for five minutes," and Gretchen turned her dark eyes witheringly on her young sister for a moment, and then resumed her subject.

"I certainly couldn't teach; nursing would take me so long, and drive me to a lunatic asylum in the end; dressmaking I am not fitted for, but I am going to make use of the small gifts I possess and hire myself out decorating tables, arranging flowers, cutting sandwiches and preparing dainties for teas, dinners, etc. Now don't interrupt Nora; I shall have cards printed that read something like this: Miss Gretchen Hazelwood will take orders for assisting at teas, dinner-parties, etc., table decorating, catering, invitation writing, and so on. Terms, (so much) an hour. How does that sound?"

"Ridiculous," laughed Nora. "It sounds like hair-dressing done, switches made, youth restored; couldn't you put that in, too?"

"Oh, Gretchen, how can I let you do such a thing," from Blanche, distractedly. "Surely you are not in earnest."

"Why, of course, I am; there's nothing derogatory about it, and people have often told me I have a perfect talent for decorating and arranging—why not try? We know everybody in the place and lots of good souls will throw things in my way, and be only too glad to pay a little to save themselves trouble."

"It's an idiotic idea," snapped Nora, but her eyes shone suspiciously bright in spite of this discouraging remark. "You will have people inviting us to their social functions with a P.S. 'Please send your sister in advance to decorate the rooms.' I think I will advertise myself as cake-walk performer, to dance during the show."

"What about Albert?" ventured Blanche. "How will he take this suggestion of yours?"

"That is the one thing that troubles me," replied Gretchen, thoughtfully. "Albert is so awfully set against girls doing anything for themselves, but all the same, he can't expect me to marry him on eight hundred a year, however willing I may be to wait, and in the meantime we might starve."

"I am afraid it will make trouble, Gretchen; you had far better let the idea drop."

"Indeed I will do nothing of the sort. Why should I be behind thousands of other girls who try to do something to help make a living. I can't bear to have you forever mending and patching and going without things so that we can have even a small share. If Albert does make a fuss he can give me the slip, but I won't be idle any longer."

The above conversation gives a fair initiation into the circumstances of the three Miss Hazelwoods, but perhaps a few more words of introduction would not be amiss.

Captain Hazelwood had been a retired army officer, whose legacy was this old home which had been in the family for years, and the interest from his Life Insurance policies which was all too small for their needs, but the sudden death of their father was so closely followed by that of their delicate and beloved mother, who hardly survived one month after the shock of losing her husband, that the poor girls, stricken down by this double sorrow, scarcely realized their penury, until the first awful loneliness had passed. So greatly did they glory in the thought of the old house still being in their possession; so entwined around their hearts had each piece of furniture, each well known nook and corner, become, that for awhile it seemed as though to be together within its familiar walls and alone was enough. Then as they commenced by degrees to mingle with

the world once more Gretchen met and became engaged to young Martin, a newcomer in one of the local banks whose handsome face and fascinating manner led her into believing her self in love, and whose protestation of undying devotion and declaration of love at first sight somewhat soothed the cruel ache in the girl's sad heart.

Gretchen spoke bravely enough of her plans, nevertheless it was with a sinking spirit that she contemplated telling her lover about them, and she carefully abstained from saying a word to him till she had her scheme well under way. Blanche, her senior by nearly ten years, feared exceedingly the result of such a course, knowing the young man's opinion was not likely to ease things for her sister, but Gretchen had always been the dominant spirit of the family, and in this, as in other affairs, she gained her point.

Albert Martin was one of those good looking, indolent fellows, who though of no particular good birth himself, yet found his chief pleasure in belonging to the "Upper ten," and being on familiar terms with the "Smart set," and since arriving in Toronto had been gradually growing into such society as his soul craved. He felt it rather a misfortune to have fallen so completely a victim to the charms of the second Miss Hazelwood, but was so thoroughly in love that he even felt himself capable of renouncing his ambitions regarding a rich match when he looked into her lovely eyes and saw the grace of her every movement.

Since her engagement poor little Gretchen had not found her path altogther rose-strewn, for she had known him but a short time before it came about, and now she was daily finding to her chagrin traits in his character foreign to her own nature, and certain thoughts and ideas of his which were altogether out of accord with her ideal of what a man should be.

Of late seeing what was in the girl's mind regarding work he had spoken so strongly against girls trying to go out into the world and make themselves independent, that Gretchen knew she must expect scant sympathy in her plans—yet was she scarcely prepared for the very austere manner in which he took her announcement when at last she was forced to make it.

"It apparently does not matter in the least to you, what my opinion is about your new 'fad,'" he remarked, plucking a sprig of lilac from a bush near which they were sitting in the garden, and ruthlessly commencing its destruction. "It does not appear to strike you, what a degrading position it places one in to feel that my fiancee is working for her living."

"But, Albert, we must *have* a living, and there is nobody but me to work for it. You don't know how galling it is to see Blanche denying herself even the smallest necessaries in order that Nora and I can go out at all, and we can't afford a servant to help her or anything. I am sorry if you feel it a degradation, because I really cannot see anything amiss these days in a girl trying to earn a little to help out, and I feel honestly bound to make the attempt."

"But, my dear child, there are so many ways of making a living if it comes right down to necessity and you cannot consider too carefully which is the most genteel. You girls all dress a hanged sight better than most girls, it seems to me, and I can't think in the face of that, that things can be quite as bad as you say. Now, you are suggesting going out by the day—actually like any common working woman—and who knows what unpleasant experience you may meet with, and the part that hurts me most is that your scheme has been made and your cards sent out without even consulting me. Surely you can scarcely expect one to be pleased."

"I knew you wouldn't like it, and yet I felt bound to do something," said Gretchen, "and I did think of all manner of ways and decided on the only thing I felt I could do, and I hoped, Albert, that when I explained everything you would be sorry for us, and glad that I felt a desire to help. I hoped anyway that you would at least be reasonable."

"It is because I am reasonable that I do hate the idea of those lovely little hands soiling themselves with other people's dirty work."

"It is not dirty work," cried Gretchen sharply, tearing away her hand with irritation. "I have chosen dainty, charming, artistic work; there is nothing degrading about it."

"Oh, well, I only hope you will be brought to repent your foolishness. I think when you concoct a scheme you might consider me a little. The very idea of all the fellows knowing that the girl I am engaged to marry is employing herself in the meantime going out as a sort of maid of all work."

"You are hateful to speak to me like that," said Gretchen, in a low, choked voice, but I have already made up my mind how to answer you. I may be a 'maid of all work,' because I choose to be, and I have a right to act as I consider I ought; but I am no longer the girl you are going to marry."

"By jove, you're not in earnest, are you?" said Martin. "You don't really mean, Gretchen, that you would throw me over?"

"That just what I do mean, unless you can accept with any sort of manliness my reasons for what I have done."

"Come, don't be such a little fire-brand," said Albert meekly; "you can't be serious—just think of my position dear, and give it up for my sake."

"No, thank you; I would rather give you up for its sake," said the girl, bitterly. And so her engagement came to an untimely end. But though she held her head up proudly as she made her decision Gretchen felt the wounds of his small mindedness—and her pride was sorely hurt that her love after all had been held so lightly, and many a tear she shed that night when no one could peep in upon her in the silence of her own room but a few twinkling far away stars.

CHAPTER II.

Gretchen became all the rage, much to her own delight and everybody's amazement. She had always been a popular girl, and her help had so often been given without solicitation in a tactful, unassuming manner, with such marvellous effect that now she was turning her tastefulness into a business, it was with relief that many a hostess sent for the girl, and explaining briefly what they were giving, either dinners, evening card parties, or afternoon teas, were thankful to leave the arranging of tables, arranging of furniture, making of cosy sitting-out places, and often the writing of notes and invitations in such competent and artistic hands. Her charges were moderate, yet being all profit even if she only worked a couple of hour's each day her earnings soon mounted up.

Mrs. Smith recommended her to Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown, until Gretchen found by the middle of the winter she was at everybody's beck and call, and her little savings were mounting up considerably. In most of the houses where she went she was well known, and treated as one of the family, often joining in the entertainment as guest when her work was over. But, of course, there were some, especially new comers, or new money-makers, whose wealth alone had raised them to "society," who treated her with coldness, and on some occasions even rudeness, and though as a rule she minded little, there were times when it took all her strength of character to swallow her pride and struggle on with grim determination, for Gretchen was sensitive almost to a fault, and until now her life had been absolutely sheltered.

Sometimes she felt also a sense of terrible weariness over the constant straining after new ideas, that everyone's own especial style of decorating and arranging should be different to everyone else's. But she felt that to be a sort of walking "Ladies' Home Journal," or "Enquire within," was a great deal better than to sit idly at home seeing increasing shabbiness and feeling bitterly over Albert Martin's detestable behavior, and she knew that this constant work and struggle for independence was a splendid salve for wounded spirits, as well as a small source of revenue. Certainly Gretchen's heart had not broken, and she was beginning to feel nothing but a sense of thankfulness that her engagement had come to an end.

But to give an idea of what she occasionally had to contend against in the way of unpleasant and unique experiences.

One evening, about seven o'clock, as she was returning from the house of a new society leader, who happened to be none other than Nora's pet abomination, Mrs. Halsom, who employed the second Miss Hazelwood, simply because several of her ambitions in the "smart set" had previously done so, Gretchen was met by an old friend who of late had several times managed to see that she was not alone, and entirely unprotected

in the short winter evenings during her walks from wherever her work happened to have taken her. Up till the time of her engagement, she had become quite used to Hugh Bronson's visits, which since her childhood had been so constant that the girls all looked upon him as almost one of the family, and when afterwards he ceased to come to Hazelwood, except as a very rare occurrence, they took it for granted, while missing him greatly that he was afraid of being in the way, and gave the matter little thought. Hugh was a fine athletic-looking fellow with a sort of rugged strength in his appearance, and a pair of dark, steadfast eyes, which looked straight at every one with whom he was conversing, and made you trust him at once. He was neither particularly tall, nor handsome—yet when he smiled his face possessed a sudden radiance which was positively charming, and Gretchen, who was very weary and cast down this evening felt a sense of comfort in his society as he took her hand gently yet firmly and passed it through his arm in the old protecting way he had.

"How is it that we meet so often now, Hugh," she said; "are you afraid of me losing my way or what? and why should you take so much trouble for me?"

"My dear girl, what greater pleasure could I have than to walk home with you, if only I am fortunate enough to find out where you may happen to be."

"Nora tells you—young imp! I know she does. Oh! Hugh, why should you do it; you must have plenty of work, and surely I am old enough to look after myself. It makes me think of the time when you used to insist on carrying my books home from school for me; do you remember?"

Did he remember? Hugh Bronson could have laughed aloud at her innocence. But one thing it showed beyond a doubt, that she was still unconscious of the love he had borne her so devotedly even in those days, and the cruel blow she had dealt in her choice of Albert Martin.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE STAR

By JAS. P. HAVERSON

HIS life had not been all that it might have been. He was not a bad sort, but he had never known the care, had never felt the ties which bind men to the straighter paths. His mother had died when he was very young, indeed, and his father, cold, forbidding in temperament as in appearance, was not the man to attract the love of a child, even had he had the time, engrossed as he was with the cares of his business, to consider how the life and character of his little son might best be guided and shaped.

Was it any wonder then that this lad when he had left his school and college days behind him, should turn a bit too eagerly to the sowing of his wild oats? Having plenty of money to spend—his father did notstint him in that respect—he easily found those who would lead him far in the spending of it. The boy was beginning to tire of it all when he met The Girl. He had eaten the gilt off his ginger-bread and it was making him very sick, while the ginger-bread looked most uninviting without it.

Her life had been spent in a happy home. Surrounded by an atmosphere of loving care she had passed through a joyous childhood, with its games and pleasure, its little cares with the gentle mother-love to soothe them, till now she was a woman grown, with all her surroundings bright as bright could be.

These two whose lives had been so different, had met some two years since at some reception given in honor of Mr. Somebody. They would not have remembered who, had they been asked. He had danced with her twice, and they had "sat out" a third number. Then meeting thus from time to time, there had grown up a great intimacy between them. It had been very good for the man to know

this girl; the cynicism which had been creeping into his life had always seemed to fall flat in the presence of her joyous hopefulness.

When at last he had come to spend an occasional evening at her home, the general air of sympathy and consideration which pervaded it had filled him with a great longing that he, too, might some day be possessor of such a home. There may even then have been some very definite ideas of such matters in this young man's head, but he had never spoken of them to any one.

In time the man had come to love this beauitiful girl very dearly, yet he had hesitated to speak to her of his love, fearing the scorn which would fill her eyes when he should tell of his life as it had been. He knew full well that he must speak of it, if he spoke at all, for he felt that looking into those honest gray eyes of hers he could hide nothing. And so they drifted on, the man falling more and more deeply and hopelessly in love.

To-night, in the pleasant summer twilight, lolling in his canoe, the full strength of his love and longing was upon him. He had paddled their tiny craft along the wooded shore of the mountain lake where they were staying. She was to be there with her mother all the summer long. He had come up away from the city's heat for a few days' rest, and was going away the following morning. Finding a sheltered nook he had paddled into its seclusion. The moon was rising out across the water and they lay there in silence, watching its rays wimpling upon the tiny ripples, she ensconsed in cushions, he using his paddle as a lazy-back.

Thus they remained for some time apparently absorbed in their own thoughts, drinking in the healthful quiet of the scene. Finally the man spoke, "May I tell you a story?"

"Oh ,do," she said, "that would be such fun."

"But I'm afraid this won't be a funny story."

"Please tell it, anyway; I do love stories."

"Once," said the man, "there was a corner in this world—a very dark corner it was, where no light had been for so long a time that many noisesome weeds had sprung up and almost stifled any flowers which might have ever grown there. There were many beautiful stars shining in the sky, brightening the world with their light, but none had ever cast its rays into this corner, dear,—dear little stars, I-I mean." The man looked confused, but the girl did not interrupt and he hurried on. "Then one clear, beautiful star, clearer and more beautiful than all the rest, cast a passing gleam upon this little spot. I do not know whether the star saw the glad, warm light which illumined the shadowy nook, whether she saw that the weeds began to shrink and the choked flowers to struggle anew for life—I do not know, but they did. Indeed, they did, and the light lingered even after the star had passed on. After that at odd times the star would come casting its beautiful radiance upon the shadows of the corner, till they grew less and less, and the dank weeds drooped and the flowers grew stronger and brighter. Sweetheart"—(a sigh from among the cushions)—"Sweetheart, my heart is that corner," said the man and his voice trembled with earnestness. "Tell me, did the star know and did she care?"

The girl looked at him with a winsome smile; she seemed to catch his humor, and went on. "Please don't interrupt," she said; "the star did not know at first—but afterwards it guessed, and hoped, and cared very much indeed—but you stupid dear." She got no further; indeed it is really a great wonder that canoe was not upset.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 17.)

Birmingham, they were to be received by the Mayor, and given a luncheon, at which the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was to be present. At Sheffield they were to be entertained again. Dominion day is to be spent in London, when a garden party is to be given by Mr. Alfred Mosley, at the Botanical gardens, as a tribute to the Canadian party.

Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and other places will be the second week's programme, returning to London for July 7th, when a Dominion reception will be given by the Canadian, Lord Strathcona; the following Saturday, his Lordship giving a garden party at Kinemouth House, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland entertaining them at Stafford House in the evening. This gives a slight outline of the social side of the trip, which will in other ways be equally as interesting.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CANADIAN GIRL

By MAX JESOLEY

I FIND myself face to face with a difficult task in undertaking to portray our Canadian girl in a single brief article. She exists in so many phases, and each one is so charming after its own fashion, that to do justice to all would readily require a volume.

In a rough way, if one dared be rough at all with so delicate a subject, the Canadian girl may be classified thus: The Bluenose lassie, la belle Canadienne of the French Province, the Upper Canada girl, the daughter of the Prairies and the girl of the West Coast.

What a bouquet of beauty might be arranged by selecting a perfect type of each class, and grouping the five so as to bring out most effectively their individual endowments! Verily, St. Anthony himself would be hard bestead to withstand such a battery of bewitchment, while a composite photograph would surely result in an ideal face that might haunt impressionable memories forever.

At Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria, the capitals of their respective Provinces, we may fairly expect to find the best illustration of the different types of the Canadian girl. So to begin with the capital of the Bluenose Province, bearing in mind that much that may be said of her applies with equal accuracy to the daughters of other provinces.

In Halifax the influence of English associations and traditions is very marked. In many respects Halifax is practically a British garrison city. The Mother Country is generally spoken of as "Home," the fashions are taken from London, not New York or Paris, many of the young folks get the finishing touches to their education in England, the officers of the Army and Navy reign supreme in the gay circles of society, and the whole atmosphere is naturally and easily English rather than Canadian. There is no need of laboriously cultivating the "English, you know," way of doing and saying things; it is a part of every well-born child's inheritance.

At the same time, in regard to the bringing up of the girls there are many points of difference to be noted. In early childhood they have a great deal more freedom than in England, for while there are, it is true, some mothers who swear by Old Country ways and go in for governesses, as a rule, the little girl begins at theKindergarten to mingle with other girls of the same age, and continues in their company on through the higher grades of learning until possibly she goes off to England for a final polish.

This free intercourse with her contemporaries has many advantages. The girl at an early age acquires a certain independence. She is not helplessly tied to her mother's apron strings like the ordinary "English Miss." As a consequence of this, more scope for the development of her ambition is allowed, and thus her range of thought and enterprise is widened, making her in due time a far more interesting companion.

Her hearty interest in all kinds of appropriate out-door exercises bears fruit in two most commendable ways. It renders her healthy and handsome as nothing else could, and from the very necessities of the case taboos tight lacing, high-heeled shoes, and those other abominations which are as cruel manacles to the poor physical nature. The girl who enjoys walking, tennis, rowing and swimming in summer, and skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing in winter, must need have bodily freedom of action, and she does have it, even at the expense of wider waists and broader feet than some other girls may be able to boast.

In illustration of the Halifax girl's prowess as a pedestrian, it may be stated that it is no uncommon thing for a walking party to be organized of a Saturday afternoon with a ten or twelve mile tramp as the pro-

gramme, while a stroll of three or four miles is regarded as quite a commonplace constitutional.

Let it not be conceived from this, however, that there is anything "mannish" about our fair Haligonian, for that would be doing her a grave injustice. Though thoroughly able to take care of herself, she gives due attention to all the little proprieties of maidenhood, and neither invites nor tolerates any liberties on the part of the other sex. The chaperon has by no means become a mere figure of speech, but is an essential element in social life. In fact, the finer the quality of the girl, the more strenuously does she insist upon everything being done "*comme il faut.*"

She will not go alone to the concert hall or theatre, even with the man to whom she is engaged, nor will she receive gentlemen alone in her own drawing-room. If a friend or admirer in mustachios should call of an evening he is, as a matter of course, received into the family circle, and the chief object of his visit will not, as in some other parts of the world, give him audience in another room, which the rest of the family religiously shun.

Nevertheless, in point of enterprise, this proper young lady is not to be outdone by her sisters or cousins of other countries. It was two Canadian girls, not far advanced beyond their teens, who made together that memorable trip around the world, whose record is "*A Social Departure,*" and there are many like them, ready on occasion, to repeat the performance.

In the arena of learning, thanks to the universities of Dalhousie, McGill, Mount Allison, Queen's and Toronto, opening the door to girl undergraduates, whether fair or dark, the Canadian lassies are proving competitors to be respected by the brightest of the lads. There is not much to be heard of woman's rights in Canada. The girls do not talk about them, they simply take them, whether it is the right to higher education, to a business career, to a professional training, or to anything else that they honorably covet.

Of course, at Halifax, the presence of the officers in red jackets and blue, furnishes a social feature to be found nowhere else, save in Victoria, B.C., on the other side of the continent. As is always the case in garrison cities, there is a certain section of society which devotes itself exclusively to the cultivation of these gay heroes of land and water, and to the girls of this section, there has been given a tag, which can be scarcely considered complimentary, but whose appropriateness must be admitted. They are called "garrison hacks," and constitute in the main as frivolous and as fatuous a class of women as can be found in Canada. They have but one aim in life, to marry an officer, and to compass this they are capable of almost anything. Perhaps one in five achieves her ambition, the others either make shift with some Hobson's choice, in the way of an ordinary civilian, or find themselves consigned to hopeless spinsterhood. It is for this, among other reasons, that the question, whether the presence of the military and the navy be an advantage or not, finds many supporters of the negative in the city by the sea.

In the city of Montreal, is presented the spectacle of two nationalities, living side by side in practical harmony, though divided by differences of race, religion, and language. Out of the total population full three-fourths are French, but the English and Scotch people hold the bulk of the wealth, and in the social life of the city they present by far the most important figure, and I make bold to assert, that in no other city in the world have the girls freer scope for a life of happiness, or usefulness, nor can a finer, more interesting type of girl be found.

While much that has been written concerning the girls of Halifax, is true of the girls of Montreal, and need not therefore be repeated, yet there are certain characteristics that must be noted. For one thing, the Montreal girl is not so subservient to the Old Country observances and traditions. She has more freedom of individual initiative and action, of which she takes full advantage, but not, as might be feared, so much in the direction of larger social liberty, as of less restricted personal action.

Matrimony seems to occupy a singularly unimportant corner in the minds of the

majority of these girls. Their time is so well occupied in the pursuit of intellectual, artistic and physical culture (for Delsarte is much in vogue) that the pursuit of husbands is quite relegated to the background. Notwithstanding, when the fitting opportunity comes, as it does in good time, they do not scorn it by any means, but settle into the domestic traces with all the more grace.

The young lady of the French quarter, has almost invariably received her education in the sombre seclusion of a convent, consequently, when she emerges from this chrysalis condition into the butterfly glory of social life, she goes in for gaiety of every kind, with a zest not so fully manifested by her English sister. The ballroom, the card party, and the theatre play a far more important part in her life, and she does not give the same attention to the more improving forms of recreation.

She is a very charming person withal, as full of vivacity as well bottled champagne, and frankly fond of masculine attentions. As a rule, she marries while yet in her teens, and finds in the nursery compensation for the delights of the dance. Thus, her experience of society is apt to be short, but it certainly is a merry one while it lasts.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of the Toronto girl of to-day, is her ardent interest in philanthropic and religious work. Toronto claims to possess more piety to the front foot than any other city on the continent. It certainly is a storm centre of reforms—reform social, political, moral, is not only in the air, it is in the very dust of the street, and that is saying a good deal, as any visitor can testify.

It is but natural, therefore, that the Toronto girl should prefer prayer-meetings to poker parties, and discourses on divinity to the dissipation of the ballroom, and no surprise is aroused by the daughter of a merchant prince being an active sympathizer with the Salvation Army, or conducting a series of Gospel services in one of the churches.

Let it not be imagined, however, that the religious side of her nature is developed at the expense of the intellectual. In ever-increasing numbers, she avails herself of the magnificent University, where she proves a provokingly dangerous competitor with the other undergraduates. Nor does she diminish at all her social attractiveness by these loftier aspirations. She is not made thereby a prig or a prude, but remains a sweet, sensible young woman, pleasant to the eye and winsome to the heart. In fact, for Coelebs in search of a wife, Toronto is about as safe a place to go as anywhere in the Dominion.

The prairie cities have hardly been in existence long enough to develop a distinctive type of girl. To them have come the daughters of all the other provinces, bringing with them their own characteristics, and doing pretty much as they would at home, except, perhaps, as the general sense of a wider horizon and clearer atmosphere may impart a *soupcon* of additional breeziness to the manner that seems entirely in harmony with the environment.

Away out in Victoria, the English influence, noted at Halifax, reasserts itself, and is very manifest. It is a charming city, full of delightful young people, but the tone of society is distinctly quiet as compared, say with Winnipeg, and there is even more formality in the manner of the maiden, than in Toronto or Montreal.

And, now, by way of conclusion, let me add a few words about the Canadian girl in general. To her honor be it said, that the ultra-fashionable, frivolous, good-for-nothing-but-pleasure-seeking class is in a very small minority. However fond of amusement she may seem to be, the average young woman of Canada is in reality a shrewd, sound-hearted, matter-of-fact person, thoroughly qualified to undertake the duties of a wife, and the responsibilities of a mother.

As a proper consequence, happy homes abound throughout the land; domestic scandals are rare, and divorces rarer still. The social situations, which furnish the up-to-date novelists with the bulk of their material, are notably scant. Family life is sedulously cultivated, and large families are the rule, rather than the exception.

The cares of motherhood are not evaded

as they are elsewhere, and unremitting attention is devoted to the physical and intellectual development of the boys and girls, so that the future prospects of the race leave small chance for the pessimist.

On the other hand, for the girl whose fate does not lead her towards the hymeneal altar, there is no need of predicting a decline into useless, unamiable, old-maidenhood, because the propriety of independence on the part of the girls as well as the boys, is being more and more recognized. It is quite a common thing now for the daughters of well-to-do men, to fit themselves for the earning of their own living, if necessary. Indeed, many of them are already paying their own millinery bills, by acting as governesses, or by giving lessons in music and painting.

In fact, the unmistakable tendency is towards the emancipation of woman from the traditional state of protection and dependence, and the placing of her feet upon the same ground as the men occupy. Nor need the men fear any evil consequences therefrom. No matter how many women may achieve independence, there will never be a lack of good wives and mothers, who will be all the better, because of latent or developed possibilities for paddling their own canoes on the stream of life.

WEENATCHEE

A LEGEND OF THE CANADIAN INDIAN

By ARTHUR STRINGER

IN a lonely country, known as the Land of Sundown, lived little Weenatchee, the Slender One.

Now the Land of Sundown lies midway between Mattawa, the Meeting of the Waters and the Land of the Northern Lights; and in this land lived Weenatchee, the only daughter of the great chief Squintootum.

Weenatchee's hair was glossy and black, very like the crow's wing, and her eyes were brown, deep and quiet and brown, like the woodland pools between the pines. The big white sun had kissed her cheeks and her arms so often that they, too, were dark and bronze-colored, like beech leaves in autumn. For Weenatchee, like all children who live in the Land of Sundown, loved the great white sun, and kugalatoo, the wind, who often walked along and chattered with her when she went gathering blueberries on the mountain-sides and flowers on the open plains. In the Land of Sundown it was still the Golden Age, when children as well as the oldest man knew what the wind said when it whispered, whispered, whispered all day long through the pines and the grasses.

And with Weenatchee, lived in the Land of Sundown, swintawkie the beaver, and gugaloo the golden-eyed frog, and ruffrugoo, the partridge, and koolatook, the white rabbit and ki-ki the blue-bird, who sang away all day long among the pine trees and the hills and the flowers. And when Weenatchee slept on her tiny bed of balsam boughs, in her little bearskin house, gugaloo would sing for her, and koolatook, the white rabbit, on cold nights would lie down close beside her and keep her warm, and when it stormed would keep the drifting snows from covering her and making her cold.

But one day, in the month of blackberries, when Weenatchee was playing with papigoo, the white butterfly, she wandered away from her home and went aimlessly on and on over many great hills and down many strange valleys, until she came to the shores of the Unknown Lake. And while she stood on the shore of the great, smooth stretch of waters that lay at the edge of the Land of Sundown, she saw the great sun itself sinking to rest, and for the first time in her life she knew where it was that the sun went to bed. Then in the still twilight, while she stood talking to the whispering pines, she suddenly saw Loona, the white girl, paddle past in a canoe that seemed made all of silver. Weenatchee stood very still and watched and watched very long, for never before had she seen a white girl, nor anyone so beautiful as Loona in all her life. Loona's hair was golden, like sleeping waters after sunset, and her cheeks were white, like the wind-flowers that come on the warm hillsides, when the last snowdrift has gone. And her eyes were blue, like the sky, the roof of the house where lived kugalatoo, the wind. And Weenatchee asked papigoo and the pine trees who the white girl was. The pine trees only sighed and said she was Loona, the white girl who did not speak their language, and whose people made war on swintawkie and ruffrugoo. She did not love the woods, and had never been taught to know the ways of koolatook, the white rabbit.

But Weenatchee looked long at Loona as she paddled silently away, and then she looked at her own poor brown hands and feet, and felt very sad. And she wished in her heart that she had been made beautiful and white-skinned like the strange girl in the silver canoe. Koolatook tried to tell her that she was far better with her own brown skin, but Weenatchee only shook her head sadly and wept. While she wept beside the pine tree it grew dark, and ko-ko-mis would have sent the wolves to devour her if koolatook had not come in search for her and led her home once more across the hills to the little bear-skin house of her father, the great chief.

But all that night Weenatchee dreamed of Loona, the beautiful white girl, and when

morning came she boldly crept away into the forbidden wood, and there looked for ko-ko-mis, the witch. And when she found ko-ko-mis stirring her big black pot full of snakes and toads legs, and all ugly and crawling things, she told her about the girl in the silver canoe, and cried that she would give everything, everything in the world to have a beautiful white skin and golden hair like Loona. Then the witch ko-ko-mis laughed, and said that no white girls could ever learn to talk with kugalatoo and swintawkie, and gugaloo or koolatook, and could never understand what the little pine trees said when they talked and whispered in the evening among themselves.

But Weenatchee wept, and begged ko-ko-mis to change her into a beautiful white child, with gold hair and blue eyes—blue as the roof of the house of kugalatoo after he had put all his sleepy little stars to bed. And once more the wicked witch laughed and said that she could do this, but that it took nine weeks and nine days, and many things had to be done to appease her father, Spee-ow, the Evil One.

"If you would be a little white girl," said Ko-ko-mis, taking a taste of her broth and sprinkling ashes on the head of Weenatchee, "you must gather the topmost branch from every dead pine tree in the Forbidden Wood, and when you have done this you must smear yourself with the juice of weechwich, the black spider, which is to be found only in the cracks among the slimy rocks of the Dismal Mountains. And when this is done you must steal out alone by night, when the moon is full, and make a ring of the dead pine boughs, and stand close over them while they burn away. But you must make no sound, and not even groan, as befits the daughter of a great chief, who is big with pride, for if you do the spell will be broken!"

"And seven times, seven nights after the burning of the dead pine boughs, you must wrap your naked body in stinging nettles; then, at the end of the last night your flesh will be white, like snow, and your cheeks will be soft and pink, like the wild rose, and your hair all golden, and your eyes blue, blue as the roof of kugalatoo's house, when all his little stars have closed their eyes and gone to sleep."

At this news Weenatchee was glad and ran home light-hearted and laughing. But the wicked Ko-ko-mis leaned over her black pot and chuckled strangely to herself.

And for weeks and weeks Weenatchee sought the weechwick, the great black spider, and tore her little hands climbing the tallest of the dead pine trees in the Forbidden Wood. When she at last made the magic fire and stood over it, she made no sound, but her tears fell so fast and so big that the flames went out, and once more she had to climb the dead pines, and once more build the magic fire.

Often and often when Weenatchee lay in her bed of stinging nettles, she cried silently all night long, but she let no sound escape her, as befitted the daughter of a great chief; and when Ko-ko-mis saw this she laughed and chuckled to herself.

Then at the end of the last night Weenatchee rose from her bed of nettles at the coming up of the sun, and stood at the brink of Sweet-Laughing River, and, looking down, saw that her face was soft and white, and her eyes were blue, and her hair all golden. And her heart swelled with happiness, though it hurt her eyes to look at the big white sun, and the moss of the woods did not seem so soft to her bare feet. But she knew she was even more beautiful than Loona, the white girl by birth.

But kugalatoo, the wind, no longer talked to her, and koolatook, the white rabbit, no longer knew her, and gugaloo was afraid of her, and ruffrugoo and swintawkie ran away when she came near to play with them. Weenatchee was very, very lonely.

When Ko-ko-mis, the witch saw this she stirred her big black pot, and laughed so long that her father, Spee-ow, the Evil One, knew that someone must be shedding bitter tears in the Land of Sundown.

Weenatchee crept home to the bear-skin lodge, but when Squintootum, the great chief, saw the little white child in his lodge he said that she must be an evil spirit, and would not listen to her cries, but drove her away.

So Weenatchee wandered alone in the big world; and the summer passed away, and

the winter came, and with it came the cold snows, and Weenatchee would have died had not chicktail, the squirrel, given her nuts to eat and shown her where there was a hollow tree to sleep in. But Weenatchee was very lonely.

So at last the little white girl went weeping back to Ko-ko-mis, who was always stirring her big black pot, and begged with tears in her big blue eyes to be made a little brown Indian child once more.

But Ko-ko-mis only laughed loudly and said, "Whoever has been turned into a proud white maiden, and has forsworn her own blood, must never be made again what she was before; but if you promise to give me all of that golden hair of yours, to make a charm for Squint-Eye, my son, you may, I think, become a little pine tree. But you must tell it to no one, not even koolatook!"

"Oh, yes, Ko-ko-mis," cried Weenatchee, "Please make me a little pine tree, somewhere near the lodge of my old father, so that I can talk to dear old gugaloo again, and live with little koolatook and ruffrugoo once more. For, oh, Ko-ko-mis, I am so lonely and cold and hungry that I shall die!"

So Ko-ko-mis stirred her pot nine times and sprinkled ashes on Weenatchee's golden hair, and muttered a spell. And Weenatchee's white arms shrivelled up, and her little body changed, and her feet grew down into the warm ground, and the next day there was a slender little pine tree growing on the white hillside, near the lodge of the great chief Squintootum. And once more all day long she sang to herself and was happy. And kulatoo laughed and talked to her and gugaloo sang for her and ruffrugoo nestled in her bosom quite close to her, and she held her arms out to them and tried to keep them warm; and on long cold nights, when all the world was still and white with snow, koolatook stole up to her and told her of how things went with her own people, and how new children had come to the little lodge, and how Squintootum still mourned for his lost daughter, Weenatchee.

But one day chicktail, who was the greatest little gossiper in all the Land of Sundown, told the story of Ko-ko-mis's wickedness to ki-ki, who told it to kugalatoo, who told it to Manitou himself. And Manitou was very angry and thundered over the Land of Sundown for thirteen days. And he smote Ko-ko-mis's pot with a handful of his Great Fire and scattered her magic broth. And the next day the children of the Land of Sundown came crowding to the spot and saw how the wicked Ko-ko-mis had been turned into stone. And under the stone they found a yellow toad and they knew it was Squint-Eye, her wicked son.

But Weenatchee, the Slender One, neither knew nor cared, she was so happy and so contented. And the little children came out from the lodge and played beside her, and she listened to every word they said, oh, so wistfully, and when her tears fell on the ground they said it was the dew they had shaken from the little pine tree's branches. And the long, sweet, golden summer passed away and Squintootum her father died, and they buried him at her feet; and she drew him closer and closer to her breast, and at last they were together.

And when the children grew older, and came and played under the whispering green boughs of the pine tree in the summer time, Weenatchee told them wonderful tales of the Land of Sundown, but there was one story in particular she liked to tell over and over again, and that was the tale of a beautiful white girl called Loona. And in the winter when the Northern Lights swung low and beautiful over the Land of Sundown, when all the little brown children and the babes of the wilderness were sleeping in their bear-skin lodges, Weenatchee sang strange old songs to them. And their mothers listened to the soft notes of the lonely pine tree whispering in the night time, and prayed to Manitou that every child in the Land of Sundown might grow as happy and as good and as peaceful as poor little Weenatchee, the Slender One.

A VILLAGE OPTIMIST

By HELEN A. SAXON

"YES'M, I'm pretty well, thank you. I jes' thought I'd come over to see you, bein' as I knowed yer aunt so well. Seems anybody belongin' to her weren't exactly a stranger. I say I come over to see you, but I don't see very good any more. I can't more'n make out the headlines in the noospapers now. Yes'm it does seem a pity, but I made up my mind some time ago there wer't to be no useless regrettin' over it. I'm sixty-four, and if I hav'nt read enough in all them years to afford somethin' good and useful to think about now, I don't see as anythin' I'm like yet'd do me much good. My sister—the one thet lives with me—she's away jest now avisitin' her husband's folks in Vermont—she reads to me quite a bit.

"Yes'm, I do miss her considerable; but I've took ole Mrs. Winters in fer a spell, an' I mus' say as a body aint much chance to be lonesome where she is. What, you don't know her? Well, thet's surprisin'; I thought everybody'd heard o' her. She's seventy-eight years old, a poor ole body without a home. She's two merried children livin' here—a son an' daughter—an' another son in the ministry, but she don't live with none o' them, some way or another. I mistrust it ain't all their fault. She's well off, they say, an's got money laid up, but she won't own to it. She showed Mr. Thompson—thet's the grocer lives on Wisner Street—her bank book, onct, an' he says t'wan't any great amount; but Jessie—thet's her unmerried daughter—she says the ole lady's got another bank book she don't show nobody. Anyhow, she wont pay but eight dollars a month for board, an', of course, thet aint enough to keep her at a respectable boardin' house; an' folks that's sorry fer her, they take her in, one after another, but she don't never stay. Sometimes she's pernickity, like, an' ef things don't jes' go to suit her, she's up an' away.

They tried to git 'er into the Aged Woman's Home, a while back. You pay two hundred and fifty dollars at the start, an' are kep' fer the rest o' yer life, but she wouldn't hear of it, said she was afraid she wouldn't live up the two hundred an' fifty; but I presume that was only an excuse. She's been a mighty clever woman in her day. My! but her prayers are something beautiful. I've heard many a minister's prayers in church thet aint near so feelin'. They say she's done evangelistic work in her day, an' she tol' me herself thet she'd led a mixed class fer twenty years. Thet wus in the ole country before she come over. They say she come to help her son in his ministerial labors; but law, she don't help him much!

She went up to visit him a spell back, an' folks thought as how they'd got rid o' her at last, but she comes back very unexpected. Mrs. Watts—lives in the corner house with the vine runnin' all over it, you must a' noticed it—she's a plain-spoken widow, like myself, but she's got two sons—one of them's a useless kind o' drinken' good-fer-nothin' fellow, too—well, she ast ole Mrs. Winters why she come back so suddin', an' she said, 'twas because she couldn't git to the means o' grace, an' Mrs. Watts, she ast her how fur from the church they wus, an' she said above a quarter of a mile an' no sidewalks. But Sussie Holston—thet's her granddaughter—she don't make no bones about speakin' her mind—she says the ole woman was like to hit May—thet's the minister son's wife—over the head with the fryin' pan, an' her son sent her home. Well, I don't know as to thet.

Susie don't bear her grandmother no love, that's plain. I s'pose its because the ole lady tromped on her dress. She'd got a noo white muslin, all frills and things, to wear to Sally Stevens' weddin', an' she was to be bridesmaid, an' the ole lady lost her temper about somethin' or nother, an' tromped all over the dress. At least that wus what they said an' Mrs. Watts, she ast her if 'twas so, an' she replied that she might 'a mussed it some, but Susie could 'a wore it if she'd been a

mind to, but thet she wus a stiff-necked, mischief-makin' meddler—them's her very words.

However that be, I don't know. I'm not one to believe all I hear; but when the poor ole soul come to me night afore last, an' ast me fur a night's lodgin', I took her in. I thought I would. Ef sister'd been home, she'd sot her foot down an' prevented it; but bein' she wasn't I thought I'd give her a night's lodgin', anyhow.

Mrs. Thomas, she had her last, an' she put her on the sofy. "Let her hev' my spare-room, all house-cleaned an' the blankets washed, no, I'll not," says she. Well, I thought I'd follow suit, an' put her on the sofy, too, but when it come to the pinch, I puts her up in the best bed same's ef she'd been anybody. I says to myself, "I've took her in," says I, "I may es well do the best I ken fur her." But when it come on bed time, she begun lookin' around—she's got a mighty quick perceivin' eye—an' when she see I wus a fixin' fur her up-stairs, she says, "You've a bedroom down stairs, haint ye?"

"Ther's an extry room downstairs," say I, "but we don't use it fer sleepin'."

"Don't yer sister sleep there when she's home?" say she, kind o' sharp like.

"No, she don't," says I, jest es sharp.

So she didn't say no more, but sort o' resigned herself. An' when the time come to go to bed, happened I wus upstairs, an' I called her to fetch the lamp an' come along, es everythin' wus locked and the cat out, an' says she, "I don't think its safe, me carryin' the lamp up."

I see she jes' wanted to be waited on, so I says, "Sometimes when I've got the rheumatism, I puts the lamp on the step ahead an' goes up a step at a time. Its slow but its sure, an' it saves sister comin' down."

I could hear her muttering to herself, but I dunno what 'twas she said, an' presently up she come a step at a time sure enough, an' goes off to her room an' shuts the door.

Well, next mornin' I wus up an' had breakfast in good time with hot scones to it —extry on her account, an' she up an' says she to me, "You don't happen to have an aig in the house, I 'spose?"

"Yes, I do," says I.

"Is it fraish?" says she.

"Well," says I, "its what they calls a cooker, an' not a biler."

"O," says she, because I'm accustomed to have an aig beat up an' me hot tea poured on it fur me breakfast," says she.

Now, who ever heard o' the like o' that! But I only says, "Well you ken hev, an aig ef you want, er two of 'em."

"I don't care fer 'em ef they aint fraish," says she, in a kind o' resigned way she has, an' the subject dropped.

She never offered to do a hand's turn, but put on her bunnet after breakfast es airy es you please, an' started off down town, leavin' her bed fur me to make.

Well, along about noon come a big ring to the door, an' ef there wasn't Charlie Hopkins, that runs the' express cart now, an' brother to Jim that joined the troops and went to Cuba, an' got shot in the leg—like to lose it altogether, they say—well, he had a cart full o' stuff—trunks an' bandboxes, an' I don't know what all—an' he said es Mrs. Winters told him to fetch 'em round to my place, an' about the same time in she come by the back way, an' says, "Where'll ye hev the things put?"

"Mrs. Winters," says I, "Who told you you could hev' them things fetched here? I said I'd take you fer a night er two, seein' you wus so beat fur a place to go, but I never said es I'd take you fer a boarder."

"Well, well," says she testy like, "Where'll ye hev 'em put?"

"You ken put 'em right here in the hall," says I, stiff es I could, "an, what won't go here ken set in the shed, fur I don't like hevin' baggage from nobody knows goin' into my bedrooms." Not but what she's clean enough herself, but a body never knows where she's been last, an' now my eyesight's most gone, I'm afraid o' gettin' things in the house I couldn't never git out—its *bugs* I mean. Well, I see my not havin' her things took up to her room wusn't accordin' to her mind, but I took no notice. I went about my work same es usual; but it came over me that I hed a responsibility towards ole Mrs. Winters, and that it wus my dooty to open up my mind regardin' her. So, after tea, when the things wus all cleared away, and

we wus a settin' down, I up an' told her the hull blessed truth—what I thought of her an' what folks wus sayin' of her, an' what a disgrace it wus fer an ole body like her to hev' no proper abidin' place, but to be awalkin' the streets like a tramp, an' folks a takin' her in fur charity an' not fur love.

"There's many a one," I says, "es'd be glad to hev' you jest fer company's sake ef you'd only be kind an' lovin' es a woman of your age had orto be; an', "I says," Mrs. Winters, I want to tell you about a woman I knew onct, a great perfessor, but a poor doer, an' nobody wanted her. She went to one daughter's place after another, an' she couldn't git along nohow, and then she went to her son's place. He wus her only son, an' his wife wus an uncommon fine woman—everybody hed a good word fer her—an' she took in her mother-in-law, an' done fer es ef she'd ben her own, an' jest es ef she's been the best woman ever wus, an' never let the children speak a disrespectful word, no matter what tantrums the ole woman 'd git into. She wus that cantankerous nothin'd please her! Oh, I heard all about her goin's on; it wus somethin' disgraceful, an' that poor patient little woman strugglin, to bring up her children peaceable an' in the fear of the Lord. Well, there wusn't no hope of that woman's salvation till the Lord himself took her in hand, an' what do you think He done? He sot her in her chair to stay there. Fur four years she sot there helpless es a noo-born babe, an' it did fur her what all the kindness in the world 'ed never a done. It broke her down an' changed her spirit, an' she wus kind to them about her, an' thankful to the little children when they'd bring her a drink o' water, instead a 'busin' them es she'd done before. An' when her time come, they wus sorry to see her go, they'd got that fond o' her, an' Mrs. Webster—that's her son's wife—she told me herself that she thanked the Lord fur them four years, they'd wrought such a change, an' the children, especially the little ones, had a grandmother to remember lovin'ly."

"An'," I says, "Mrs. Winters, that's what the Lord does fur folks thet wont do fer themselves, ef they git into the kingdom at all," says I, "an' thet's what He'll do fer you. He's long-sufferin' an' kind, but the Scripture says He wont trive forever with the spirit o' man."

"Ma'am?" O, yes, course she didn't like it. She want to know who it wus talked about her, an' what 'twas they said, an' I up an' told her 'twas the common talk o' the town what a disgrace 'twas, an' shame to her she couldn't git along with her own folks, an' hadn't no abidin' place, and her such a perfessor an' leader in the prayer-meetin'. An' she answered back to me that there wus one afore her thet hadn't where to lay his head. an' I said right stern to her. "Don't say thet, Mrs. Winters, don't add blasphmey unto your other wrong doin's," I says. "Don't, fer the love of heaven, compare yourself to One who wus ready an' willin' to give all He had fer others, an' you wont give nuthin', not even common gratitude." An' I could see she wus considerable upset, but I went right on an' said it all out while I wus about it, an' I told her I done it all fur her own good. I hain't never talked behind her back, the way some folks done, an' I wasn't agoin' to begin now, but I said what I had a mind to say to her face.

Well, she got down on her knees an' begun to pray, an' my, but she ken make a beautiful prayer! But I knowed it wus done to impress me an' come around me, an' she brought in the parable of the beam and mote, an' I don't know what all, but I could see she wus just trying to smooth me over like, an' I gits up softly an' goes out quietly, an' begun rakin' down the stove ready fer mornin'. An' when she perceived I wasn't there, she stopped prayin', an' took the lamp, an' off she goes to bed.

Well, I felt considerable better after that, an' reconciled to havin' her things around, an' I'm goin' to keep her es long es she'll stay, er until sister comes back. I'm goin' to hev no mealy-mouthin' in my house, an' no pretendin'. I'm goin' to let her see what honest livin's like. You see, she's hed her own way all her life, an' folks 'es been afraid of her tongue, her bein' so clever, but maybe the Lord 'll give her a chance yet, an' confront her with herself, an' break her stubborn pride. There's signs es she aint so un-

realizin' es she seems. I hed her a fraish aig to her breakfast this mornin', but she didn't appear to take notice, an' when I told her, she thought it mightn't set well. An' after breakfast she helped considerable, went upstairs an' made her bed like any Christian woman would do. I could see she wus oppressed in her mind some, but I didn't say nothin' an' acted like I took what she done fur granted, but I certainly hev' hopes.

I've sot longer then I expected, an' I'm afraid I've tired you clean out. I'm nothin' but an ole gossip anyhow, an' that's a fact; but it's relieved my mind some, fur I can't speak to none o' the folks es belong here, an' I wouldn't a told you only you're a stranger an' goin' away so soon. Give yer aunt my love when you see her.

DRAMA

By EDITH ST. L. WILSON

"In vigor, sublimity and all the higher qualities of poetry, the drama of Æschylus remain, and ever will remain, unsurpassed and rarely approached."—*Keightley.*

DRAMA, as it is to-day, is a subject worthy of consideration for the various regiments in the ranks of humanity that devote so much time and so much money to the study of the stage, in a general way.

Thousands of people sit in stuffy theatres, night after night, and laugh or weep, smile or sigh, as the case may be.

Why and wherefore? They want to be amused—and so strongly does the element of the unreal and a snatch of dream-life appeal to them, that they go, they see, and then leave it all behind them, like a vision of fairyland or a nightmare, that leaves its impression on the wavering, and ofttimes tottering, palaces of the soul. The majority of minds are wonderfully—fearfully, one might add—susceptible to outside influences, whether they be of the natural or artificial; and every great climax, whether it be moulded with the force of realism or the foam of fiction, leaves its impress on the mentality of man, woman or child.

People may become hardened, may be sadly sceptical, yet they are human—and humanity is now, and ever shall be, a block of crude marble which the sculpter of Time is carving out and toning down in soft relief. Every touch of the artist is apparent. Is not this idea carried out, and very much in evidence, in the sea of faces one sees after some stirring play—let it be of tragedy, comedy, or romance—or after some light, bright opera? Each one leaves a stamp of its own, solemn or dull, giddy or gay. No effect is ever wholly deadened, no inspiration ever fully crushed, and no elevating influence ever lost.

Therefore, let Drama, which is gradually stealing and wielding a certain power in the world, be raised to the highest standard. Is not the declaration of Keightley, regarding the dramas of Aeschylus, sufficient to prove a stimulant in the dramatic field of the present day? Is there not an inexhaustible fund of "vigor, sublimity, and all the higher qualities of poetry," lurking in the background, somewhere? What the Greeks of old accomplished in their inspiriting Athens, can not the Geniuses of to-day bring to pass once more?

Great men there are, and mighty, whose minds have been stored with knowledge, whose brains have been fed with the fruits of learning—are there not yet, great, undeniable possibilities in the world of drama? In this era of Oxfords and Cambridges, Harvards and Yales, culture and caste, cannot the art be lifted to loftier heights, than have yet been attained?

The experience of years has been handed down from one generation to another—aye,

even from the days of the twelfth century, when the priests of England used drama as "a means of enticing the people into a knowledge of religion."

Away down the dark ages, minstrels there were, who sang to immortals and bowed to the call of nature. The Garden of Eden was made a stage, in the sight of Heaven, and the descendants of its inhabitants have enacted, and ever will enact—or be tempted to enact—on the boards of Life! Childhood is but the greenroom, wherein we pick up snatches of the parts assigned us. That transition o'er, we enter the world to meet the double drama that is awaiting us. One—that of our own lives—can never be evaded; the other—the artificial and unreal—may deal with the moulding of our characters.

The effect may be bright or it may be dark.

Why not encourage the elements of romance, witchery and wit? Romance softens, witchery fascinates, and wit—a dash of sparkling wit is to the mentality what a breeze of keen north wind might be to the laborer on a summer day. It is invigorating, adding a degree of freedom to the senses, and bringing a moment of delightful forgetfulness, that makes a heavy yoke seem lighter, and a burden easier to bear.

Romance, witchery and wit—let them be mingled with strains of good music, and the message of angels may be wafted to the souls of men.

Where are the Dramas of Greece? We see them not. But give us of your best, ye gods, for the sake of the rising generation!

THE DIALOGUE OF A HONEYMOON

By HAROLD BROOKS

"DICK, the boy has brought up your bill."

"*Our* bill, Clara. We are one now. What's mine's yours, you know."

"In the case of settling a bill, on that basis, I should think it would be: what's yours is mine."

"I didn't marry you for money, Clara."

"Ah, you mustn't take such umbrage, or I shall think you did. The bill, I'll hear the bill! Read the bill, most noble Antony!"

"Item one, is board and lodging for six days at fifteen dollars—"

"Ninety dollars."

"What a head you have for figures, Clara."

"That's what they said when I married you, Dick."

"Um! Well, they do know how to tuck it on, don't they?"

"We've been tucking in, O fledgling Benedict! Read on Macduff!"

"Item two, livery, seventeen dollars. Hm!"

"Gee up, pony! Drive to item three, dear. Don't keep the hosses waitin'."

"Item three, dear, is telephone service, four dollars. Hello, Clara!"

"Hello, Dick! I called up mamma, you know."

"But *four dollars,* Clara?"

"For long distance it's a long charge, Dick. Since you're on the 'phone, call up item four."

"Item four is laundry, three dollars. Hm! I don't remember—"

"That's right, Dick. Forget it. It's all mine—blouses. What's item five?"

"I'm sure I'm boring you, dear. We'll stop at item four—at the laundry—call it a 'family finish,' as it were. The total—"

"Never mind the total *now.* I want to hear about item five. What is it?"

"It's a mistake, dear."

"Why, is it so little? That's no reason you should bar it."

"*B—bar,* it, Clara?"

"Whatever is it? Let *me* see the bill! *What? Bar, twenty-three dollars?* Richard!"

"You know, we had wine—"

"Only once, sir! *You* know I don't care for it. Oh, Dick, twenty-three dollars in one week! Oh, I didn't know—I never knew—how was I to know? I know mamma never knew! But I know that if she had knew—I mean had known—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Clara, upon my soul! It wasn't *all* mine. I met some good fellows—actors"

"*Actors?* And actresses, too, no doubt! So *that* is why you were so late the other night! I might have known! Oh, if only I had known!"

"Clara, there's a good girl! Clara! Oh, this is horrible! Married a week, and—well, I'd better finish packing, I suppose, settle this bill, and then get out of this hotel. I *hate* hotels! That train starts—let me see—I *had* a time-table. . . . . *Where's my pocketbook?* Where *is* my pocketbook? Clara, my pocketbook! Of course you have it? . . . . ."

"Pocketbook?"

"Yes? You took it for a joke, didn't you?"

"Joke? Pocket book? Have I married a monomaniac, with nothing but *money* on his mind?"

"Don't trifle, Clara! If *you* haven't got it, then it's lost!"

"Lost? Your pocketbook?"

"With every dollar in it!"

"Dick!"

"Oh, Clara, it's too terrible! And the bill's one hundred and fifteen, and I hadn't bought our railway tickets, and *they* wouldn't be any use if we had 'em, because the management of this—"

"Don't say it, Richard!"

"I'm sorry, Clara, but I can't help it! *There!* I hate hotels! My brain's in a whirl! Can't *you* think, dear, where I may have lost it—somewhere?"

"Yes, sir, I can! I might suggest your looking over the *bar* for it!"

"Clara!"

"A nice position you place *me* in—married not a week and ready packed and—"

"Strapped, Clara."

"How dare you jest! And how—humiliating! We shall have to telegraph home for money to get back, I suppose! Oh, the shame of it! Why don't you answer the knock at the door—*stupid?*"

"It's the porter for the baggage, Clara. I suppose he'd better——"

"Of course he'd better! Do you suppose I am going to remain in an hotel, running up a bill my husband can't settle?"

"I've looked in every possible place, Clara. I've hunted in every pocket, I've turned every coat inside out, I've—Oh, good heavens! Clara, I've got it!"

"The pocketbook?"

"No. Oh, I've been a fool, an idiot!"

"Have been?"

"Clara, I'll have to go back to that blessed fishing lake at once—*at once!* When we were leaving there this morning, I gave that confounded old fisherman my pocketbook—I remember now—*my pocketbook,* with three hundred dollars in it—in mistake for my book of flies! . . Clara, where are you going? Don't leave me!"

"I'm going out—for air. Do you think I can remain tied to a lunatic? I shall get a divorce—at once!"

"Clara! . . .Well, she's right. I must have been crazy. I *am* crazy. I wish *I* had the nerve to take a walk. But I *must* get back to that lake. How'll I go? Borrow the money from the clerk? And yet perhaps, after all, I *didn't* give that old beggar the pocketbook, and if I did, he'd deny it. And where's the fly book? I haven't come across it anywhere, now I come to think of it. I ought to have *it,* somewhere. Perhaps I gave him both. I'll have to telegraph—I'll need at least a hundred and fifty—and it would be just like the governor if he wired back: 'Walk, you noodle head, walk!' He thought four hundred was quite handsome . . . . I wonder if Clara really went out? And they've taken down the traps. Sent them along to the train by now, I daresay. They'll be expecting me down to settle that bill any minute now. . . .Why, Clara! What's . . ."

"Hurry, Dick! Cab's at the door—train starts in fifteen minutes!"

"Clara, don't jest, even if it *is* your turn! Why, what's that? Oh, that horrid bill again! So they——"

"Look at it, Dick!"

"Why, Clara, it's *receipted! 'Paid in full'.* . .Why. . ."

"Hurry! When I went to get my jewels out of the safe, the clerk said: 'I suppose you will take Mr. Newlywed's pocketbook, Madam? He left it in the safe when you went to the lake' 'So I thought I would save time and settle the bill then. Come along!"

MISS HEPSY'S LEGACY

By MARY L. SMELLIE

HEPHZIBAH CUTTLEBUCK sat at the window of her tiny parlor, looking drearily out at the bleak, wintry landscape. Though the kettle was singing cheerily on the stove, and the prim little room looked neat and cosy, the old spinster's heart was heavy, for it was rent day, and she owed for two months, and the till in the grocery store had taken in very small returns of late.

Business had fallen off since her illness last August, and it was hard to keep a fire going, and a bite to eat, to say nothing of the rent and the doctor's bill!

"I've never been in debt before, and I don't feel like an honest woman" she soliloquized, dolefully. "I feel kinder lonesome and God-forsaken with Christmas coming next week. Let's see. I owe twenty-nine dollars all told, counting six to Smith the wholesale—and the Lord only knows where I'll get the raise of twenty-nine dollars!"

At this moment the store-bell tinkled, and a hearty voice roused her from her anxious thoughts.

"Got a letter for you, Miss Hepsy! Dobie asked me to leave it in as I was passing, and now I'm here I'll take a cake o' scented soap to the missis, and some sugarsticks for the kids, if you'll do them up for me."

"Thank you, kindly, Mr. Gray, for bringing me the letter," said the old woman, glancing enquiringly at the legal-looking envelope, as she hastily served her customer. "Cheekley and Spotton, Barristers, etc. I don't see what they can want of me? I feel awful curious! I ain't had a letter in twelve months, I don't suppose!"

"Well, let's hope it's good news," said the farmer, slipping his parcel into the pocket of his great coonskin coat and pulling the high collar up snugly about his ears. "It may be an offer of marriage, or a legacy. Anyway, a pleasant Christmas and good luck to you!"

"The same to you, Sir," said Miss Cuttlebuck, as she slipped on her spectacles in a great hurry and tore open the envelope.

Trembling with excitement, and with many ejaculations of puzzled amazement, the old lady read as follows:

EQUITY CHAMBERS,
TORONTO, Dec. 18th, 1902.

Miss Hephzibah Cuttlebuck,

DEAR MADAM

We have been instructed by the executors of your late brother, Mr. Barry Cuttlebuck, of Peachland, B.C., to pay to you the amount of a legacy left to you by his will. After deducting charges for transmission, the amount in our hands is $149.57. If you will call at our office to sign the necessary release we shall be pleased to pay you the above sum.

Yours truly, etc.,

CHEEKLEY AND SPOTTON.

"For the land's sake!" gasped the astonished woman, sitting down with a thump on a barrel of flour, and laughing and crying hysterically. "One hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents for me—myself—and a minute ago I was saying the Lord only knew where I'd get the raise of twenty-nine dollars! Oh! poor old brother Barry; and me calling him skinflint and telling Sarah Wills but yesterday that I'd never see the color o' his money! Oh! God forgive me for an unbelieving Thomas, and worse. A hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents! Now, I can pay all that's owing and give the minister five dollars for the Mission Fund. O Lord, O Lord!" And utterly overcome by the magnitude of her good fortune, Miss Hepsy rocked up and down on her barrel, with her apron flung over her head and the tears rolling down her cheeks. So preoccupied was she that she did not hear the entrance of a thin, solemn-visaged child, who stood regarding her with much surprise from the folds of a shabby shawl.

"Please, Miss Hepsy," she repeated twice, before she succeeded in attracting the attention of the excited woman.

"Oh! is it you, Mandy Beeton; why I never heard you come in. What can I do for you, child? Sure, I'm off my head with joy. My brother's dead and he's left me a

power o' money! Lord a mercy, what am I saying. I ain't glad that he's dead, you understand, but I ain't clapped eyes on him for thirty years, and I didn't know but he was dead ages ago! A quarter pound o' green tea, did you say, and half a pound o' tub butter?"

"And ma says," uttered the girl, when she could get a hearing; "will you please give her credit a bit longer, for she's that bad with the bronkitters, and pa's on the drunk again!"

"Will I give her credit? Well, I should say so! Tell your ma, Miss Hepsy sends her love, and she's had a legacy, and she's going into Toronto to-morrow morning to get it! Tell her I'll bring her such a Christmas-box, and you and little Tom, too—see if I don't. And here, Mandy," as she finished weighing and measuring, "your ma owes me just three dollars—here's a receipt for it, paid in full—that 'll show her it's all true, and I'm half daft with joy, as sure as eggs is eggs!"

That night she confided the wonderful news to her friend, Mrs. Johnson, who, with her bed-ridden old husband, lived next door, and in the early morning, when the boy brought her half-pint of milk she told him "to tell the folks up to Morse's that Miss Cuttlebuck had *come into money,* and that Grandma Morse should have a real, soft pair o' fur slippers when she got back from the city." On the way to the station she met the minister and joyfully told him she had got a legacy, and was going to Toronto for the money, and she'd give him five dollars for the Mission Fund.

"I've allers wanted to do it," she said, simply. "I never *did* feel happy to give such a bit in church, but now, just as soon 's I've got it you shall have it for the Lord," and she hurried off to catch her train, the proudest, richest woman in Ontario.

After her short journey, she found her way with some difficulty to the lawyer's office, and soon had her wealth in her own possession. Then she proceeded through the crowded streets to Eaton's, where she meant to have her lunch and shop, "for all the world like Mrs. Bremner, the rich butcher's wife."

She decided to lunch first, for she was tired and hungry, and it was nearly one o'clock, and she ordered tea, cold turkey, rolls and pickles, "for," said she, "thank the Lord and Barry Cuttlebuck I don't have to skimp for one day with a hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents in my bag!"

Then she wandered about the immense establishment, from counter to counter and flat to flat, revelling in a very passion of purchase for the first and only time in her sixty-five years. Like an elderly hummingbird she darted about from one part of the store to another, attracted by this or that delicious object of interest.

First she bought a brightly colored hemp rug for her own parlor, a moon-faced clock, and two hideous gilt vases! Then she forgot her own requirements and necessities in a perfect tumult of delight over a soft lounge and two feather pillows for her suffering neighbor, and for his wife she got a hot-water bag and a fancy mirror. Next came Grandma Morse's fur slippers, and a warm shawl and railway rug for sick Mrs. Beeton. "Not that she ever goes on the railway, but it 'll keep her real warm nights when she can't keep the fire in!"

A visit to the Toy Department resulted in a stack of dolls and picture books, a mechanical pig and a hollow Santa Claus to be filled with candy for Mandy and Tom, and in the Drug Department she fairly rioted in soaps, sponges and patent medicines.

But the crowning purchases of all were in the Book Department, where she got a whole set of Barnes' "Notes and Comments on the Gospel," costing ten dollars, for her beloved minister, and better still, joy of joys, a Bible for the blind, for an afflicted being at Cross Corners, who had longed for one all her darkened life!

She finished up in the Grocery Department, where she indulged in quite a stock of modern looking dainties, probably unsaleable in her locality, but nevertheless irresistible, "for," she said, prudently nodding her head, "this money won't last *forever,* worse luck, and I must lay in something for my store while I've got it!"

By this time it was four o'clock, and she had just time to pay her bill and catch her

train home again. She was rather staggered to find that she had spent over seventy dollars, and it took some time to regain her mental equilibrium; but she comforted herself with the reflection that she still had seventy-five dollars, and this time yesterday she didn't know she had a cent, "and oh!" was the tired, but happy ejaculation, as she wended her way to the Union Station, "I've had *the time of my life* and I've got such *lovely* things!"

She had not been long in her seat on the train before she noticed farmer Neilson's only son sitting on the other side of the car, with an expression of unmistakeable gloom on his boyish face. He evidently desired to avoid her, and turned his head away whenever he saw her looking towards him. This seemed to her strange, for she had known him all his life, and he had spent most of his coppers on her fudge and seed-cake. He was a great favorite with the kindly old woman, and she decided to find out what was wrong and help him if she could. "He's been getting into some sort o' scrape, I'll be bound," she thought to herself, and his father's that strict with him. I'll make him tell me what's the matter, or my name's not Hephzibah. So she crosed over and seated herself by the unwilling youth, saying in her cheery way:

"Well, you are looking sour and glum, Willie, my lad, and it so near Christmas and all. Tell old Hepsy what ails you? Why, I've come into a legacy myself and I'm that happy I'm ready to fly! Perhaps I could help some, if you'll tell me what's wrong!"

She soon drew from the troubled boy the reason for his anxiety and self-reproach. His father had sent him to town to cash a cheque for sixty dollars, to meet some pressing and unexpected needs at home, and in the city he had met a fellow that he used to chum with at school, and he had got into an awful fix, and if he didn't have fifty dollars this very day he'd be disgraced forever and would blow his brains out.

"So what could I do, Miss Hepsy," said the boy, sorrowfully; "but give him fifty dollars of my father's, and he vows he'll pay it all back, but I'm in a fearful funk about telling my father, for he forbid me to have anything to do with Jake, and besides, he needed the money himself! He'll say I disobeyed him, and he'll thrash me! I don't mind that, for I deserve it, I know, but mother 'll mind, and it 'll bother her so and spoil Christmas. Yet I don't see what I could do but lend it to him!"

So, of course, dear Miss Hephzibah, insisted on forcing on the reluctant, but relieved lad, five of her remaining ten dollar bills, and, in answer to his grateful, "You're a brick, Miss Hepsy, and I'm ever so thankful. P'erhaps as you've come into a fortune it won't inconvenience you," she replied heartily.

"Not a bit, not a bit, and I'm just too glad I've got it for you, Willie, and you'd better not say a word to your pa and your ma, seeing it's Christmas. You can pay me back when that wicked boy pays you, but Lord love you, child; keep away from bad company whatever you do!"

Reaching Cross Corners, she stopped at the doctor's, though she was aching in every limb from fatigue and excitement, and paid him what she owed, and the same at her landlord's with her arrears of rent. "So now I've just the 'wholesale' and the Mission Fund, and I'll put the rest in the Post-Office Savings Bank against a rainy day."

At last she was seated, with weary feet, stretched out to the comfortable warmth of her fire, sipping her tea and rocking slowly, as she reviewed the marvellous events of the past twenty-four hours, in her usual manner of semi-audible soliloquy.

"Well, I'm that tired I'm all tuckered out, but after a rest I'll feel better, and oh! I've had such a day of it! By and by I'll tote up what I've spent, and what I've got left. I never was any good at adding things up in my head as I went along, but when I've got a pencil and paper I'm all right. I know I've spent a powerful lot, but I wish I'd got a brown jug with white insides, and a new tea-pot while I was in Eaton's. But it don't matter. I've got a rug, and them lovely gilt vases, and I declare I forgot what I did want; I was that bewildered! . . . I'm real glad I met Willie Neilson, poor laddie. I misdoubt me if I did right to tell him to say nothing about it, but the farmer's

a mighty hard man when he's roused, and I did want him to have a happy Christmas! . . . I wonder what time Jenks will bring up my parcels in the morning. I guess he'll ask fifty cents for his trouble, and I'll give him a whole dollar, it will help him, come Christmas! . . . And oh! won't Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Beeton be pleased, and Mandy and Tom, and as for Myry Jones when she gets her blind Bible. . . Well I'm a joyful woman this night—and I've drunk four cups o' tea. . . I guess I feel rested enough to add up them figures and see where I stand, or I'll not get a wink o' sleep."

So she put her spectacles upon her nose, got her pencil, blank book, and small handful of receipts, saying each item aloud as she jotted it down.

Eaton's	$70 35
Lunch and car fare	35
Railway ticket	90
W. Neilson	50 00
Dr. Brown	7 40
Rent, 2 months	14 00

"For the land's sake," she ejaculated, as she added it up. "It can't be possible! It adds up to one hundred and forty-three dollars! There must be a mistake. . . . I can't be such a fool! . . . Let's see! . . . No, its right, as I'm alive! . . . And all I've got left is six dollars and fifty-seven cents! . . . . Oh! Hephzibah Cuttebuck, you fool, you fool! You've spent all your precious legacy in one single day. . . .!"

A knock at the side door made her jump from her seat.

It was Smith, the 'wholesale'!

"Good evenin', Miss Hepsy; you see I was up to Dobie's on a little matter o' business, and I heard you'd come into a fortune, so I thought I'd call round and congratulate you, so to speak, and see if it would be quite convenient for you to pay that item of six dollars. Not that I want to bother you; and p'raps you've got an order for me, come New Year, unless you're going out of business, as you've got money of your own!"

Miss Hepsy burst into hysterical laughter, and fairly electrified the meek little tradesman, by saying, breathlessly:

"Oh! don't be poking fun at me, Mr. Smith, for it's a daft woman you see before you! No, I won't be going out o' business yet awhile, if I have come into money! And I won't be giving you an order to-day, for I got a lot o' things at Eaton's, and I want to think it over, I'm that bewildered! Here's your money though—six dollars. As it's you or the Lord I've got to owe, I guess it 'd better be the Lord! He'll have more patience with me than you'd have, and goodness knows He'll need it! . . . Oh! excuse me, Mr. Smith, and good-night, and a pleasant Christmas to you!"

The man departed thinking to himself that Miss Cuttlebuck certainly was queer to-night, but no wonder! It took a steady head to get used to money when you'd never had any! It would unsettle a man, let alone a woman!

He would have been even more sure that her good fortune had been too much for her wits if he had heard and seen her after his departure. She was sitting talking to herself in her big rocking chair, in a sort of mental collapse.

"Well—to—be—sure! . . . Well—to—be—sure! I've had my legacy, and I've —spent—it—all—in one -day! . . . And I'm in debt five dollars—to—the—Lord! Well, He'll—have—patience—with —me—and—I'll—pay—Him -yet! . . . And—oh!" as the tearful bewilderment gave place to contented, though weary smiles. "I've had—such—a lovely time, and I've got such lots o' presents for the folks—and—I've got fifty-seven cents left yet!"

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

READABLE PARAGRAPHS FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

NATIONAL FOREST WEALTH

[Toronto Star]

Those who take an interest in the preservation of our forests are forever scolding the common people for their lack of interest in this very important matter. For instance, a speaker at the last meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, commenting on a paper, dealing with injurious forest insects, declared that the most injurious insects had not been named, among them being *ignoratio communis,* and *indifferentia generalis.* It is true that we have much to learn and much to do before we reach the position of such a State as Prussia, for instance, whose ten thousand square miles of State forests are nearly all cultivated in scientific fashion, and yielded last year a surplus of no less than $12,000,000.

Still, it is satisfactory to know that we are making progress. The leaven of knowledge and interest, concerning forestry is evidently spreading. Many gratifying evidences of this appear in the second issue of *The Canadian Forestry Journal.* For instance, the membership of the Canadian Forestry Association is greater than it has ever been before, and its last meeting, held in Quebec, was one of the most successful it has ever had. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has proposed a special congress in Ottawa, to discuss forestry questions, and devise means for arousing public interest, and extending knowledge. Every Province in the Dominion is taking active steps to preserve what forest wealth it has, by preventing fires, and preventing lumbering waste, and to increase that wealth by reforestation. The Dominion itsef, probably the most extensive owner of forest lands in the world, is rapidly extending its system for the proper administration of its vast property, while its scheme for promoting the growth of shelter-belts and woodplots on the farms of the North-West, will work out this year, in the distribution and planting, under proper conditions, of five million young trees.

But there is evidence from outside that the work we have done thus far is worth while. *The Canadian Forestry Journal* quotes a leter in *The Bendigo Independent,* Victoria, Australia, written by Mr. George D. Mendell, who has recently made a tour of Canada. Mr. Mendell praises Canadians for what they have done to protect and increase their forest wealth, and commends us as an example to his countrymen.

THE PASSING OF FRIENDSHIP

[Atlantic Monthly]

Is there really such a thing as friendship among men in our modern life?

There used to be, and the tie was as real and binding as marriage or paternity. In early ages it was the custom among Eastern peoples for two men who had chosen each other as comrades to bind themselves together by what was called the blood tie. After certain solemn ceremonies they pierced their arms with the point of their swords and each put a few drops of the blood of the other into his veins. After that they were allies and brothers for life; each was bound to help, to fight for, or, if need be, to die for his friend.

The age of chivalry, if one looks at it closely, was based upon these alliances between men. The squire followed the knight to the field, ready to die for him; the knight followed his Lord, the lord his liege. Even a century ago, in this country, the seconds in a duel often fought to the death beside their principals, hardly asking what was the cause of the quarrel.

Among our own forefathers the personal tie between men was much more close and openly recognized than it is now. A man in business then expected his friends as a matter of course to endorse him to the full extent of his means. Hence when a popular fellow became bankrupt and carried a dozen of his endorsers down with him, nobody censured their folly. The sacrifice was regarded as unfortunate, but inevitable.

If you look closely at these early days you will find too that our forefathers made idols

or nurses or servants of women, but their companions, their confidants, were other men. In the cramped village or farm life, with few books and fewer newspapers, the men depended on one another for ideas, facts, jokes, even for emotions. They knew each others opinions and queernesses by heart. They were forced to keep step from the schoolhouse on into maundering old age. One hears traditions of lifelong friendships between men, but the women abode either in the kitchen or in the dim regions of hazy romance.

Nowadays, the women of a man's household have pushed themselves or been pushed into place as his companions. They read the same books and papers; they work with him for civic reform; they differ with him perhaps in politics, but are ready to plunge deeper than he into stock-gambling. Why should he seek comrades elsewhere than at home?

He has no time now to become acquainted with men. Life is an incessant touch-and-go with him; the perpetual passing of crowds and battalions. He has no chance to know any man. His brother comes back from Japan to-day and is off to Paris to-morrow. There are no more long leisurely talks with a crony over the fire, winter after winter. His days are chopped up into incessant ten minutes of shouting over the telephone to Tom in New Orleans or Bill in Chicago. He subscribes largely to his church, but he would not know the minister if he met him on the street. He never even heard the name of his next-door neighbor. He works with masses, in trade, in politics, in religion. But, somehow, he has lost sight of the individual. He has no friend.

Has he not lost of his life something worth the keeping?

THE REALLY "GOOD MAN."

[ATCHINSON GLOBE]

IF YOU are really "a good man," if you can really do good work in any line, you do not need capital. In every trade newspaper you will find advertisements of this character: "The services of a good man more important than capital." A cry goes up from every quarter for really good men—men who can accomplish results; men who will not cause more trouble around a shop than their services are worth. Of course, you say you are "a good man," but if you can prove it you are all right. There is no end to the possibilities of a young man, who has good habits, good health, and is able to do something well.

HOW ENGLISH IS DRIVING OUT OTHER LANGUAGES

[NEW YORK JOURNAL]

IN THE United States millions of Germans have become merged with the English-speaking population in a single generation. Even the names are lost. Thus, Schmidt becomes Smith, Muller, Miller, and the children, in many cases, do not understand the father's language.

In Florida, California, Texas, and other States, French and Spanish-speaking settlements have become Anglecized.

In other parts of the world the spread of English is scarcely less remarkable. The Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, only twenty years ago, were almost entirely Dutch in their speech, but English is now dominant in both countries, Boer Dutch, being relegated to the country districts, where it is retreating year by year, before the advance of its powerful rival, and this, in spite of the determined resistance of the Boers themselves.

Though the English in their Colonies and offshoots, have absorbed millions of aliens, there is no record of anybody, of English speakers, becoming absorbed by any other race.

One very good reason for the rapid spread of the English language is the simplicity of its grammar, which is less complicated than that of any other Western nation. Its poverty of inflections, as distinguished from the German, for instance, is a great point in its favor; thus it is much easier for a German to learn English, than for an Englishman or American to learn German. On the other hand, the extraordinary inconsistencies of the English language in its spelling are a decided drawback. There is little doubt, that if English were written on phonetic principles, as Spanish or German, this would be a great boon to the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who spend years of unnecessary toil, learning to read and write their own language.

The English language is spoken to-day by 135,000,000 of people. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the language was spoken by about 5,000,000 people, nearly all of whom lived in the British Isles. It was about this time, that England began her colonization, to which the great spread of the tongue is mainly attributed.

The principal languages which enter into competition with English, and which are spoken by the greatest number of people—leaving out such languages as Chinese or Hindoostanee—are, in order, French, Spanish, Russian and German. French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents, and is distinctly on the decline. It is no longer the universal language of diplomacy and commerce; in both respects it had to give way to English.

CURZON AND KITCHENER

[Booklovers' Magazine]

Two men to-day sway the destinies of India, who stand forth as anti-types—Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener. Both labor strenuously, but in opposite directions. Both dominate their world of action, but in different fashions. Lord Curzon's customary manner is to stride upon the public stage to the accompaniment of a brass fanfare, to doff his coat with a determined air, to roll up his shirt sleeves while frowning portentously, and to call upon the spectators to witness that he is about to essay a mighty feat. Lord Kitchener, on the other hand, seems purposely to linger behind the wings until the gaze of the spectators has wandered in some other direction, and then he enters softly and hurries through his performance as if he were a mere scene-shifter, leaving every one too astonished even to applaud. The antithesis of character extends further and deeper, but need not now be pursued. Enough to say here, as a certain shrewd Punjabi Mahometan once wittily remarked to me: "Lat Sahib dekhha hai; Jangi Sahib dekhta hai" ("The Viceroy is seen; the Commander-in-Chief sees"). Lord Kitchener has never been betrayed by vanity into the tactical error of showing himself in front of his shelter trenches. This is why he has already accomplished within a couple of years, smoothly and acceptably, a whole series of momentous measures, and at the same time enhanced his already high prestige; while Lord Curzon at the end of six equally indefatigable years finds most of his big schemes so far from fruition as to necessitate a considerable extension of his tenure of office, and this in the face of a personal unpopularity almost unparalleled in India's viceregal annals.

FLATS AND HEALTH

[Paris Journal]

The superiority of London over Paris, in the matter of health, and especially in the matter of tubercular diseases, is due principally to the fact that there are fewer flats in the English metropolis than in the French. The excessive elevation of buildings designed to be let in flats, prevents the sunlight from reaching the lower rooms, and so makes these the breeding-places of every form of disease.

IN RURAL ENGLAND

[Toronto Globe]

Some very painful facts as to the conditions of village life in England to-day are given by a writer in The Cornhill, who describes a district in which he is a resident. Among other things he says:

"The plain and terrible truth of the matter is that, in districts far wider and more numerous than the kind dwellers in towns and casual visitors to our pretty villages can be expected to realize, the agricultural laborer, his wife and his children are half starved from the beginning to the end of life. Men do not earn anything approaching to a living wage, and that is why the best of them flock to the towns, many of them to be no more seen, and why the clubs and the concerts and the theatricals, and all the paraphernalia of healthy gaiety fail to produce all the desired effect."

"Panem et circenses was an intelligible cry; "Circenses sine pane are," says the writer, "an unintentional mockery and a failure."

There is not, we are assured, a laborer in the village referred to who would not regard 16s. a week as wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

The average wages of laborers—carters earn a shilling or two more—are 10s. precisely. They are hired by the week, and, if the weather is so wet that "us can't get on the laand," and there is no work available under cover, they lose a day's wages. In winter superfluous hands are turned off, just as they are at manufactories and works when employment is slack. Cottage rent is from 1s. to 2s. 6d.; club payments must be kept up at all hazards by men whose earnings are thus small and precarious. That men so situated contrive to exist and to bring up their families is nothing short of a miracle.

A WIRELESS FEAT

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY is progressing. Late in May when in mid-ocean the *Campania* was in wireless communication with America and Europe simultaneously, thus during the ocean voyage they were not once beyond immediate communication with the land. This is a feat never before accomplished.

HIGH STANDARD FOR PUBLICATIONS.

AT A CONVENTION of the circulation managers of publications in the States and Canada, held recently in Toronto, Mr. M. Lee Starke, of New York, publisher of The National Advertiser, in addressing the convention made the following remarks in regard to the healthy moral tone of publications:

"If I were a circulation manager, I would insist that the paper I was working for keep its columns clean, free from filthy advertising and filthy news. I would try to convince my publisher that his own self-respect and the respect of the readers of his paper demanded the elimination of all questionable reading matter and advertising, and show him that respectable home circulation is the one great asset of a newspaper. If I were preaching a business sermon to publishers, I should take as my text, 'What shall a publisher give in exchange for his self-respect?'

"Speaking of home circulation and the clean newspaper, I want to draw a picture that was so indelibly photographed on my memory that I can never forget it, I went to a city to investigate the claims of two competing papers. One was a penny paper with a circulation of about 40,000, and the other was a ten-cent-a-week paper, with a circulation of about 30,000. For a week I followed the carrier boy of the two-cent home paper block after block through the city. You can imagine my surprise when I found that this paper was delivered into over eighty per cent. of the homes, and often not a single house in an entire block would be missed. What is still more remarkable, almost invariably, either on the stoop or at the window, some members of the family would be watching for the favorite paper. In talking with these people, I found that they referred to it as their paper. This paper, I noticed, was not pasted, and I was informed that this was omitted at the request of the subscribers, so that the paper could be divided and read by more than one member of the family.

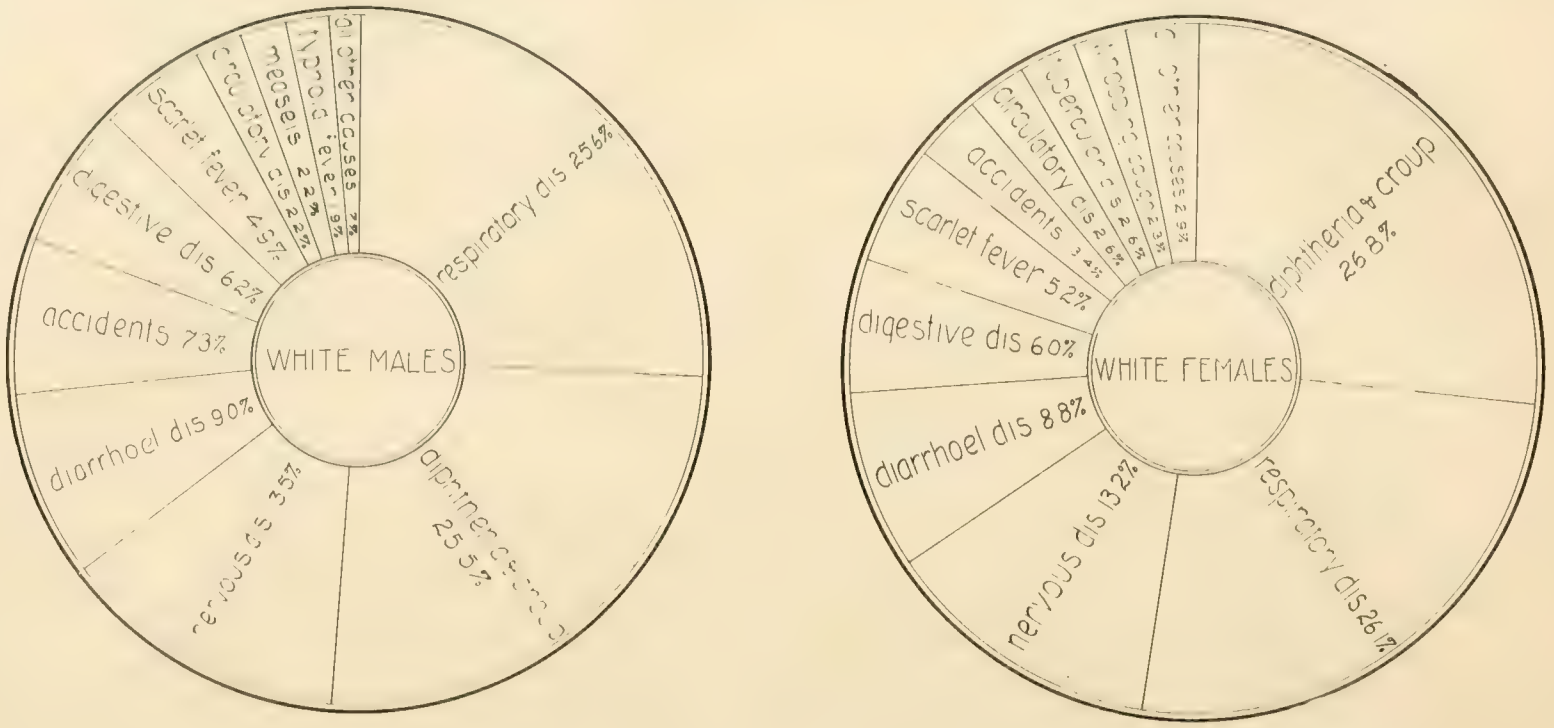
"I claim that this sort is the most valuable circulation, and produces the most valuable advertising on the face of the earth. And there are many cities just like the one I speak of, where papers are delivered at practically the same hour every day. Its visits are paid for and the members of the families by whom it is received look forward to them eagerly. Such papers could rightfully be named 'The Welcome Visitor.'

"The other paper had a large sale on the streets, a large number of copies were sent out of the city, and it had a fairly large circulation among the homes. I followed the carrier of this paper, but I saw no one watching for it. It was carelessly thrown on the stoop or in the hallway, just as if the carrier himself did not respect it. Confidence is the chief asset of a salesman, and the confidence and respect which the subscriber has for the newspaper, which to the advertiser is a salesman on paper, is its chief asset.

Ten principal causes of deaths_ages 1 14.

Industrial experience

1891 – 1900



NOTE The colored segments of the circles represent the percentage of deaths from specified causes in the mortality from all causes at ages 1 — 14. For Illustration_ Deaths from Respiratory diseases caused 256% of the total mortality of males at this period of life

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of The Prudential Insurance Company of America at the World's Fair.

AUBREY FALLS ON THE MISSISSAGA RIVER

CANOE TRIPS

AT this season of the year the canoeist is looking for new waters upon which to enjoy this delightful Canadian summer pastime.

In the endeavor to be of assistance in the selection of a new trip to where nature may be seen in all her primeval loveliness, and excellent sport may be enjoyed without hardship, these celebrated regions are suggested :

THE MISSISSAGA, over 250 miles of virgin forest, lake and stream. The home of the Caribou, Moose, Deer, Bear, Trout and Bass. A beautiful river, with just enough quick water to make the trip interesting. Aubrey Falls, 165 feet high, on this river, is a beautiful spot, and once seen can never be forgotten. The scenery along this river is rugged and grand, and it is not saying too much to state that this is undoubtedly the best canoe trip in Canada. Starts at Bisco Station or Winnebago and ends at Dayton or Desbarats Station.

THE NIPIGON RIVER is celebrated for its trout fishing, which is said to be the finest in the world. This famous river is only 31 miles long, but every mile is most interesting, as it falls 313 feet in its course from Lake Nipigon to Lake Superior. The fishing in this river is famed all over America.

LAKE NIPIGON.—This grand sheet of water measures full seventy miles in length by about fifty wide. It is studded with beautiful islands, and its coast line is so broken and indented with coves and bays that it measures good 580 miles. To give an idea of the attractions of this lake, it may be mentioned that the islands, great and small, number nearly, if not quite, 1,000, varying in size from eight miles in breadth down to mere picturesque rocks. Uncounted streams, several of them navigable by canoes for a considerable distance, empty into the great reservoir, and make this lake a most attractive water for explorations.

FRENCH RIVER TRIP. — Another charming Northern river, where canoeists can find everything that makes a summer outing enjoyable, good fishing and sport.

For further information regarding these celebrated waters, write Canadian Pacific Railway. Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.

THE LISZT

STYLE—A.

There is one characteristic of the LISZT PIANO which stands out prominently, that is tone ; it appeals with singular eloquence to the refined and musical. It admits of every possible shade of expression, and charms the ear with its delightfully rich, full quality.

It is an instrument representing the embodiment of the latest modern thought in piano construction.

The case design, reflecting an artistic colonial spirit, delights the eye of the refined, and it is the ambition of the company to maintain a high degree of excellence in beauty of design.

In Mahogany or Walnut, overstrung scale, 7 1-3 octaves, three strings, repeating action with brass flange, three pedals, double fall-board, patent noiseless pedal action, full desk.

Length, 5 ft. 3 in.; width,2 ft. 2 1-2 in.; height, 4 ft. 8 in.

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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THE NATION'S PROGRESS

OUR MANUFACTURERS ABROAD

IT must be pleasant to be a member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Their jaunt abroad has been a triumphant procession. Lionized and feted by Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, civic corporations, and entertained by King Edward, and more recently by the city of Paris,—this is the picturesque side of it. On the other side there has been some real hard work, in the investigation of industrial conditions abroad, the newer improvements in methods and machinery, the more recent developments of industrial science and technical training, and all the varied phases of the world of workers. Much interest has attached to the deliverances of President George, and other spokesmen of the Association, at the various important banquets given in their honor. Mr. Chamberlain has been a guest at several, and as the fiscal question is likely to help decide the next two or three general elections in England, keen interest is manifested in colonial sentiment with regard to the Chamberlain fiscal programme. President George has wisely endeavored to keep his official utterances from appearing to favor either great political party in England, saying truly, that England has to settle her own policy along the lines of her own interests. That is the line Canada would undoubtedly follow, and we would resent any endeavor on England's part to influence our tariff policy. It is difficult to associate the Manufacturers' Association with the idea of Imperial preferential trade. They are in this country the chief apostles of high protection, and any effort to lower to any considerable degree the duties on Canadian imports from England of manufactured goods, would not be apt to meet with the enthusiastic approval of the Manufacturers' Association. Apart from fiscal matters, however, the visit, and consequent better knowledge of each other, will benefit both the Canadian visitors and their hospitable hosts. There has been much unfounded and vacuous talk about the decay of English trade and manufacturing interests. We feel sure that Canada and her manufacturers can yet learn something from the Mother Land in the industrial and commercial fields.

SOCIETY INSURANCE

FRATERNAL insurance in Canada has reached a transition stage, where either the rates must be adjusted so that the funds may meet the increased demands, or insolvency must ensue. Where any appreciable increase is necessary, it is plain that the founders of the insurance scheme, as embodied in the fraternal societies, had but a hazy idea of their business. Nearly every well-known fraternal society in Canada has to meet this phase, and it invariably results in storms of protest and threatened legal action in restraint. It is only now, when the societies have been in existence for some years, that the death rate has become what the society should have expected in the first

place, but evidently did not. It is an undoubted hardship for older men, who have been paying for fifteen or twenty years, to find that they must either pay two or three times their former assessment, or drop out and lose their insurance altogether. On the other hand, if these men have been paying only half what they should have paid for twenty years or so, it is plain that in equity they should now pay sufficient to make up the deficit. The first order to adapt its rates to what is known in Ontario as the "Hunter Rate" is the Orange order, and several others are working in that direction. The Maccabees increased their rates about a year ago, and quite recently the Royal Arcanum. Economy of administration and consequent cheap rates have induced many to place their life insurance in these societies, which are undoubtedly a boon to men who cannot afford the rates of the old-line companies. But if, through insufficient knowledge of the science of life insurance, the fraternal societies, though conducted in good faith, are not in sound financial condition, and are drifting to a state where they will be unable to stand the drain of a steady death rate, there is a rude awakening coming to thousands whose only insurance is carried in these societies. Fortunately, the careful nursing and reforming tendencies which the Ontario Inspector of Insurance has applied to these concerns are gradually bringing them into a position of financial safety, and that policy, while slower, has an undoubted advantage over that of forcing them at one step to adopt the rates which actuaries have proved are the lowest consistent with safety. Every man should satisfy himself that his order is on a sound basis, or take steps to provide himself with safer insurance.

MADE IN CANADA

MADE-IN-CANADA is a good motto or recommendation at any time. For several years past, there have been annual shows of "Made-In-Canada" goods. Hamilton had one one or two years ago, Brockville had one last year, and Galt entered the field this year with a very creditable exhibition. All of these have had as their twin objects the fostering of the "Made-In-Canada" idea, and the raising of funds for some local charity, and the result has been most gratifying along both lines. Exhibits have been numerous, large, and spread over a wide field of Canadian industry. We would commend to our manufacturers the good advertising that comes to them from such sources, and also the inculcating of the doctrine of commercial patriotism which is so marked a factor in the upbuilding of any industrial nation, such as Canada is destined to become. The more we Canadians come to realize the immense possibilities, not only of our natural endowment and resources, but the startling growth in the variety and quality of our Canadian manufactures, the greater will be our prosperity as a nation.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA

TIME works curious changes. The practical adoption of Lord Dundonald's recommendations for the reorganization and improvement of the Canadian Militia by the Militia Department at Ottawa is an interesting incident of the month. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the noble earl in his connection with his superiors at Ottawa, no one can deny that he was a good soldier, devoted to his profession, and that his very faults were due to his soldier-like qualities, which are ever hard to reconcile with the ways of civil life. Sir Frederick Borden has made a suggestion that every Canadian youth, before reaching the age of twenty-one, should be required to give three annual trainings in a regular militia camp. He also advocated that in every public school, instruction in rifle-shooting and the rudiments of military drill for physical training, should be given. The announcement was made at the same time that the militia expenditure was shortly to be raised from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000. The reason for this is that the permanent force is to have the limit raised to five thousand efficient men. There is no compulsion to have the force actually consist of five thousand men, and it is most unlikely that it will reach those figures for some time. Recruits are hard to obtain at the present low rate of pay, as compared with what they can earn in other pursuits. The true significance of the matter lies in the quiet acquiescence with which the proposal has been received by the country, showing

that while militarism is no fetish in Canada, we are beginning to realize that an efficient, though not necessarily large, militia is an actual necessity for Canada. We believe the Minister's suggestions are sound. They will, of course, be combated in many quarters, but that the physical drill and a knowledge of how to "Fear God, Honor the King, Shoot Straight, and Keep Clean," can harm any lad, we do not believe. The three annual drills which each young man would undergo for his country's defence is, after all, a small contribution to our national safety.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE WEST

CANADA has an opportunity to share with India the glory of being the only country able and willing to seize and hold free from grasping and unscrupulous monopoly the wealth of natural oil. In Alberta and the surrounding districts great finds of oil are reported. Legislation should at once be passed to keep free forever from the Standard Oil octopus the natural oil-fields of the Canadian West. The following, from *Collier's Weekly*, is such a concise statement of the situation that we reproduce without any apologies to our readers:

"Just at the time when the tide of unrest was turning from the Western Territories of Canada to the south-western territories of the States, remarkable tales of oil came from the western half of the Dominion. Landholders north of Montana declare they have something far richer than wheat. Oil prospectors have hastened to the scene, wells have been drilled, their flow measured and plugged, the operators sworn to strictest secrecy, while the most improved oil machinery is imported. If the prediction be true that the southern part of Alberta is one vast oil well, Canada has the only unencumbered opportunity to secure the supremacy over that industrial corporation in the States, which has grown to such proportions of power as to threaten the very Government itself. Its octopus-like operations are already so alarming that one State has openly faced it, and declared it to be an enemey to the Republic. If Dominion laws can keep this rich deposit of Alberta in the hands of independent operators, protecting competition and disallowing special privileges, this one resource alone may lead in its contribution to Canadian wealth, and in acquiring that wealth, bestow a most concrete blessing upon the people of the States."

PRESERVING THE FISHERIES

A TARDY recognition is at last being given by the Government of the need to preserve our oyster and lobster beds from entire extinction. In order to prevent the diminution of lobsters on the coasts of Canada, a lobster park, or nursery, has been established at Fourchu, Cape Breton, where a space of sixty thousand square feet in area has been stocked with females and eggs. The sides of the park, or pond, are of logs, with iron grills, by which the sea water can enter. The lobsters are fed on herrings, cut into pieces about an inch thick, and thrown into the ponds every three days, along with sea-weeds. The system is to be extended to Nova Scotia, and perhaps to Newfoundland. And from far Vancouver comes the story of similar efforts being made to ensure the preservation of the oyster beds. Shipments of the eastern bivalve to British Columbia waters are being made, and the experiment of transplanting them from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be watched with interest. The whole fishing industry of Canada has had too little systematic attention. The statement was made recently by a high authority that every acre of our fisheries was more valuable than a similar area on land devoted to wheat production. And yet the business of developing and carefully conserving our vast fishery wealth has not been systematized or its value fully ascertained.

IRRIGATION IN THE WEST

COMMERCIAL selfishness on a large scale sometimes does marvellous things for a country. We would hesitate to ascribe to a virtuous altruism, or to the self-denying instinct, or even to an overwhelming regard for the comfort and stability of the settler, the great irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific in the Canadian West. In so far as they develop the country and attract settlers, thereby increasing the traffic on the Canadian Pacific, the immense irrigation works in Alberta and surrounding district tend to the permanent prosperity of both the West

and the railway. The prosperity of the C.P.R. is so identified with that of the West that the Company has from its inception displayed a spirit of enterprise and faith in the country that has had much to do with its development. Irrigation, in the United States, has redeemed from the arid desert lands of Utah and the south-western territories, great tracts which never before yielded a blade of grass. And the advantage of having water ready to fertilize a farm, by the mere opening of the sluice gates, thus defying the season, will add comfort and stability to the farming industry of the West. The C.P.R. is not alone in promoting irrigation. Private enterprise is in the field also, and as good results are seen to flow from the experiments in Alberta, the good work will spread so that wherever natural conditions permit, a steady supply of water will be ready to remedy Nature's neglect in a dry season. The C.P.R. has enough sins to answer for to make it a pleasant change for us to accord a word of merited praise for the enterprise and sound commercial instinct evinced by our great national highway from ocean to ocean.

OUR GREAT WHEAT CROPS

ALL eyes are now turned upon the West, and the progress of the wheat crop there is watched with absorbing interest, for, perhaps, never before did so much depend upon the outcome of the harvest, both in Manitoba and the Territories. Conditions have been so favorable thus far for the growing grain that perhaps it is not to be wondered at that some very optimistic estimates have been made of the year's yield.

Owing to the great and increasing volume of immigration from the United States there has been a corresponding increase in the area of land brought under wheat cultivation. Mr. Whyte, the great C.P.R. authority, puts it at four million acres, and the average crop he estimates for this season at twenty-five bushels to the acre. Of course, drawbacks are still possible in the form of rust and of early frost, but at any rate there can be no question about the present satisfactory state of the growing wheat. Quite naturally, he believes that if the production of wheat reaches a total this year of a hundred million bushels, one effect will be to increase enormously the influx of foreigners, as well as the migration of enterprising Canadians from other provinces.

The above, however, is anything but a conservative estimate, and the chances are that the actual harvest will show a rather smaller total than these figures would indicate.

In only two years, since the records have been kept, has the yield per acre reached the dizzy height estimated for this year, the first occasion being in 1895, when it was 27.86, and again in 1902, when the harvest returns showed 26 bushels to the acre. In other years since 1887, the yield has been as low as 12.4, and in 1900, when frost intervened just at a period when the crop gave every promise of being one of the most bountiful on record, the average dropped to 8.90 per acre, a striking illustration of the claim that the Western crop is a very uncertain quantity until actually harvested.

Taking the past ten years as a basis the average yield has been 18.44 bushels per acre in Manitoba, and 18.79 in the Territories, and as conditions this year could not well be more favorable, it is safe to assume that the crop, barring unforseen developments, will at least be an average one, and placing the average roughly at 19 bushels to the acre, the crop would be about 76,000,000 bushels.

We believe the above estimate to be a conservative one, and it is quite likely to be well within the actual figures. While there is no prospect that the rapid increase in the production of Canadian wheat will cease, the American production for some years has been almost stationary. The crop of 1904 was less than that of 1899. But a more trustworthy test is the acreage, which was 44,055,278 in 1898, rose to 49,895,514 in 1901, and fell again to 44,074,875 in 1904. In the meantime, the population of the United States is increasing by more than a million and a quarter a year, and from 1897 to 1904 the increase was more than ten millions. In the United States the population is growing far more rapidly than production; in our case production is increasing far more rapidly than population. The result will be that Canada before many years will be exporting more wheat than the United States.

THE CANADIAN WEST

THE chief attraction of Western Canada to American farmers are the cheap or free lands and the bountiful yields of small grains. Whether it is because the soil is "new," or whether it is because it is exceptionally rich in the food of the wheat plant, it is indisputable that Western Canada is the most bountiful wheat-producing region on the continent.

For twenty-one crops Manitoba has maintained an average of about twenty bushels to the acre, and has had several crops that averaged more than twenty-five bushels. During the six years that agricultural statistics have been collected in the Territories, the average yield of wheat per acre has been almost twenty bushels. Yields of as high as forty bushels to the acre are not uncommon.

Few are aware of the imperial extent of the agricultural region of Western Canada. Although the northern limit of wheat-raising extends, in the valley of the Mackenzie River, far up toward the Arctic circle, it is necessary to take only the accessible political subdivisions of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan to perceive the enormous possibilities of agriculturel development in Western Canada. These districts have a total land area of 362,707 square miles, or 232,132,480 acres—about ten times the area of Ohio.

Mr. William Saunders, superintendent of Dominion experimental farms, says that at least 170,000,000 acres are suited to agriculture. If only 40,000,000 acres of the whole be turned to wheat raising, Western Canada will ultimately produce 800,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is somewhat more than the largest wheat crop yet raised in the United States.

Land men now report the briskest business they have ever had. One interesting feature of the land business is that a large part of the sales is made up of purchases of adjoining lands by farmers who have recently settled here. Their first year's experience with farming in Western Canada has been so satisfactory that they are all eager to get as much land as possible.

The advancement of Western Canada as an agricultural country is bound to have a profound effect on the United States. Already [illegible] of Canadian competition has caused the farmers of the North-West to oppose the demand of the merchants and manufacturers of that region for reciprocity with Canada. Planting his wheat on cheap land, yet land that is much more productive of wheat than that of the North-West, the Canadian farmer will be able to keep on raising wheat at a profit during the next period of depression in the price.

Even now the American farmer is finding that his high-priced land can be turned to more profitable uses than wheat raising. Already the Minneapolis millers are not able to get enough hard spring wheat, and have to fall back on Kansas wheat, and they look with longing eyes on the Canadian grain, between which and them stands a tariff of twenty-five cents a bushel.

GROWTH OF OUR RAILWAYS

HON. THOMAS GREENWAY, of Manitoba, says that three railways will spend $250,000,000 in Canada in the next few years. They are: Grand Trunk Pacific, $100,000,000; Canadian Pacific, $100,000,000; Canadian Northern, $50,000,000.

Taking the population of Canada at 6,000,000 people, this means over $40 per capita, and is equal to an expenditure of $3,600,000,000 in the United States, with a population of 90,000,000.

Railway projects under construction or contract in Canada are tremendous. The Grand Trunk Pacific has not let Western contracts. The Lake Superior branch, 220 miles, is to be pushed immediately. It will cost about $6,600,000. The eastern section, 1,800 miles of main line, has completed preliminary surveys and found a 4.10 per cent. grade. Contracts are expected shortly. This division will cost about $50,000,000 cash. It and the Lake Superior division may be completed in 1908.

The western section, 1,700 miles, is to be about 1,000 miles prairie road, costing about $20,000 per mile, or $20,000,000, and 700 miles of mountain road, to cost about $25,000,000. The contracts for this division will probably be let in September. The road is to be completed within five years.

This whole project, involving over 3,500 miles of main line, is put in the estimate at

$100,000,000. The figure is low. When all projected branches are built, the figure will probably total half as much again. Construction estimates of this kind are purely arbitrary, of course, and the net cost is nearly always underestimated.

The Canadian Pacific is set down for an expenditure of $100,000,000. This looks high. The Canadian Pacific has only branch lines to build. At the moment, the contracts for the Toronto-Sudbury line are let, the cost to be $8,000,000. The line parallels a Grand Trunk division. A similar line to parallel the Midland is projected, to cost about $5,000,000. Another Ontario line is building from Guelph to Goderich, 80 miles, to cost about $2,000,000.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FARMER

AN article in *The Dublin Freeman's Journal* on the production of bacon, says that the secret of Canadian success with bacon in the markets of the United Kingdom can clearly be traced to the way the Government works hand in hand with the producer and guides him in every detail. This means a frequently revised pamphlet of technical instruction, complete from farrowing to marketing.

With all due deference to our Irish contemporary, we would submit the fact that American bacon is almost entirely the product of the corn-fed hog, which has much to do with its occupying second place in the English market, while Canadian bacon is first. Corn-fed bacon cannot compete with ours, and the importation of American corn to feed our bacon hogs is not calculated to help us in the British market. Our Government, it is true, does something towards working hand in hand with the farmer to bring about the best results. But much remains to be done. The American Department of Agriculture, through the admirable system of experimental farms and agricultural colleges scattered all over the republic, has placed within the reach of the humblest farmer the very latest conclusions and discoveries of the men who spend their lives in furthering agricultural science. No better proof of this is needed than the fact that at the great National Live Stock Exhibition, held yearly in Chicago, the prizes for the best fattened live stock have very frequently been awarded to the products of some of these agricultural colleges. Our Canadian Government might, with much benefit, take a leaf from the book of our wide-awake cousins, and by the use of bulletins and reports keep our farmers and live stock men thoroughly up-to-date in the latest discoveries of the science of agriculture.

TAXING OUR TRAVELLERS

LEGISLATURES are only human, and prone to err. But it is difficult to trace the workings of the mental equipment of the people who fathered the bills recently passed by the British Columbia and Quebec Legislatures to tax commercial travellers. It is clearly in restraint of inter-provincial trade, as well as trade with the neighboring republic. For the latter we care little, but in so far as it arrests the progress of trade and commerce between the different communities which make up the Dominion, we can but characterize it as short-sighted and foolish legislation, certain to bring its own punishment and work nothing but harm to the provinces responsible. We want, not separation and sectional jealousy in matters of commerce, but a broad and far-seeing view of the immense benefits in stimulating and promoting inter-provincial trade. This matter has another phase. Commerce between the East and the West, as between this province and Quebec, cannot but exert an educating influence on all who participate. They become better acquainted, and the more they know of each other, the sooner they are able to understand and appreciate the aspirations and aptitudes of each province. Nothing can exert such a unifying and fusing influence between the provinces as the bonds of commerce. British Columbia would be better occupied in developing the trade with the Orient, which lies nearest her shores, in lumber, in grain, in fish, and manufactures, than in futile attempts to keep out the ambassadors of commerce from the sister provinces. Quebec has more to gain than any other province by gaining and fostering the good-will and fellowship of the surrounding communities. Such action in the United States would be illegal. We only wish it were illegal here. Ontario will gain by Quebec's action in so far as American trav-

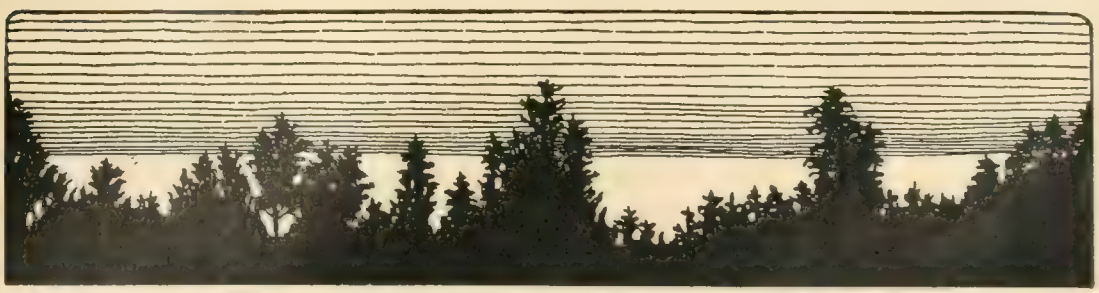
ellers are concerned, as that trade will naturally gravitate to us, and our business men will, by the branch house system, supply Quebec with the commodities she needs. The *Yorkshire Post,* one of the most influential English papers, comments severely on the new tax, and says it is calculated to injure and gradually destroy British trade within our borders. The unwise legislation should be repealed.

TORONTO THE INVADER

ONE hears much of different "invasions," but Toronto is doing a little "invading" in a business way, which is bound to bring results. The T. Eaton Co., Limited, has invaded the West, and has erected at Winnipeg a magnificent departmental store structure, the peer of anything in the West, and certainly destined to concentrate a vast trade within its walls. Situated on Portage Avenue, with a frontage of 266 feet and a depth of 166, and with every device known to modern builders for safety, strength and fine appearance, the new store is a credit both to Winnipeg and the enterprising Toronto company, who have thus demonstrated their belief in the future of the Canadian West. Winnipeg took a civic census recently which placed the population at 78,367. Four years ago it was 42,340. Almost doubled in four years is a rate of progress which leaves the East in the shade.

TO TAX THE CORPORATIONS

MANITOBA is never hampered by precedent, perhaps because precedents are scarce in the West. The Provincial Government have announced that at the close of the present year they will deal with the matter of a corporation tax. This will include the taxation of the earnings of railways, express companies, electric railways, telephone and telegraph companies, banks, insurance companies, and commercial companies of all kinds. It is a question which calls for careful consideration and equitable dealing, as an attempt to over reach the legitimate limits of such taxation will only lead to widespread evasion of the law. But there can be little doubt that such corporations should, in Manitoba as elsewhere, bear their just share of the burden of government.



WORLD AFFAIRS

WHAT OF RUSSIA?

WHAT will be the future of Russia? With the peace negotiations to begin in August, the question of the future of the huge unwieldy Muscovite Empire becomes of interest to all. Its potentialities for good or evil are so great, and its course so uncertain, that Europe and the world are concerned as to the next important move of the Russian Government. M. de Witte, the chief Russian peace envoy, has declared that Japan will require guarantees that peace will be maintained for fifty years. This would also be the best thing for Russia. It will take that long, at least, before the barest outline of the necessary reforms can be even well begun. Russian expansion is over for the time, we may safely assume. Internal reform along almost every line is absolutely necessary if the present dynasty and system is to have any chance of existence. The Grand Ducal clique will concede nothing but the irriducible minimum, and there is always the danger that the revolutionary party may so excite the people, that brute passion and lust for slaughter may in an irresistible tide sweep away the decaying debris of the old system in a holocaust such as swept France in the days of the French Terror. The only things lacking are organization and leaders. The army and navy, it has been proved by recent terrible events, are honeycombed with anarchy, and only await an opportunity to join the insurgents. We may yet see a Russian Commune, with all the terrible accompaniments of organized and systematized assassination, and its Reign of Terror.

Events, however, are not lacking to cause a ray of hope to shine. The Zemvstvos of Moscow has proclaimed its intention to meet and draw up a draft of the necessary reforms. In the present state of tension, and with the number of very prominent men, landowners, officials, nobles, professional men, etc., which belong to this body, the autocracy probably dare not use violence to prevent the meeting without ringing their own death-knell. If the bold example of Moscow is followed all over the Empire, there may be a bloodless revolution, and a glimmer of light shine on the path of unhappy Russia.

Not the idle dreams of a colonial policy, and of rivalry with maritime powers should occupy Russia's attention. All her efforts should be bent to the ordering of her inner life. Before the gigantic labor of the economic and mental uplifting of the masses, of making possible the equal, peaceful and friendly coexistence of the numerous nationalities comprising her population, and above all, of rearranging her political life. Before these colossal problems, all the fantastic theories must be eliminated and the questionable importance of the loss of Port Arthur, Dalny, Vladivostock, and, for all it matters, of the whole Amur region, must entirely disappear.

POLITICS IN ENGLAND

ENGLISH politics are in a curious condition. The home of constitutional government is the scene of a government clinging to power, while they can plainly see a movement rapidly growing which, in all likelihood, will turn the Tory party out for a long time to come. Several events have occurred to militate against Mr. Balfour's government. He is suspected of being in active sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal reform policy. The free traders have been adding strength and power to their movement, and have contested every election, while the fiscal reform party have been nearly quiescent. Practically every bye-election has gone against the Government. Then the terrible uproar over the Education Act has caused the whole Nonconformist vote to turn strongly against the Government. Wales is a unit. And wherever the Nonconformist body has even a chapel, there are to be found people who have been sold out and imprisoned for conscience's sake. When any large section of the English people will undergo such treatment for principle, there is trouble in the wind for those who are believed to be the oppressors. The Tories are trying to raise the cry that the Liberals are against the colonies, but with small avail. The recent scandals in the Army Stores De-

partment is another factor in the matter. Despite the popular course of the Government towards foreign powers, siding with France, checkmating Germany, courting Italy, Spain and the United States, there does not seem to be much peace or length of days left for the Conservative Government in Great Britain. Fortunately, in Great Britain a change of governments is not heralded and deplored as a national disaster. Canada, and especially Ontario, might learn something there.

THE SCANDINAVIAN KINGDOMS

THE disruption between Sweden and Norway is an accomplished fact. Matters between the two states are at a standstill. The Council of State of Norway has offered the Norwegian crown to a prince of the House of Bernadotte, but King Oscar refused to sanction it. Then the crown was offered to Prince Charles of Denmark. This offer is in abeyance as yet, though both King Christian of Denmark and the British Royal Family are favorable. Prince Charles of Denmark married Princess Maud, third daughter of King Edward VII., and his acceptance of the Norwegian crown would tend to bind together Norway, Denmark and England, and preserve the Scandinavian kingdoms from the aggressions of either Russia or Germany. Sweden has, it is rumored, an alliance with Germany under consideration. This may be a covert threat to Norway, but with the example of Great Britain's loyalty to an ally in the recent Franco-German crisis, should the Prince of Denmark accept the crown of Norway, and ally himself with England, the German menace would carry few real dangers to Norway.

AN EMPEROR FOILED

THE Franco-German crisis may turn out to be a fiasco, after all. Great Britain, by giving loyal backing to France in the face of Germany's insistent demands for a revision of all existing arrangements regarding Morocco, has practically ended the matter. It is quite true France has consented to a conference with Germany, but Great Britain will also be represented, and France's consent was based upon the condition that no existing arrangement between the powers regarding Morocco should be affected. In face of this it is difficult to see what Emperor William hopes to gain, except possibly a graceful way out of the situation which he himself created. Germany has had an example of the attitude of the other great powers towards her habit of bullying aggression, and the knowledge is apt to cause a little quiet meditation on the part of the Emperor. Incidentally, the support of Britain in the face of German "mailed fist" tactics has caused a good deal of gratitude among the French people toward Great Britain, and it need not be surprising if the *entente cordiale* should eventually become a regular alliance.

THE CHINESE BOYCOTT

ABOUT a month ago, numerous complaints were heard of brutal and bullying treatment of Chinese students and officials travelling in the United States, by the American Customs and Immigration officials. These were not Chinese in search of work, but well-educated men, travelling for pleasure and study, of the grade corresponding to our civil servants, or college teachers and professional men. The insults and annoyance heaped upon them have been told in China, and through seventeen of the nineteen provinces, the Chinese have declared a practical boycott upon American goods. This is retaliation of a kind most calculated to touch the American people. Touch their pockets and you touch their reasoning and mental powers very quickly. Spurred by the threatened loss of Asiatic trade, of which America enjoys the largest share, protests were made at once, and President Roosevelt issued a strongly-worded letter condemning such wanton insults to the travelling *literati* of a friendly nation, and instructing more care on the part of immigration officials. This was a much needed lesson, but it is doubtful if it will prevent serious loss to American exporters and carriers.

DEATH OF SECRETARY HAY

JOHN HAY, the late Secretary of State for the United States, was in many senses a remarkable man, and by his death the cause of Anglo-Saxon unity and co-operation loses one of its chief promoters. Hav-

ing a private fortune, he was free from the petty cares of livelihood, and devoted himself to the public service of his country with an earnestness and devotion worthy of emulation. As a soldier, author, diplomat and statesman his name will be writ large upon the history of his nation and his time. Secretary Hay was the shrewd and deft director of her foreign policy when the United States took her first decided step in world-politics. His acquaintance with Great Britain when he was American Ambassador at the Court of St. James brought him to admire and respect the British, and in many ways Secretary Hay was able to cement and draw closer the two great branches of the race. Secretary Hay was a consistent friend of peace, and by his adroit management succeeded in limiting the field of hostilities in the Russo-Japanese war, and in outwitting even Muscovite diplomacy in maintaining the integrity of China. He is succeeded by Elihu Root, a former Secretary of War.

PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS

MR. BENNETT BURLEIGH, in his recently-published book, the "Empire of the East," discusses a topic of peculiar interest to every soldier. He says: "I have not written as a partisan, either pro-Japanese or pro-Russian, but as I have seen and learned, and have no need to take a reef in my conscience. Whatever I saw to admire in the Russians I have not been slack to praise—the size and daring of their schemes, their lavish outlay to gain an object. Nor have I forgotten their lack of consideration, their contempt of moral obstacles, and their over-haste and incapacity for detail. But here is England crying out, 'Well done, little Jap!' Certainly he deserves all credit for the successful manner in which he has vanquished his Muscovite enemies. But be not misled in two things. Lord Wolseley, and others, long ago quite realized that Russia was not an all-powerful colossus; and all the frothy bunkum that has been published notwithstanding, the Japanese soldier is not the 'best infantryman in the world.' The past has made and the future alike will make this most clear. The fount of the Norse and of the Anglo-Saxon blood has not yet run dry, nor has its vigor ceased. I know of regiments and of battalions of British marines who are second to none, and have seen them in the field, and I have no fear of the so-called yellow peril; for I am still a believer in my own race and Tommy Atkins' superiority."

A STUDY IN CHROME

HOW CHEW PASSED OUT OF BOW RIVER RANCH

By C. FREDERICK PAUL

HOW John Chew came to attach himself to that particular outfit was never quite clear, and further, how he managed to stay along was even more of an enigma, for Alberta contained within its borders no wilder set of cow-punchers than set themselves down at Bow River Ranch that autumn and winter of '90 and '91.

The boys were there for the purpose of tending the wants of McNamara's likely herd, accounted one of the best in the whole territory, and John was cook and general housekeeper. The Chinaman was addressed ordinarily as Chew, for the name appeared to fit in fairly well with his occupations, and it answered the purpose right enough, which, after all, was the main thing. When a man struck into that western country in the old days, he did not bring along his family Bible and his birth certificate. Names, Christian or Chink, were of little moment.

If Chew was sleepy and unsophisticated when first he came to Bow River Ranch, fresh from his far-away Canton home, that day had passed and gone. Experience, at times dearly purchased, had taught him many things. For instance, he could judge McNamara's condition to a nicety when that individual loomed in sight on his favorite brown gelding after a day at Calgary. Mack, as he was known among the boys, was boss and part owner, and under ordinary conditions, displayed a fairly even temper, but given his limit of whisky and he was uglier than any red Indian in the territory. Under these circumstances it was always safe for Chew to bury himself in the cook-house until time to serve the grub, and then, when Mack did yell for his supper the particular instant had arrived for the Chink to conduct himself like a two-year-old.

But Mack's fighting load was only accumulated at rare intervals, while the lariat in the playful and practiced hands of the cow-punchers was ever ready, and as a consequence John had been roped more times than any old steer on the range. The Chink learned that it was never well to walk between the shanty and the cookhouse without following the movements of the boys out of the tail of his eye, for as sure as he was taken off his guard, there would be a swish of the lariat, followed by a generous pull, all of which had a tendency to land the unfortunate Chink as flat as one of his own well-cooked pancakes.

But a crisis came at last. One day Routh roped Chew at a moment when that worthy had within his grasp the sum total of the evening meal, the consequences being so disastrous that the boss posted a sign which read:

"It is forbidden to monkey with the Chink at grub time.

"Peter McNamara."

John Chew was seen to gaze with curious eyes upon the placard, nailed conspicuously to the shanty door, and the boys often wondered whether the Chink connected it with his sudden deliverance, for no one ever told him what it meant.

With one exception there was not a man in the party who did not hold John Chew in the most utter contempt, and not worthy of a second thought under any circumstances. This exception was English Joe. Now Joe had many notions which seemed peculiar to that crowd, and one was that he was often amused and sometimes interested in that silent son of the East.

One evening, in the early autumn, English leaned back idly in his chair watching Chew complete the last of his day's task, expecting every moment to hear the soft "good light," for, John being placed in the same catagory as "Injuns," had a bunk in the cook-house, retiring there as soon as his work was over.

"I wonder what he's thinking about?" remarked English half to himself, and his eyes studied Chew's placid face intently.

"Who, the Chink?" responded Mack, busily engaged in a game of solitaire.

"What's the matter with you, Joe,—dreaming? That Chinaman never had an

idea further away than his next month's pay, which is too damn much anyhow. You sit and dream and then think everyone else is doing the same thing," concluded Mack as he gathered up the cards for a new try at the game.

A smile puckered up the corners of Joe's mouth, and he murmured half aloud, "Well perhaps," but the tone was not conclusive.

McNamara, a born product of the great West, did not pretend to understand his companion, though they had been friends for some years, ever since the day that Joe had ridden into the round-up where Mack was foreman, and asked for a job. There was something taking about that cool, tall, negligent cuss, at least Mack took to him, and he didn't often go wrong in sizing up either a two or a four-legged creature. The stranger's clothes and accent were both of foreign cut, and when asked what he might be called, replied "Joe." That night the boys dubbed him English, and thereafter in the West he was known as Joe English or English Joe.

Joe could ride from the first, though he used too short a stirrup, according to Western ideas. Later on he learned the ways of the cattle, the use of the rope, and all the rest which went to make up the requirements of a man of the plains.

When they were at Calgary together one day, Joe and Mack, an inquisitive Easterner thirsting for information wished to know who English was and where he hailed from. In way of reply Mack cocked his head to one side, looked the questioner over carefully, both up and down, and drawled out:

"Well, stranger, I've known Joe English for some years now. We've been on the range together. We've rode together for days, and camped together out under the skies, and one time we fought together when they tried to cut out some of the cattle in Wyoming, but I never asked Joe that question, it being none of my damn business. Perhaps you'd better try?"

While Joe did not threaten to shoot the head off the Chink at least once in twenty-four hours, and state in language both painted and picturesque, that if Chew did or didn't do this or that he would get his yellow neck twisted off his yellow body, this cow-puncher, who knew something of Homer and read Keats, and who went so far as to strike off a couplet himself occasionally, was not inclined to handle John Chew with kid gloves. At the same time he appeared to take some interest in the lonely creature. He taught Chew some English, which was of the usual pigeon variety, and at the same time picked up himself a generous sprinkling of the Chinese lingo, all the words of which appeared to sound alike to the rest of the boys.

In his quiet Chinese fashion, Chew strove to emulate his Western brothers. Upon occasions he would mount some mild-mannered horse, and ride about in the immediate neighborhood of the stables, but when, by the merest accident, the boys discovered that the Chink aspired to equestrian honors, there was fun in plenty, for all save Chew.

Four weeks afterwards the boys would grin at the remembrance of Chew upon the back of that half-wild cayuse, made wilder still by the goodly-sized pebble which one of them had sneaked under the cinch when the saddle was put in place. Mack swore that the Chink had forty legs, for he had seen them all at one time.

The winter of '90 and '91 proved mild. Old-timers said that they had never seen the like of it in the Territory. The cattle had suffered not at all and up to that Sunday in March there had been no storms to speak of.

It was the turn of Joe and Routh to ride down the river bottom some miles below and look after a bunch of cattle wintering there. Routh had sprained his ankle, so one of the other boys volunteered to go along, but Joe said that it was not worth while. He could do all that was required and be back again by four in the afternoon, or even earlier, and taking a man away would leave only three in camp—the Chink not being taken into the calculation—and this would spoil the regular poker game. For, while Routh could not ride a horse with any degree of comfort, he could sit and play cards with the best of them.

The day broke bright and warm for so early in the year. There was just a gentle spring-like breeze blowing, and no snow to speak of, the going being a trifle heavy owing to the sun's work upon the frosty ground.

(Continued on page 89.)

HON. J. W. ST. JOHN, SPEAKER OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Photo. by Farmer Bros., Toronto.

PROMINENT MEN OF THE DAY

THE HONORABLE FRANK OLIVER, who succeeded the Honorable Clifford Sifton as Minister of the Interior in the Dominion Government, has probably the most important portfolio in the country, the Department of the Interior comprising such a number of branches, each one so extremely important in itself, such as Department of Crown Lands, Surveys Branch, Forestry Branch, Immigration Department, and others.

Mr. Oliver has been a member for Edmonton since 1896. It is a strong Liberal constituency, and at the last Dominion elections their member went in with a larger majority than any of the other Western members.

Then, in the spring, when the Honorable Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, owing to the ruptions over the Autonomy Bill, resigned, Sir Wilfrid Laurier chose Mr. Oliver to fill the vacancy. This portfolio is always given to a man representing the West, and Mr. Oliver seemed the right man for the place.

At his home in Edmonton he is a newspaper man, being publisher and editor of the Edmonton *Bulletin*.

Though an Ontario man, having been born in Peel County, Ontario, in 1853, he has been for a number of years in the West, and has become inured with the optimistic progressive spirit of that part of the country. He is a married man with two young daughters, of whom one was a *débutante* in the first drawing-room held by Lady Grey at Rideau Hall last winter.

HONORABLE FRANK OLIVER

THE representatives of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association who have lately been visiting England were entertained at Copped Hall, on June 19th, by Mr. G. R. Boulton, a member of the Council of London Chamber of Commerce. The Hall is near Hertfordshire, a few miles from London, and is a very beautiful place, surrounded by extensive lawns and gardens. An interesting feature was the singing of a patriotic hymn, entitled, "Canada," and composed by Mr. Harold Boulton, son of the host.

MR. G. R. BOULTON

THE recent disruption between the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden has called public attention to the ruler of Sweden and former ruler of Norway. King Oscar II. has been called the ablest ruler of the age, and he is undoubtedly the most democratic king that ever lived. He has long been regarded by the other nations as the man best fitted to settle any international complications which arise, being most thoroughly acquainted with points of international law; in fact, he has taken a position in world politics out of all proportion to the rank of his kingdom.

Though he has ruled at home with the greatest tact and diplomacy, he has been unable to firmly weld the two kingdoms of his domain, and now their separation, which for months has appeared inevitable, has become a reality. The two countries have really been preparing for conflict for the last five years, the whole trouble being that Norway was not granted what she demanded as her right, a separate consular system. The two countries, though under the same sovereign, have had nothing else in common but the disputed consular service; they have always had separate constitutions, individual cabinets, armies, navies, and even flags, and a subject of either country has always been considered a foreigner in the other country.

Sweden is the larger country, with an area of 172,876 square miles, and a population of 5,200,000, an army of 250,000 and 38 war vessels; while the extent of Norway's domain is 124,129 square miles, with 2,250,000 population, an army of 80,000 men, and a navy of 16 war vessels. It is easy to understand that Norway would resent the lack of representation in the diplomatic service, and should eventually break away from the bond of union which did not permit of equal privileges to both.

KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN

HAMAR GREENWOOD

MR. Hamar Greenwood, a Canadian by birth and education, is keeping himself well to the front in old London where he hopes to represent ancient York in British Commons. Mr. Greenwood graduated from Toronto University some ten years ago, and now at the age of thirty-five he is taking a prominent stand in English public affairs. A gratifying feature is the fact that the election of Mr. Greenwood as a representative in the British Commons will increase the group of colonial members, which tends to grow with every election, and to give a more genuinely imperial character to the British Parliament.

* * *

MR. Joseph Wesley St. John, Speaker for the Ontario Government, is well known by reputation to Canadians, and does not require any words here to introduce him to our readers. He has been in the Ontario Legislature as representative for West York since 1894, and has always been prominent in debate. He has practised his profession of law in Toronto since he was called to the bar.

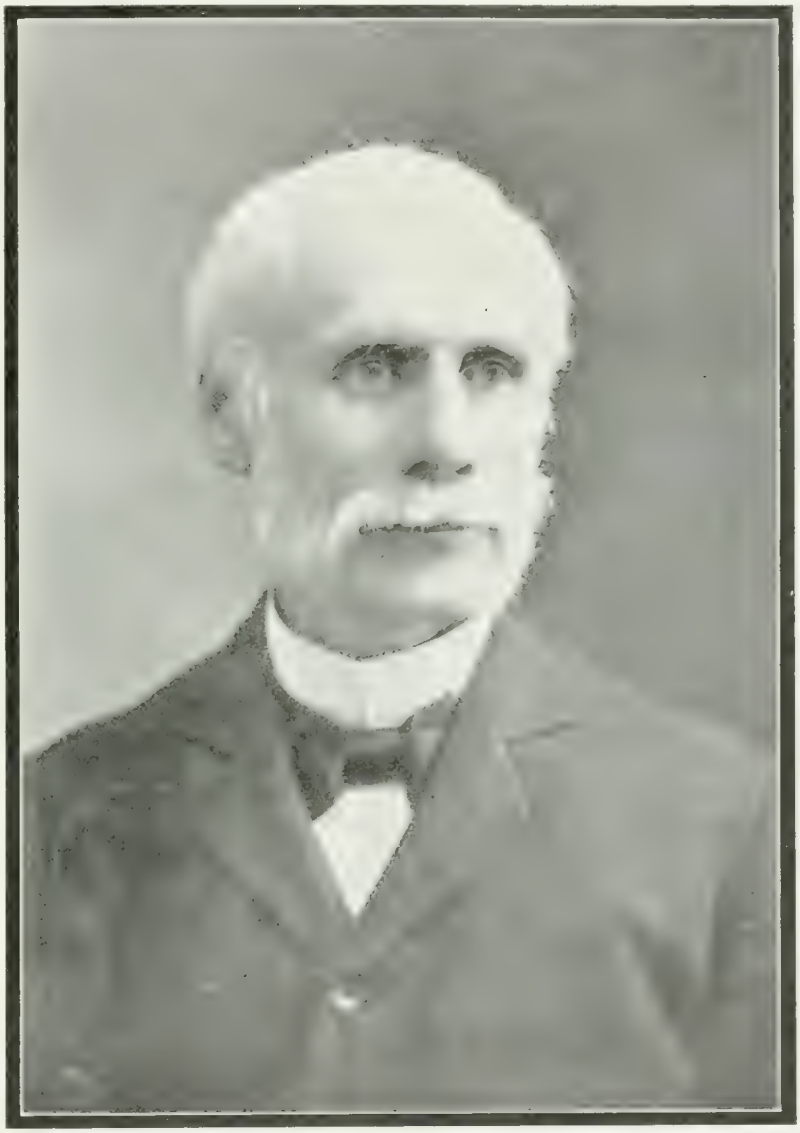
MR. Thos. W. Lawson, of "Frenzied Finance" fame, passed through Toronto a short time ago on a visit to the Western States. The success of the articles which Mr. Lawson wrote on "Frenzied Finance" for *Everybody's Magazine* is practically unprecedented in the extraordinary interest they aroused. They have been fairly devoured by the eastern and western people alike, and his name has become a by-word throughout the land.

In the first place, Lawson has fascinating literary qualities. His tale appeals to the crowd in the fact that he tells in a breezy, slangy manner, daring to use names and dates in an amazing fashion, the story of the apparent depth of crime of the millionaires of the United States in obtaining their so-termed ill-gotten gains. Even if he does not adhere too persistently to the truth as has been plainly stated, he tells an exciting tale which convinces the impressionable throng that they are brow-beaten and robbed by the men of wealth and sends an angry mutter through the country.

And yet Lawson himself at one time was one of those very millionaire financiers who, losing nearly all he owned in a "slump" on the market, makes a fortune by turning "King's evidence."

THOMAS W. LAWSON

IT has been said of Mr. John James Maclaren that he is "a man noted for his unselfish public spirit and for his active and unwearying sympathy with every beneficent movement," and the account of his connection with organizations along these lines shows the truth of the statement. He has throughout his career been active in religious, educational and temperance work. He is a Senator of Toronto University, Senator of the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal, trustee of Upper Canada College. He is indeed connected in some way with nearly all the educational organizations of any importance. He has also been President of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, of the Law and Order League, of the Provincial Sabbath School Association.



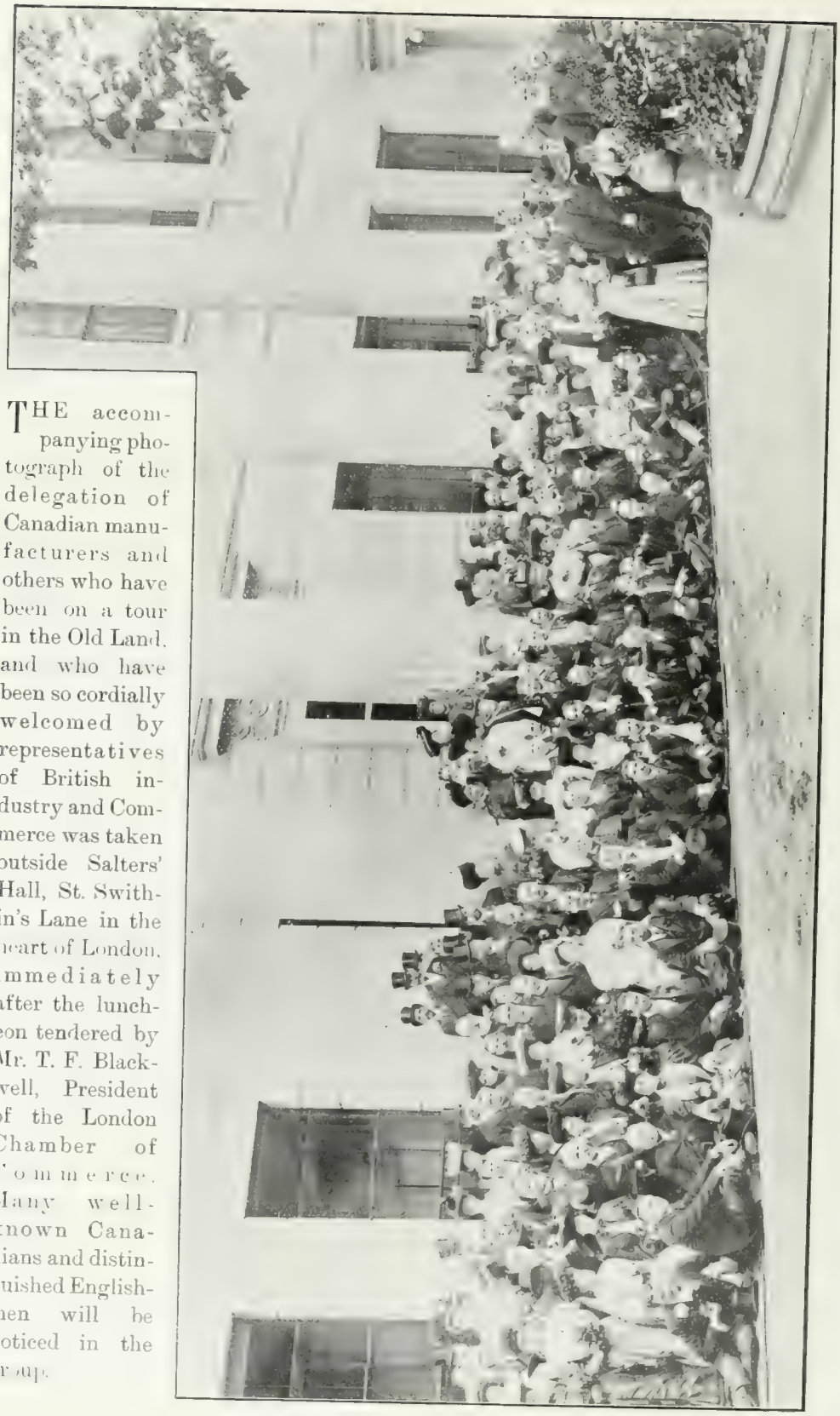
CHIEF JUSTICE J. J. MACLAREN

Thus it is not to be wondered that out of the twenty or thirty thousand members — American and Canadian —of the International Sunday School Association, who recently held a phenominally large convention in Toronto, that Chief Justice Maclaren should be unanimously elected as President.

The next and twelfth convention is to be held at Rome, in 1907, and Mr. Maclaren will be president until the new election of officers on that occasion.

The Canadian members of the Association, and the people of the country generally, take his election as a complement to Canada, as well as a heartily deserved recognition of the long and valuable service of the new president as a worker for all moral reforms.

Mr. Maclaren was born at Lachute, Quebec, in 1842. After graduating at McGill University, in 1868 he was called to the Quebec bar, and it was not until 1884 that he removed to Toronto, and was in 1890 created a Q.C. by the Ontario and Dominion Governments.



CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS ENTERTAINED BY LONDON MAGNATES

THE accompanying photograph of the delegation of Canadian manufacturers and others who have been on a tour in the Old Land, and who have been so cordially welcomed by representatives of British industry and Commerce was taken outside Salters' Hall, St. Swithin's Lane in the heart of London, immediately after the luncheon tendered by Mr. T. F. Blackwell, President of the London Chamber of Commerce. Many well-known Canadians and distinguished Englishmen will be noticed in the group.

THE MODEL COAL MINING TOWN

IT is only within the last few years that Canadians have begun to fully realize the tremendous possibilities for growth and development in Canada. At first it seemed beyond comprehension that any one land should possess within her own borders such opportunities for workers in every possible line of development, but such has proved to be the case. The town of Bankhead is an instance of the rapid growth of the West, which is taking such giant strides in the advance of the Dominion. Last year, when the snow was on the ground, there was not a sign of life or activity about Bankhead. There was not even a prospectors' camp on the premises of

A MODEL COAL MINE AT BANKHEAD, ALBERTA

THE WORKSHOPS

ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN TUNNEL

the now thriving town located in Rocky Mountain Park, Alberta, just five miles from the world-renowned Banff. The only road which approached the district up to a year ago the first of April, was the Government road between Banff and Devil's Lake. And now, in less than a year from that time, where all was a wilderness, a bustling town of 1,500 inhabitants has sprung up like a mushroom. And more, not only have the people come, full of energy and

A TEMPORARY COAL TIPPLE

enterprise, but they are building the town in such a manner that it is termed, what the owners of the mines have aspired to have it called, "The Model Mining Camp of the World." Equipped in even so short a time with complete waterworks and sewerage, complete electric light service and three excellent stores, with rows of modern, well-built houses, splendid offices, curling rink, bowling green, baseball diamond, gymnasium and swimming baths, it is a startling example of what can be done by energetic, enterprising Canadians, and is probably the nearest approach to a sociological success in the Dominion.

There is one potent reason why it is termed "The Model Coal Mining Town." In these mines, which are owned and worked by the C.P.R. Mining and Metallurgical Department, the greatest care is exercised to preserve the natural beauty of Rocky Mountain Park, which extends eighty miles along the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is said that when Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the C.P.R., was informed of the discovery of coal in this district, he issued orders that if injury to the beauty of the place or discomfort to travellers were the result, the work of mining was to be stopped.

An idea of the rapid development of the mine can be gained from the statement that the daily shipment of semi-anthracite coal from Bankhead is 250 tons, and it is predicted that, within the year, 1,000 tons will be shipped daily, with an average quickly rising to 3,000 tons a day.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

NEWFOUNDLAND enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of the trans-oceanic telegraph, both by cable and wireless. It was only sixty-one years on May 24th since Professor Morse, in 1844, sent the first message over telegraph wires. Fourteen years later Field laid the first submarine cable between Valentia, Ireland, and Heart's Content, Newfoundland, and forty-three years later, in December of 1901, Guglielmo Marconi received at St. John's the first electric signals through a wireless medium, transmitted across 2,000 miles of space from the station at Poldhu, England.

It is apparent, from the notes of scientific men as far back as 1838, that the idea of wireless telegraphy was entertained, that of transmitting messages between two posts with no visible connection. But it is staggering to the untutored mind that such wizardy of science is possible.

Though dreamed of so many years ago wireless telegraphy is still in its infancy, though already it is extensively used in this country for marine reports along the St.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Lawrence route and for the convenience of fishermen along the Labrador coast.

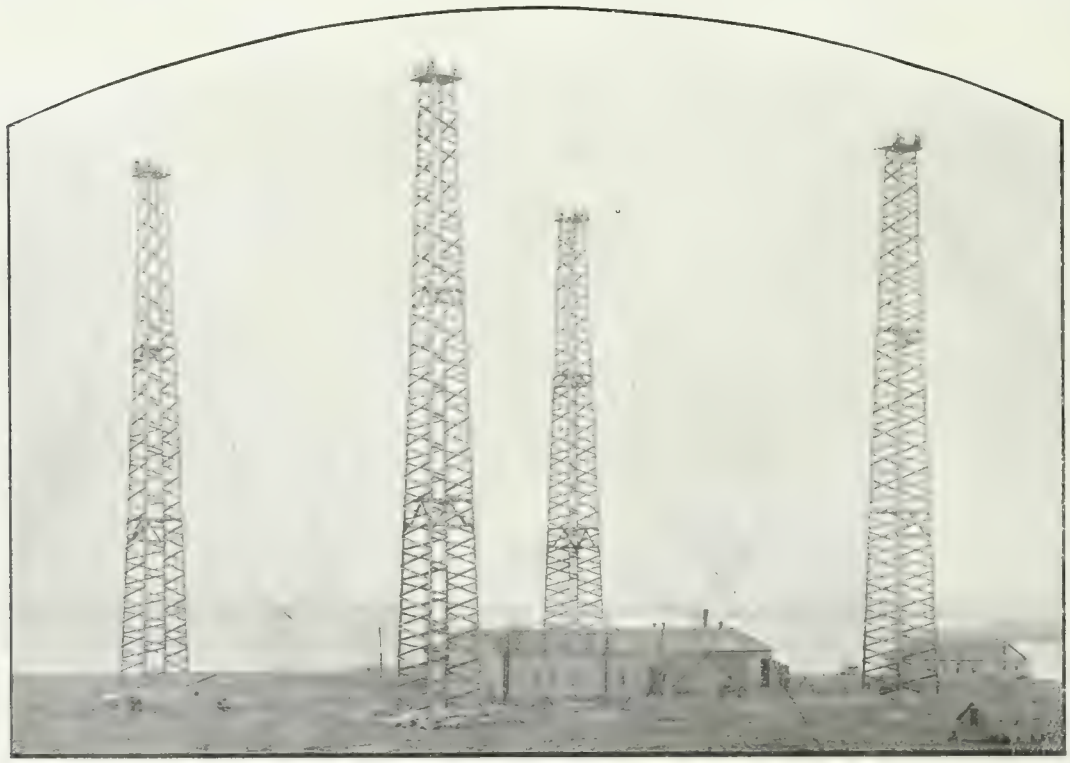
So far, the only drawback has been the limited ranges possible in sending messages from ships at sea, whereas it is possible to transmit messages for 2,000 miles, from Cornwall to Cape Breton, or to a ship in mid-ocean, as the generators and accumulators at the stations are among the largest in existence. Until recently it has been impossible to send a message more than a few hundred miles from on board ship, as the dynamos on the ships having less strength, the energy imparted to ethereal impulses spends itself within 200 miles of the centre of its origin.

However, less than two months ago, an ocean vessel was able to communicate with land on either side of the ocean simultaneously, so apparently the difficulty is on the road to being overcome.

When it has advanced to a more finished stage it is proposed to carry the service along the Labrador coast until Ungava is reached, and the Dominion Government will have established connection with the mounted police, when it will be possible to receive daily reports from the most remote sections of Canada.

Newfoundland has an advantage over any other spot on the Atlantic Coast, that it is the nearest point in America to England, and is little more than one-half the distance from New York to England.

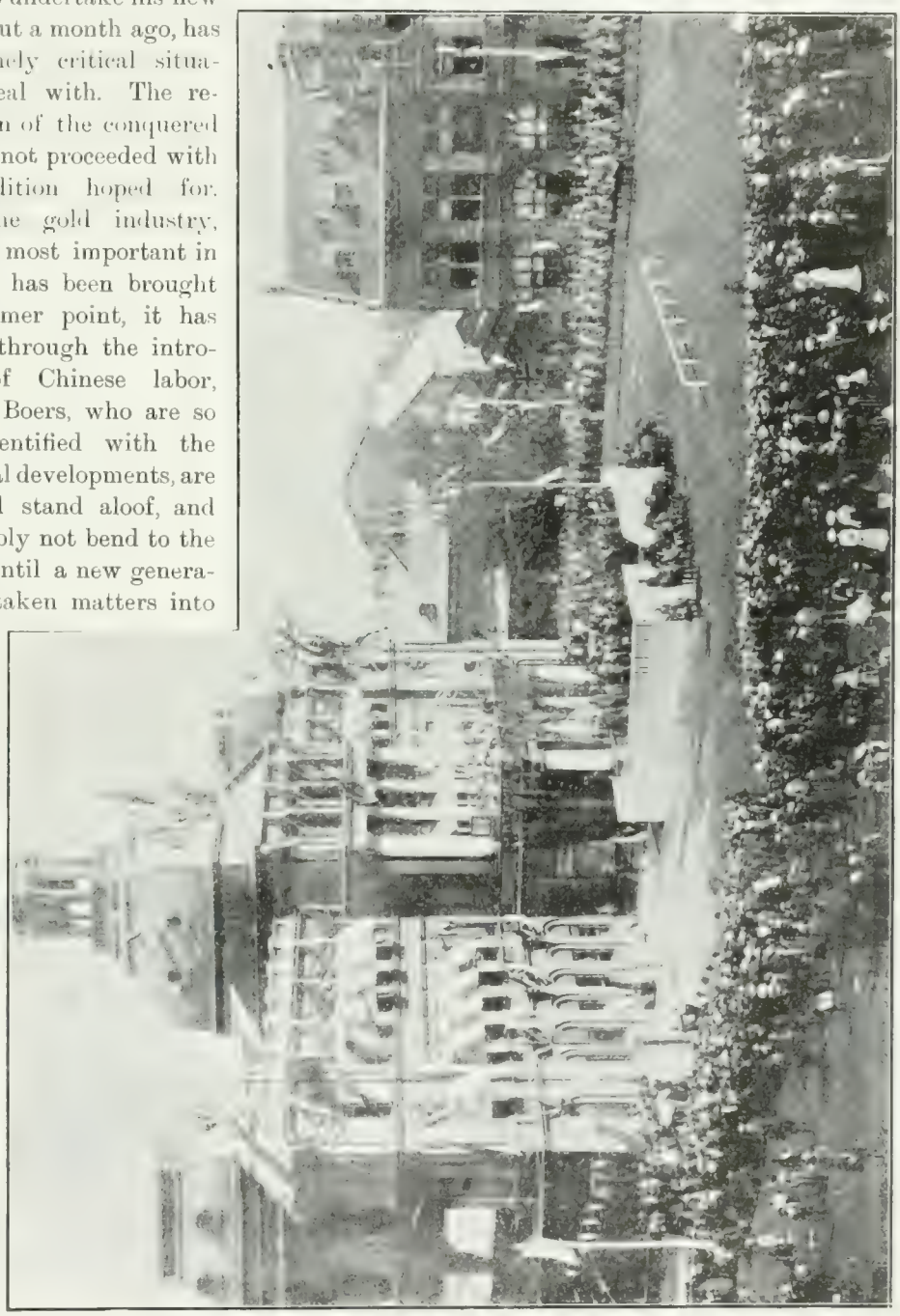
Marconi has made a careful inspection of Cape Breton, and has arranged for moving his station to a more suitable location than that already occupied for trans-Atlantic communication. The station in use is very powerful. and as large as the one at Poldhu, England. There are in Canada seven stations for marine reporting along the St. Lawrence route, and four in Newfoundland, for the convenience of fisherman along the Labrador Coast, and it is worthy of note, in passing, that Canada and Newfoundland are in the van of the nations in utilizing this wonderful electric agency which is such an important commercial factor.



MARCONI TOWERS, GLACE BAY, C. B.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE Earl of Selborne, who was appointed to succeed Lord Milner as High Commissioner of all British South Africa, and Administrator of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and who arrived at Pretoria to undertake his new duties, about a month ago, has an extremely critical situation to deal with. The rehabilitation of the conquered states has not proceeded with the expedition hoped for. Though the gold industry, one of the most important in the states, has been brought to its former point, it has been only through the introduction of Chinese labor, while the Boers, who are so closely identified with the agricultural developments, are sullen and stand aloof, and will probably not bend to the new rule until a new generation has taken matters into its hands. Though the administration is on the eve of allowing self-government, which will partially conciliate the Boers, it will but add to the anxieties of the administrator. Taking Johannesburg as an instance of the people with whom Lord Selborne will have to deal, the city is as big as all the rest of South Africa, and except for the soldiers is entirely a Dutch population.



PRETORIA'S WELCOME TO THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER, LORD SELBORNE IN FRONT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

CANADIAN MILITARY SERVICE

THE accompanying illustration of General Otter and his Staff was taken at what will in all probability be the last military camp at Niagara. The Canadian infantry, cavalry and artillery are all represented by these officers, who are in command of the finest regiments in the country.

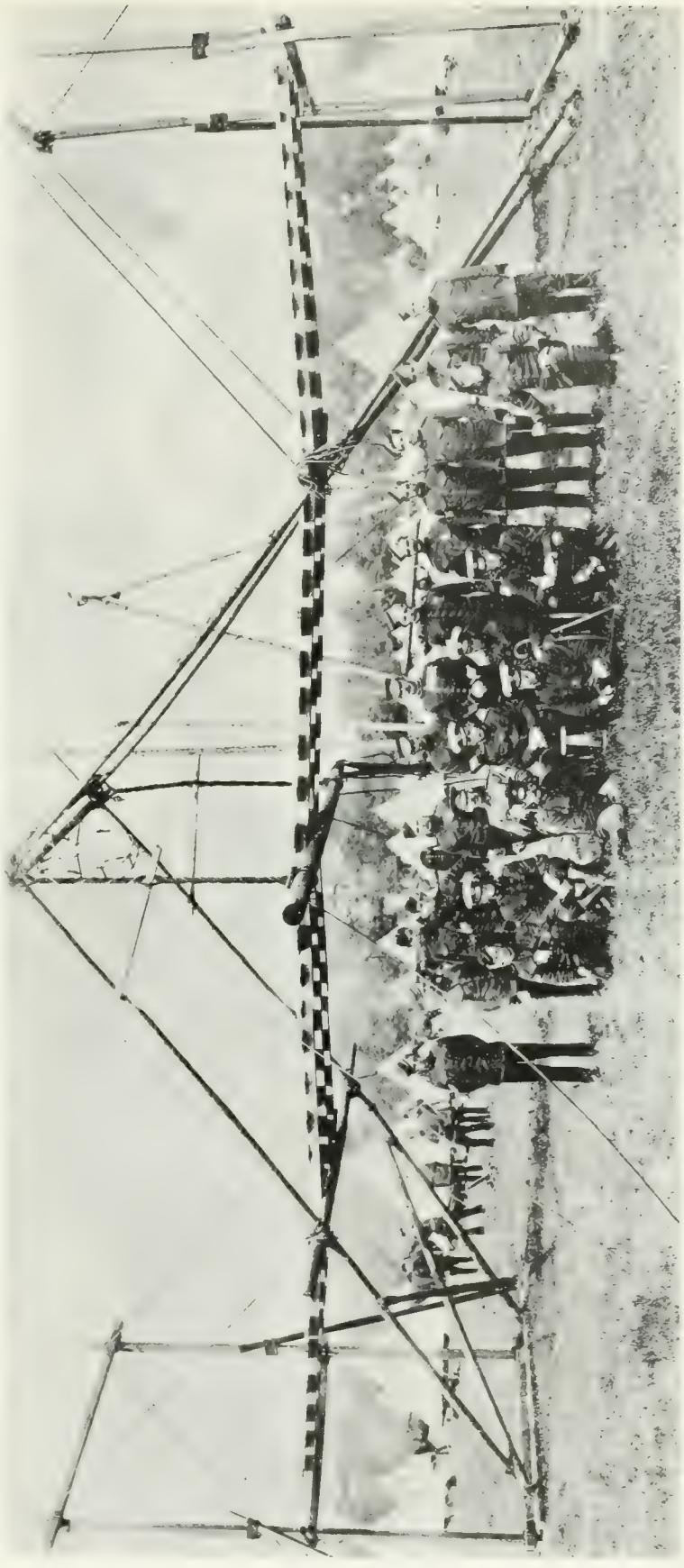
The military service is one of the most important Government undertakings in Canada, and should receive the encouragement which is due those who, if necessity demanded, would uphold the rights of the country.

Lieut Perry Col Lessard Major Lang Capt. Barbottle Lieut Young Capt. Shanly
Major Langton Lieut Col Hatzton Lieut Col. Denison Brig. Gen. Otter Lieut.-Col. Galloway Lieut. Col Hall Lieut Col Fotheringham.

GENERAL OTTER AND THE STAFF OF THE LAST BRIGADE CAMP AT NIAGARA ON THE LAKE

Too much thought cannot be given to the proper equipment and training of our Canadian soldiery, and it would be to the country's advantage if the Government would expend more money in so fitting up the regiments that every young man would feel a pride in wearing the uniform of a Canadian soldier. The regiments in the cities and larger towns are not at such a disadvantage as the rural battalions, where uniforms which make no pretence of fitting the figure and presenting a neat soldierly appearance are handed out, regardless of the varying height and width of the men, and where on many occasions officers with a very superficial knowledge of military training and military discipline are in command.

The second illustration shown here, in connection with the recent military manœuvers at Niagara, shows the engineers under the single lock bridge which they constructed while in camp. The engineers corps is of very vital importance in an army. They are the men who construct the bridges to cross ravines or rivers where the enemy may have torn them down. They dig the trenches, build up whatever fortifications are necessary, put up poles and wires



SINGLE LOCK BRIDGE, BUILT BY ENGINEERS' CORPS AT NIAGARA

for telegraph and telephone service, and operate the telegraph instruments. They would also be the men to understand wireless telegraphy and all codes of signals, as well as the construction of railroads and such works. The men in the engineers' corps are in fact required to have more practical knowledge of the modern ways of warfare, and they thus get a better insight into the military manœuvres than do the other battalions.

At Niagara this year, besides constructing the bridge illustrated, they erected another bridge, of some seventy feet span, across the railway cutting, and dug a shelter trench, which proved a most interesting piece of earthworks in the intricacy of its design, being somewhat after the contour of the Greek key design, which was calculated to afford shelter from a flank fire as well as one directed from front or rear.

RIFLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

THE record of the Drayton Rifle Association is an excellent example of what a little perseverance and good management accomplished when backed by the judicious administration of the Militia Department, whose new regulations have offered so great an incentive to rifle practice throughout the country.

DRAYTON RIFLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The Drayton team was organized four years ago, and prior to that date some of the present champions of the team had never fired a shot.

The total score of the team stands at the splendid figure of 3,676, obtained in competition with seventy-six teams, while one of the members, Mr. J. M. Davidson, is the winner of the Civilian Championship for the Dominion.

The names of the champion riflemen, reading from left to right, are as follows: Upper row—Dr. McNaughton, R. Powley, C. H. Mallory, F. Flath; second row—J. H. Hefky, J. M. Davidson, H. A. Mallory, J. H. Bishop; front row—J. Hudson, W. Drury.

The results at Bisley show the stand Canadians take in competition with the other nations. Last year, it will be remembered the King's Cup, the most coveted prize for individual shooting of all the Bisley prizes was won by a Canadian, Mr. Perry, of Vancouver. This year the Canadian team carried off the Kolapore Cup, the most to be desired of the team prizes offered at the camp, the Rajah of Kolapore's Challenge Cup. There were five teams in the competition, finishing in the following order: Canada, 758 points; England, 752 points; Guernsey, 735 points; Transval, 746 points; New Zealand, 749 points.

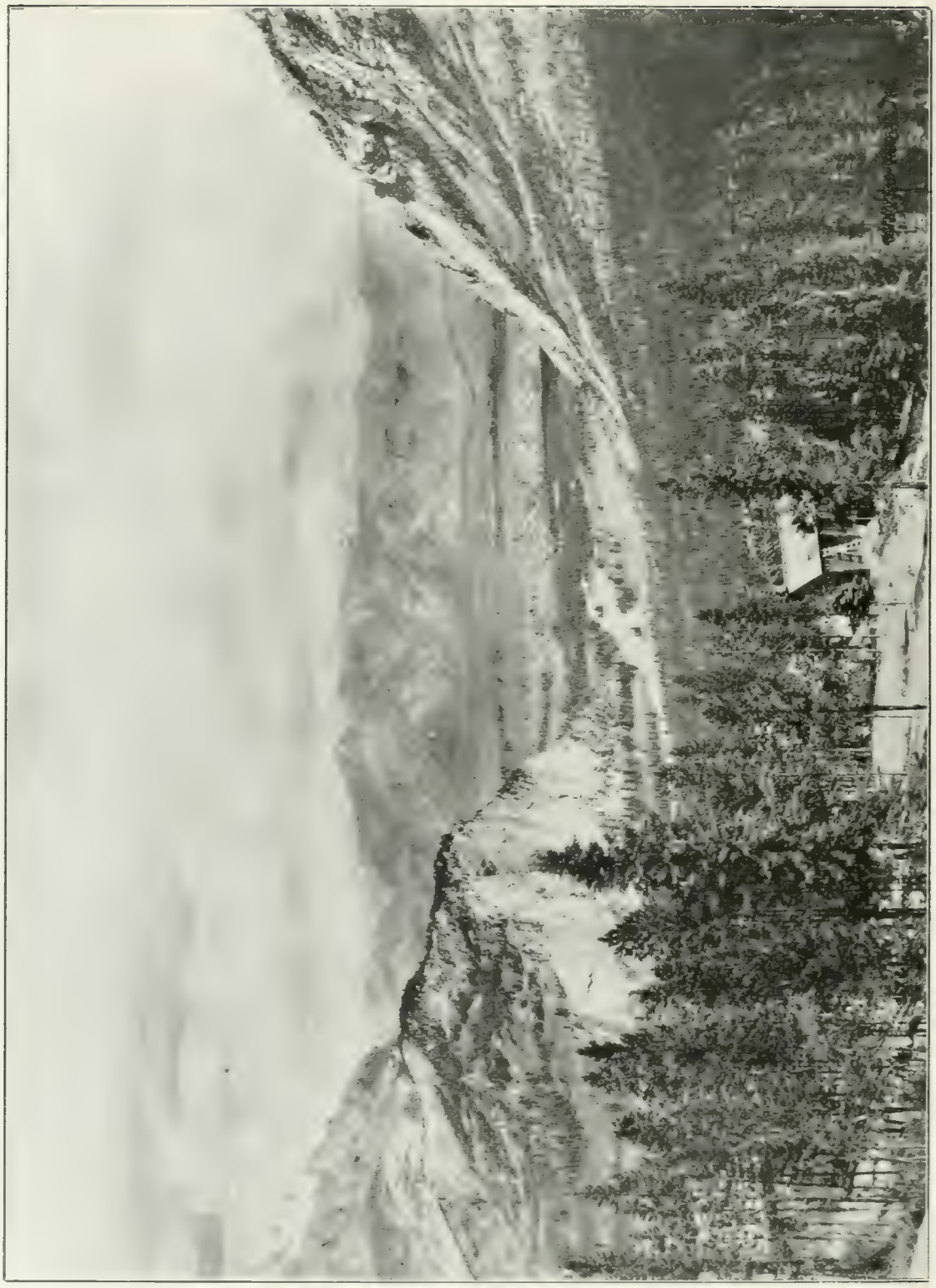
SCENES IN ALBERTA

IF Canada were noted for nothing else, her beautiful lakes and grand natural scenery through the Rocky Mountains would be sufficient to attract the attention of the other countries. Nothing in the old land can surpass the wonderful beauty of this section of the country.

Lake Louise, near Laggan, Alberta, the most beautiful lake in Canada, is surrounded by towering mountains which are reflected in the depths of the lake.

The National Park at Banff, Alberta, is another of the world-renowned scenes which cannot be surpassed for the grandeur of its natural beauty. The peculiarity of the mountains is that while seemingly within easy walking distance they are in reality often some twenty or thirty miles distant.

LAKE LOUISE FROM CHALET PORCH, NEAR LAGGAN, ALBERTA



BANFF NATIONAL PARK, BANFF, ALBERTA.

A STUDY IN CHROME

(Continued from page 72)

After breakfast, Joe saddled up and galloped away, not ill-pleased to have his lungs filled with the fresh air, while the big black mare appeared to enjoy it also, for she too had been leading a lazy life.

By the time Chew had the breakfast dishes cleared away and the room tidied up a bit, Mack's Sunday toilet, which consisted of a careful shave and a change from one blue shirt to another, was complete. The cards were produced and the game proceeded until interrupted by the mid-day meal. Then it went on as before, until some one mentioned that the shack was getting cold. Ward put a stick of wood on the fire, took a look out of doors, and returned with the announcement that it was getting thundering cold, and that the wind appeared to have shifted into the north.

"I don't like the look of that," said McNamara, laying down his cards and watching through the window the few flakes of snow which came quietly and lazily down.

"Half past two," he added. "Joe should be on his way back, and if he knows the signs out here, he'll hit that trail for all there is in the mare. We are in for a Norther if I know my way about!"

There was a sudden lack of interest in the poker game. Aleck Ward saw in a hazy sort of a way that a pat flush had been dealt him just before Mack spoke but it didn't seem to take hold somehow.

Chew had arrived with more wood and was stirring the fire. Gregory hunted up an old horse blanket and kicked it into the crack under the door; while Mack stood with his hands behind him, and his feet well apart, gazing out of the window into the storm.

The wind howled. The snow was blinding.

"If Joe has struck the creek he should be able to find his way, particularly if he gives the mare her head," muttered McNamara, half to himself.

The Chink poked the fire and listened.

The thin clothing which English was wearing came to Mack's mind, and he shivered at the thought.

Ward opened the door and took a look about, and as he did so the biting blast reached inward and swept the cards from the table. There was nothing in sight out there save the whirling, blinding snow.

Mack looked at his watch. Three o'clock, and it was almost pitch black outside. He stepped back into the corner of the living-room. Amid blankets, saddles, an extra cinch or two, and a general assortment of clothing, he laid bare a heavy grey woollen shirt, which he proceeded to put over the blue one. Next he kicked off his boots, put on an extra pair of socks and over them moccasins. To this outfit he added a heavy elkskin coat, much the worse for wear. Then came a cap, and as he started for the door he drew on a pair of gauntlet gloves.

The boys had followed Mack's movements curiously for a moment, and then, without so much as a word, proceeded to get into their outfits. So, when the boss started for the stable they were all close on his heels.

It was with some difficulty they reached the horses, for though the stable was only a few rods from the shanty, a man might well have lost himself in his own dooryard that day.

"Anybody seen Chew in the last half hour?" asked McNamara suddenly, when they had all assembled in the stable and were busy saddling up.

As he spoke Mack pointed to the vacant place usually occupied by his sorel horse.

"Well, I'll be d——d," muttered Crow Gregory, the oldest of the party, and a man with some Indian blood in his veins.

For the first time, apparently, Mack noticed that Routh had limped out and was saddling up like the rest.

Mack looked him over for a moment in the light of the lantern and remarked: "You ain't fit to ride. We can find him all right without you."

"Sure we can," was the echo from the other two.

Routh's determined jaw set, and he muttered: Like hell I'll stay, and even the Chink's gone."

At the stable door Mack turned: "There ain't no use trying to talk out in that Norther, so mind what I'm telling you now. We'll spread out and follow down the creek bottom.

It's the only bit of ground a man has a chance to locate and keep in this storm. Don't spread out too far, or by the Almighty you won't be here to the next round up. If you lose your bearings trust to the nags; they'll have more sense than you will in this going. If you find anything don't be afraid of making a noise."

Mack closed his square-cut mouth, holding out a gloved hand to Gregory, who stood next. Both had faced Northers before.

Ward gave Routh a hand into the saddle in consideration of the wounded ankle, remarking as he did so: "Shake, for this is no holiday journey, and you're a fool to go."

The light which gleamed from the untenanted cabin was in a moment lost to view, as the four horsemen slowly made their way down the slope to where the creek ran. Each bent to the storm, and the horses carried their heads as low as the bridle reins would allow. Then they began to spread out, each man taking, so far as he could judge, the proper distance and the right direction, but no mortal could be sure of either.

On they plunged in the blinding snow, the wind eating into their very vitals, while the horses shivered and then neighed, and would turn back but for the steadying rein.

A mile. It seemed a hundred. The cold thrust at the feet and hands until there was no feeling in either. They had seen storms before, but none like that.

It was in the second mile. To the ears of Ward there came a faint hello. It was almost at his feet, for the horse shied and then neighed.

Out of the darkness there loomed the form of Mack's sorel, and beside her, almost under the animal's feet, was John Chew, and with him, English Joe.

A mighty yell from Ward split the air as he bounded from the saddle. The positions of the two men told the tale, for neither could speak. English was lying prostrate on the snow, wound up in the blanket which Chew had brought along. Close up against the muffled figure lay the Chink, with no covering save what he had ridden out in.

To Ward the faint cry appeared to have been a last effort, for Chew had lapsed into unconsciousness. As for English, he was on the border land,—another hour and that Norther would have done its work.

Ward's signal had been heard and repeated, and soon the other horsemen, one by one, came out of the snow and the darkness.

Mack's flask was produced on the instant. A trifle was forced down the throats of the two prostrate men, and then it went around, a generous mouthful for each.

Mack took English up in front of him as he might a saddle bag. Chew was loaded in front of Gregory, who had the next strongest horse, in much the same manner, and the party began to beat its way back against that heartless, bitter wind.

An hour later the men were working as they never had before; two over the Chink and two over English Joe.

At last there was an exclamation from Crow Gregory, who straightened out his tired back and wiped his damp forehead: "No use, Mack; the Chink's a gone one. We've done what we could."

Then, for the first time, Chew opened his eyes and his lips, and Crow, as he bent forward, could just hear: "Cow punch no hate Chew now?"

And the Chink went to his ancestors.

When English Joe was well enough he told the boys how he fought against that Norther; how, just as he was losing consciousness, and was toppling from the saddle, the Chinaman loomed into view. This was all he remembered.

Crow Gregory and Ward gathered the stones which were piled upon that shallow grave, and Mack made a few remarks by way of a funeral service, concluding:

"I never seen a whiter man than that Chinaman was. If I knew his lingo and where he was from, I'd write his people, telling 'em all about it, and what we think of him over here in Alberta."

"Amen," said the rest.

THE COUNTRY STORE

By ERIN GRAHAME

THERE are many phases of modern life which would bewilder our great-grandmothers if those good pioneer ladies were suddenly to revisit the earth. It is difficult to conjecture what would surprise them most, but probably nothing would prove more disconcerting than the departmental store, with its babel of voices, its vista of crowded counters, and its "change sent by machinery." Truly, it is a far cry from the shop of long ago, with its credit to favored customers, to the bustling democratic emporium of to-day, which waits for no man.

But it is only in the cities that we are confronted with the store which has hardware in the basement, and a lunch-room on the seventh floor. In the country, the general store, the crude prototype of the immense city establishment, still flourishes. Most of us have tender recollections of the big barn-like edifice, with its odors of beeswax and maple-sugar, and the freckled face of a good-natured proprietor.

Such a country store was the frame building, originally painted cinnamon brown, which stood on the summit of a gentle slope in the county of Kent, and was known as "Merton's."

There were supercilious daughters of the country-side who turned up shapely noses at the mention of Merton's millinery, and who hinted that their own headgear came from no smaller town than St. Thomas; but their mothers were content with the black bonnets that appeared perennially in the right-hand window of the country store.

It was in the days of Sandy Merton's father that the brown paint had been first applied to the store, and Sandy declared, when the delicate subject of paint was referred to, that what was good enough for the old man was good enough for him, and therefore the cinnamon brown of a generation ago had become dim and faded from the snows of February and the blaze of July.

While Sandy thus reverenced the paint of the past, he was entirely inconsistent in the way in which he urged every likely customer to survey his new stock of paint, of the very latest shade and style. While begrudging any change in the outward appearance of Merton's, Sandy was quite willing that the chairs on the wide verandah at the side should be gaily repainted in flaming red, and was particularly proud of the skill which the "missis" showed with the brush. No city alderman, whose wife paints useless china plaques and adorns unoffending cups and saucers with unnatural violets, could be more proud of his wife's artistic efforts than was Sandy of Miranda Merton's achievements with the broader effects in house decoration.

The loyalty to local institutions that so often grows up in the rural places of Canada was strong in the frequenters of Merton's. Sandy's father had come to Canada when the county was chiefly "bush," and had made a reputation for being a "near" man, but neighborly. He would cheerfully give his time to a "raising bee," but the minister had uphill work in getting a subscription for foreign missions.

The Merton boys, perhaps owing to the frugal discipline of the old storekeeper, had "done well," but they were in the West, scattered all the way from Winnipeg to Vancouver, with the exception of Sandy, who was perfectly content to keep shop at "Harvey's Corners," and to read the letters of the "other boys," with laborious pride, to a gathering of select customers.

In such a district the general store is the place for the reception and distribution of news, and Sandy thoroughly understood the value of this side of his business, and showed all the wisdom of the serpent or the diplomat in such items as he proclaimed or refrained from proclaiming. Hence it came about that "I heard it up at Merton's," was a phrase of almost as much significance as "I saw it in the daily."

From matters of Imperial import, such as Chamberlain's policy and the Education Bill, to such purely local affairs as the likelihood of Will Armstrong marrying Widow Simpson—every topic in which the farmers near

Harvey's Corners were interested was ventilated in the dim light of the general store, when the burden and heat of the day were over.

Every one admitted that the general store was fortunate in its women folks. Miranda Merton, had she been a man and lived in a land of monopolies, would have been at the head of a trust. As it was, Miranda took quite as much interest as did her husband in the growing bank account in Welford's Bank of Commerce, and contributed materially, by her varied talents, to the growth of the aforesaid account. She took a deep interest also in the feminine customers who swarmed in on Saturday, and never forgot to enquire after the welfare of each member of the family, carefully keeping in mind the number of the children and the variety of their ailments. Never was she guilty of the unpardonable blunder of confusing Johnnie Smith and Willie Jones, thereby bringing down the wrath of two mothers. In the event of an approaching wedding, her advice as to styles and fabrics was simply invaluable; nor did she show any vexation if the ambitious bride bought only the common cotton and flannel at Merton's, and sent away for such frivolous articles as chiffon and applique trimming.

Miranda and Sandy were without children of their own, but " Cousin Maggie," an English relative, looked after the house, and left Miranda free to exercise her shop-keeping talents, and also to experiment with articles of her own manufacture, for this was a department in which she excelled. She had her own cough mixture, the secret of which was never told, and which might have made a fortune had Miranda been acquainted with the arts of patent medicine vendors and the modern development of advertising.

But best of all the general store attractions, in the eyes of the children, was the " English cream toffee," the recipe for which Miranda had discovered in a quaint book which Cousin Maggie had brought from the Old Country. Many were the glories of Merton's when the new calicoes and muslins came in during the spring and flaunted their roses from the old hacked counter and in the window. But the children of the neighborhood had an affection passing strong for the contents of the " patty-pans," filled every Thursday morning by Miranda Merton. Many of the boys from Harvey's Corners have gone away to the big world outside, and have learned how unsatisfying are the sweets of ambition and wealth; but wherever two or three of them are met together, whether it be in Winnipeg, Montreal or New York, Miranda's cream toffee is recalled with the lingering fondness that nothing but boyhood's memories can evoke. Welford was the town to which their fathers went to market; but Welford candies were as naught to the small folk, who demanded that the horses should stop at Merton's before Saturday night fell.

The general store at Harvey's Corners was, in its way, a social rival to the tavern, and, in fact, offered a kind of primitive club. In winter, there was a huge box-stove of uncouth design, which, nevertheless, gave out a most comforting heat, and which was always surrounded until after nine o'clock, and during the fortnight before election was a crowded, animated centre of discussion. Clergymen were subjected to searching criticism in the evening conferences at Merton's, but politicians were especially dissected, in the light of local predilection.

Such discussions were almost invariably good-humored, for the average Canadian is slow to wrath, having the conviction that an angry man is usually ridiculous, and the Britisher would much rather be miserable than laugh-provoking. In fact, the discussions at Merton's were good discipline for thin-skinned persons, as rural repartee is often sharp and discerning, and nothing is more pleasing, even to grown-up debaters, than the discovery of a nature that, to quote Merton's phrase, " is easy mad."

It was somewhat interesting to trace national tendencies in the general store talk. Those of Scotch descent were given to theological topics, and were always listened to with respect on the subject of the sermon; the Irish blood showed itself in politics and oratory, and the English preferred horseflesh and agriculture. Whatever honor might come to a boy from Harvey's Corners, or, for that matter, from the country, he would never receive a more sincere tribute

than the silently respectful "making-way" for him as he approached the old box-stove, which was seldom any color but a dull and rusty red.

There are in every locality certain persons known as "characters," whose remarks, whether wise or stupid, are treasured for the life of a generation. At Merton's you were sure to hear the latest epigram from Jemmy Black or from Clementine Hopkins, who was a worthy sister to Mrs. Poyser. The appearance of Jemmy was greeted in much the same fashion as the entrance of a famous wit in the days when men and women had time to converse. A special seat was reserved for him, and, on several occasions, Sandy Merton had been so moved to admiration of Jemmy's terse phrases that he regaled the crowd with ginger-snaps and Miranda's raspberry vinegar. Jemmy was a great force at times of religious awakening, and was known to have a horror of anything like an elaborate service. He had been known to preach in the neighborhood, and Sandy Merton related that at a morning service Jemmy noticed the presence of a violin in the choir, and announced the first hymn thus: "We will fiddle and sing to the glory of God."

Shop-keeping in the country is a less strenuous affair than in the town, where business is only and sternly business. Sandy knew everyone, and therefore knew whom to trust and whom to call strictly to account. The honest farmer who had known a bad year, or who had been laid up with rheumatism, was sure of leniency with Sandy, and the "bill" sometimes lengthened out for two years. An exchange of eggs and butter for ribbons and shoes was effected with ease, and altogether the country store was a wholesome unconventional place of sale and barter, where a tone of neighborliness was infused into every purchase.

Occasionally, Sandy was imposed upon, but when he had reason to suspect a customer, he had a fashion of sending for Miranda, who, gentle as she was, had a piercing eye, embarrassing to the person who had come to loaf or to "beat down the prices."

Great was the surprise of Harvey's Corners when it was announced that during the months of July and August ice-cream would be served at Merton's every Friday evening, and Miranda's triumph was complete when the minister said it was quite as good as any at the strawberry festivals of Welford. The wide verandah was crowded until after ten oclock, and the old lanterns afforded a properly subdued light for the occasion. The "oldest inhabitant" shook his head over this innovation, but he had also highly disapproved of the first bunch of bananas which appeared at Merton's, so his condemnation was not regarded with seriousness.

The country store was not a place of immaculate tidiness, for Miranda knew that a slightly "cluttered up" aspect made certain customers feel more at home. But it was a clean old shop, with its bars of soap beneath the shelves, and its coils of rope for clotheslines affording a resting-place in the back of the store. In the summer months there was a touch of beauty that made the homely place fragrant and rich, for Miranda Merton had a garden of the good old-fashioned kind, with pansies and poppies and pinks running riot. There was a big tumbler of green glass crammed with such roses as one sees and smells only in country gardens, and there was always a blue saucer filled with the rarest of the pansies; and it is these flowers from the Merton garden that linger in the memory as one turns back to the days when the country store held all that was wonderful and fair.

THE LITTLE COQUETTE OF ST. CROIX

By R. HENRY MAINER

THE rapids of St. Croix were dark, deep and smilingly dangerous, but Rosa Poilette was the good genius who watched their paroxysms daily, that she might warn the foolish or overbold not to trust the silken, purring ripples or patchwork spots of placidity.

Noontide, the summer sun striking vertically, produced a shimmering vision of precious stones upon the milky spray that was flung upwards from the beating backwards of the boulders. The tall trees, abundantly clothed with big, drooping leaves, leaning outwards from the shore, suggested tranquility in the coolness of their shade. The grey rocks lying at the water's edge, or thrown boldly into the stream, made true the danger which the boatmen heard in the distant rumbling. The lesser people, the mink, the martin and the snake, found in them a place of refuge from the ever uplifted hand of man, and, when no one was about, played at hide-and-seek or basked lazily in the sun.

But Rosa was the queen. The happy apparition that danced from rock to rock, drawing admiring eyes from the simple beauties of nature to her dainty figure and pretty face. In the early morning she bathed in the coolest eddies. Throughout the day her work was accompanied by the unbroken noise of falling water. She often paused to listen, for she loved the din, and in her imagination wove from its dirge, fantastic music, as she had learned to detect many tones and humors out of the chaos.

"Granny," she would say at breakfast, "it will rain to-day."

"Why, child, the sky is clear," the old woman would reply.

"But I can hear it in the rapids," she retorted.

One brown ledge of rock, with jagged sides and point that jutted outward to the very centre of the river, until it was under water, gave a view both ways to the bend. This one, all men hated and feared, because of the tedious portage which its encroachment made necessary. Against it the water pounded in vain and whirled off, gurgling angrily. The strife was continuous, and that was why Rosa chose it as her favorite resting-place. Here she could dangle her feet in the foam, and fashion living things out of its mad carousal. Then she had command of the approach before the danger-line was reached, and she took a pride in thus overlording the designs of the sucking currrent.

Back on the shore, half hidden by the poplar leaves, stood the little cabin of Granny Poilette. The old woman had built on the spot many years before, so that she might take toll of the passersby, in the form of eatables, which she sold at a good price, and which were tempting enough to the traveller, staggering beneath his bulky bales, to the up or down end of the portage. Rosa was her granddaughter, and the two had dwelt in solitary comfort within the hum of the rapids throughout the whole of Rosa's twenty-one summers.

A scattered village, scarcely discernable from the topmost point of the portage path, dotted the roadway back from the river, its houses seemingly a moss-covered growth, above the scrub of the forest. But none of its inhabitants had the temerity to dispute the title of Dame Poilette's narrow homestead, nor the business vantage which she claimed.

The river was the highway, and all who passed there once remembered Rosa and her tangle of hair and smiling eyes. The older men liked her because she was strong, and could shoulder a canoe with the best of them, and she knew every foot of the path. The youth only cared for her laughter and chattering, and furtively gazed after her graceful figure, as she sped nimbly over the rough places. To her they told their stories during stolen moments at the dipping end, whilst the older carriers were still toiling somewhere in the rear. Occasionally some foolish youngster attempted liberties with her, and he did not forget the laugh of careless defiance that accompanied her gentle push, that usually landed him on the broad of his

back amongst the moss and twigs. Jokingly, she said she loved only two things on earth, her granny and the rapids.

"When I meet a man who can ride my pretty stream, then shall I think him worthy," she taunted, and the younger men went away discomfitted, for such a thing was impossible. And yet, on the very next trip, her loud greeting, "Bon soir, Pierre!" "Baptiste," or "Monsieur," and her innocent solicitude for their welfare, gave fresh impetus to their disguised cravings for her company.

Her most persistent admirer, and perhaps her first, was Emile La Roche, a guide to the internal fastnesses many miles beyond the rapids of St. Croix. When at home he lived in the adjacent village, and during that time his days were spent either at Granny Poilette's cabin or hunting or fishing along the river within gunshot of the rapids. But it was rare game that he caught if Rosa could be seen.

A strange man and his guide came down the river one day and camped in the clearing. He was not of the people of St. Croix, but a tall, pleasant-featured fellow, dressed in corduroy, and carrying an outfit that did not suggest trapping, or hunting, or any particular business. His companian was a full-blood Iroquois, who had never passed the Poilette door before.

When Rosa went to see who it was, the young man did not seem startled or embarrassed, nor did he rudely gaze at her as if he had expected a wolf instead of a girl. He addressed her good-naturedly, and pricked her pride with a subtle compliment or two that pleased without dragging itself rudely before her.

"So you sell things at your house, my young lady?" he questioned, after she had explained the errand which had brought her into his notice, adding in an undertone, "Thank fortune." "My guide, Tobin, will go with you. Give him some tea and butter and real home-made bread."

He tossed her a piece of silver as he turned away, that caused her to steal covert glances to determine its value. She fled back along the path, with the stolid Iroquois following, and her feelings were perhaps humiliated. She knew not why, as she had always felt a secret elation while discussing her granny's wares with her customers.

Rosa stayed at home that evening, strangely quieted, but in the early morning her mood changed, and she ran out in the fresh, damp air, to the long, lean tongue of rock that gave a view of the camping-ground above the rapids. The mist still hung above the water, but with the strengthening sun it dissolved slowly before her gaze, so that she could see the awakened camp plainly.

Young Douglas had finished his plunge and breakfast, and was leisurely rolling a cigarette, whilst Tobin completed the task of rolling up the tent, and packing the scattered outfit. He, too, saw the figure standing on the ledge, and he rightly guessed that it was the maid who had so suddenly appeared the previous afternoon.

"A pretty picture, Tobin. Perhaps the goddess of the river come to watch our descent, and maybe she will view a very inglorious performance," he said, after a critical stare.

"All black water. Ugh, we bump, bump, and break board; then we drown!" replied the Indian, in surly tones, for he had gone some distance over the rocks, and had mentally noted the many whirling eddies and jagged points.

"Tobin, you are a lazy dog. Afraid, I believe! Give me the stern, and I'll take her through. I'll not trudge over that mile of granite for anything short of Niagara."

The two men stood a moment, the one gazing sternly at the irresolute face of the other, and then shaking his head ominously. Tobin picked up his paddle and stepped into the canoe.

"That's more gentlemanly, sir. I knew you could do it if I rubbed you the wrong way," laughed Douglas, although he betrayed some slight sensation of uneasiness. He shot a hasty glance over their late camping-ground to make sure that all the baggage had been gathered in, then humming a flippant song of the Upper Ottawa, he seated himself at the bow-thwart.

Instantly Tobin sent the light craft far into the stream. The current drifted strongly, and a glitter lit up his usually immobile countenance. The maid, standing

directly in front, saw what was intended, and, raising her arm, mutely beckoned to go back.

"It is not like women to bid Douglas halt, when he would go forward," exclaimed the white man, as he drove his paddle with dexterous grace, that hid the force he put into his stroke. The Iroquois made no reply, but rose on his left foot, the better to command the stretch of treachery that lay in front. The canoe already shivered warningly as it flung aside the baffling cross-currents that would have it from its course but for Tobin, and the Iroquois read the hall-marks of a sharp fight for life.

"Ye gods! but it is a hungry stream!" ejaculated Douglas, after a momentary silence, as the frowning face of the rapids opened to him. He laughed recklessly, and began to sing:

"A short life and a merry one,
A rapid full of boulders,
I'd rather push my load down stream,
Than take it on my shoulders."

An angry gurgling sound carried them into the mill-race, above which the girl leaned, and as they flew by, almost scraping the wet brown base, and receiving a wild flurry of spray from the back-wash, he tossed a kiss to her from the tips of his fingers. A cold response met his greeting, however, from the face which peered strangely at him, with lips parted in an awesome whisper. Tobin did not raise his eyes from the dancing, high-curved bow. How well he knew the chances in the mocking black water and the leaping foam-tops which hid the sharp, splintering points.

They were in the midst of the fray, and Douglas was paddling with a cautious stroke. Snatches of his song floated back to the Indian, but it ceased when the channel narrowed about them. Then the ragged edge of the rock broke abruptly in front, and Douglas, shouting an unthought oath, leaned forward with poised paddle, and drew in his breath. But no muscle moved on the grim face of Tobin. Next moment the flood was upon them. The paddle wrenched free from the white man's hand, and a great wave rolled up and leaped in upon him, tossing him on his back in the canoe, as if he had been a wreath of air. The water was in his face, in his hair, and over his body. He gasped and beat it from him with his hands, unwittingly. Suddenly the terrific speed decreased, and when his mind had resumed a connected grasp of things external, he discovered that they were on the still deep surface of the river at the end of the rapids.

"Saints believe me, it was awful!" he murmured, as they turned towards the bank to empty the water, which was almost even with the gunwale.

That evening, the conquering of the rapids by the strangers, was the principal theme of conversation about the threshhold of the village of St. Croix. The old men shook their heads doubtingly, for to them it had always been impossible. The young men exchanged envious glances, whilst the women talked, but Rosa Poilette, the coquette, hummed a new song which she had heard in the morning, and wondered if the reckless white man would remain long in camp on the flats below the village.

She had almost forgotten that it was the night her erstwhile lover, La Roche, was to have his answer. His voice, asking for her at the door, before the supper had been cleared away, made her think of it very abruptly. Reluctantly she answered his summons, and took a morsel of pleasure in dallying over sundry housekeeping details whilst he chafed with impatience on the step. They started at last on an awkward walk, over the portage path, and for a time she fenced his hinting, and then he burst forth in a fierce, foolish way to tell her of his love.

"But I am like the rapids, Emile. I will not be conquered easily, and I have said that he who wins a passage there, only is brave and true enough for me," she answered him, pettishly.

"A fellow came through them to-day, so I have heard. You should go to him, and he will welcome you, surely!" he said bitterly.

"So I may, Monsieur Le Grande! And he will be quick to take me, too," she retorted, laughing tauntingly into his face.

"Saint Chris! I will ride them myself to-morrow," he blurted out thickly, and, turning on his heel, left her.

"Emile, don't be foolish," she called after his retreating form, for she was somewhat nettled at being flouted, but he did not heed.

She laughed nervously, and on the way home sang, to keep her mind free to think of that face as it passed her by the great rock in the morning.

The grey dawn had scarce finished its work of dissipating the mist above the plunge, when a solitary man in a canoe came paddling with short, feverish strokes into the wake of the running water. It was Emile La Roche, and his haggard face bore evidence that his sleep of the night had done him but sluggish service. He had determined to equal the feat of the day before or feed his body to the fishes, which waited in the deep pool below the torrent. Just why he should do so, or what effect it might have on his love affair, did not occur to him. His main thought was rather for a vindication of his prowess and courage, and to prove to his heart's desire that no white-blood adventurer could invade his territory with impunity.

His years of acquaintance with the rapids had not taught him as much of its hidden ferocity as that first swift scene which opened to him as the suck of the current tightened on his paddle. Yet he did not feel afraid. The yawning gap between the rocks was easily won, and with the increased speed came the wild elation of the race. The jutting ledge, "Rosa's ledge," he called it, was at his bow point. He looked up and shouted hoarsely to the quiet peacefulness of the rising sun.

A dainty ear heard the voice, as its owner hurried breathlessly along the rock-strewn portage path. The dew, hanging in big drops on the long grass, wet Rosa Poilette's feet, and she was cold and ill with fright. She had forgotten that she was a coquette, that by her haste to save her lover she was leaving her own heart open to a betrayal. The shout assured her that her great fears were realized, and because of a few foolish words, La Roche had essayed to ride the rapids of St. Croix. She remembered a place where she might save him, but if she would gain it in time, she must run very fast. Pell-mell over the rocks she scrambled, not heeding the jagged tears in her pretty skirt. Into the open of the river she emerged, and in a moment would be at the edge, where, leaning out far into the spent drift, she could snatch a passing body. Already a dark object was shooting towards her on the breast of the current. It twisted and writhed horribly, flaying the water with a paddle, which was part of it. She caught one fleeting glance at the face, and it was Emile La Roche.

"Emile!" she called, forgetting that no sound could penetrate that wild turmoil. A crevice between two boulders gave a gripping place for her left hand, and instinctively her fingers sought it, as she reached outwards. The floating body was before her in an instant, and she snatched it with reckless courage. It pulled, and her own body seemed to stretch with the tension, but she held on, gasping in the spray, which dashed into her face. She knew she must let go, but it was her left hand which was slipping. Farther yet was she drawn, and then her fingers scraped over the rock, leaving a tiny trail of blood. Suddenly strong hands caught her skirts, and drew her back, and she knew some one had come to her assistance. The angry water was innocent now, and wanted her not, nor her lover either, for a long, dark arm passed before her and seized La Roche. In a twinkling, rescuer and rescued were out of harm's way upon the dry ledge. Rosa pushed her dark wet hair from her face so that she might see who it was that had helped her, half hoping that it might be the white man, Douglas. It was only the stolid face of Tobin, the Iroquois boatman, that met her gaze, and it was the exertion, not fright, that made her tremble as she arose to thank him.

"It is nothing," he answered.

Emile La Roche awoke from his stupor in the cabin of Granny Poilette. The old lady herself was watching him when he opened his eyes, and smiled when he asked for Rosa.

"She is a coquette, Emile," she answered, for Rosa was even then watching the strangers embark from the rock which gave her a view of their movements.

"Strange things will women do for men," Douglas was saying, when Tobin had narrated the facts of the rescue.

THIRD AND OUT

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

EVER since Clear Springs had had a name there had probably been played there croquet of some sort. But any Green Hills wanderers who chanced to stop off at the Junction would with difficulty have believed in that. Certainly football in Clear Springs would have been like football on a series of gambrel roofs. In the case of baseball, right and left field could alone have been located with any degree of accuracy by the use of a sextant; and then in all likelihood they would have been found respectively twenty feet underground and half way up a tree. Golf might possibly have found a footing, but only if played by the Alpine Club. There was really only level ground enough for checkers, or maybe marbles, if one stuck to a little ring. In fact, Clear Springs, if long in scenery—agricultural community though it was—was short on the horizontal.

And croquet itself had had little enough spirit in it until the Dunlops, up on the hill, built their new brick. The levelling for the house had left a stretch hardly less level on either side of it. As the carpenters and masons had, after their manner, abandoned the field, you could hardly have thought of those stretches as lawns. They were botanical gardens of plastery gravel, brick nickings, and broad-axe chips, with here and there a mortar patch in the way of a flower bed.

But there were possibilities there, and the two grown-up Dunlop girls, Lily and Jessica, who by now were maintaining the social end of the house, saw that from the first. They gathered up most of the rubbish themselves, raked the ground as smooth as possible, and then succeeded in coaxing George and Clayte into masculine co-operation. A few loads of black earth from the bush, a small measure of grass seed, the double team and roller for an afternoon, and nature's smooth-fingered legerdemain did the rest.

That was in the fall. Next spring there came out from town two new sets of croquet more shining in their paint and varnish than a card of color samples. And within a fortnight the youths and maidens of Clear Springs had been brought to a new focus.

It was croquet of the old dispensation, which, though in no wise concerned as to how mallets were held, frowned absolutely on any kind of partnership other than that of man and girl. Moreover, save for an occasional afternoon gathering of the young ladies, the two or three hours between supper and nightfall afforded the only playing time. But on neither lawn was much of that playing time wasted. Clear Springs went into it with a New England earnestness. It was no longer the mildest of out-of-door relaxations. By June there were a score who played very well, and a half-dozen who played uncommonly well, indeed. Evening after evening the big elms inside the white picket fence looked down upon Homeric contests, the fame of which, carried by the stage-driver, traversed the length of the township. It was not long until groups of elders, too, were climbing the hill to look on at the battle. They were received with all due forms of politeness by Mrs. Dunlop, seated on one of the gently-decaying green benches between the syringa bushes; and talking croquet for the time even took the place of talking gossip.

It came, in the end, that about the one individual within a league around who was not following those small evening campaigns was old Mr. Dunlop himself, better known as "Uncle John." But Uncle John was of the tribe of those who, after they pass fifty, for all their bodily vigor is in no wise abated, show themselves much less father than granddad to their families.

In his case it may have been that the modern world simply didn't interest him any more. At any rate, when he had turned over the running of his farm to the boys, he had apparently given up all concern in everything else beside, everything, that is, save his bees. Of these latter he had fifty hives. And the young garden orchard, in which he had set them out, was on the slope directly below the left-hand croquet lawn, in almost unimpeded sight and hearing of it. But it is to be doubted if Uncle John knew that that croquet lawn, much less the one on the other side of the house, was there at all. Or, if he had

noticed hoops and balls scattered over the grass, it would have been much in the same way as he noticed the stones cluttering a pasture field. Almost every evening he was down in the bee-yard pumping the smoker bellows, and rumbling away to himself.

Sometimes those aforementioned elders of the flock would wander down to talk to him, but they were never given a great deal of welcoming encouragement. The only one of the younger generation who seemed to feel constrained to show him this civility was the schoolmaster, Graydon, from Portland. And almost every time he went down there he was stung, which tickled old Dunlop more than a column of jokes in a bitters' almanac. If we expand upon Uncle John, it is because he precipitates himself into the story, and powerfully, too, later on.

In the meantime, there was some very interesting croquet going. On the one lawn the Junction night operator, Dave Hamilton, seconded by Miss Mamie McCall, had been bringing low all dual combinations that came up against them. Dave was a flaming-headed terror, and when he picked up a hostile ball it was like a cyclone having fun with a new barn. Miss Mamie, for her part, was little less zephyrus. During the same evenings on the other lawns all possible combinations were being swiftly conquered by another partnership. This consisted of the school-teacher and Miss Lily Dunlop. And if Dunlop senior had had eyes for anything at all but his bees, it might have come within his notice that those two had been playing together since spring, and seemed to find it necessary to hold each other's mallets between games. There was just one more week before school should close, and Graydon leave for Portland again. Those victorious couples needs must meet. And that one week remaining was to see their meeting.

They started Tuesday evening, and that first game established some new standards of roqueting. Up till then, in Clear Springs, anything over five yards had been regarded as bordering close upon the marvellous. Now, in every other turn there were shots made, not merely straight roquets, but cannons from the cage and veritable "round the corner clips," which were to keep the store and blacksmith-shop in talking funds for the entire day following. It was a struggle which not even the cloying whiffs of white clover honey, wafted up every few minutes from the bee-yard, could in anywise sweeten and mollify. From the first it had been evident that one game an evening would be all they could get in; and even so, it was dusk when the finish came. By a flying drive from the lower edge of bounds, Dave sent Miss Mamie home, and then followed her himself; but he came out of it looking as badly worried as if he had been beaten. He took his mallet and ball home with him that night, and by five next morning he was practicing shots at old coupling pins in the gravel and knot-grass behind the baggage-room. As for Miss Lily and the school-teacher, they exchanged a look when parting which promised all that was necessary for the evening following.

And the second game was if anything more soul-absorbing than the first. Both sides had now pretty clearly shown their tactics, and they were tactics wholly different. Dave might have a lady for a partner, but for the first half of the battle, at least, she was compelled to shift for herself. It was his policy to make himself a rover with all possible expedition; and then, as he announced it himself, "he was the red-haired pirate of Clear Springs, and that croquet lawn was his Spanish Main." Once a rover he might help his partner, but for the most part he employed himself in the most diabolical of onslaughts upon the enemy. As for Grayden, one might have thought that he had learned croquet from playing chess. He was of the German school of tacticians you read about. Or, better, if the operator was the red-haired rover, he was the Mahan of the Spanish Main. If Dave came in a-raiding on long roquets, which none but he would ever have dared to attempt, by his next turn, Grayden having been at work in the meantime, you would wonder where it had profited him. The school-teacher and Miss Lily put up combination work, which, if it was the hardest kind of fighting, was as pretty as good billiards. And in the end they went home together, just one move ahead.

But there was something else which had rendered that match entirely fascinating, and it was this. Grayden might be making his

combination play with Miss Lily ever so profitable; but profitable or no, it was too evident that, in the present ardent development of his feelings, to play in any fashion less chivalrous would have been impossible to him. Whether it was tactics or "true affection's bond," leave Miss Lily's side he could not. He went through no hoops before she did. Live or die, it would be together. Therefore, by on-looking Clear Springs he was accorded only less sympathy than interest.

And that sympathy and interest would have been quadrupled had Clear Springs been able to know what took place immediately after that second game. The school-teacher did not leave with the rest. He stayed an hour or more at the gate with Miss Lily, the result of which tender interview being the understanding that something else was due to be settled at some time just subsequent to the third and final journey. Why not before it? Because, as Miss Lily and Mr. Grayden both of them clearly understood, if Dunlop senior should adopt the hostile attitude—and the proposition was one which, of necessity, must be altogether sudden and novel to him—there would probably be the best of reasons why the school-teacher would not take part in that final game at all.

Thursday it rained. Friday it continued to rain, and Saturday morning it rained some more. Grayden was to leave on Sunday. The time was growing very short. But by the afternoon the clouds had drifted over and the sun was getting in its work upon the grass again. For the last time Mrs. Dunlop had invited the school-teacher up to supper. In the matter of emotions his heart was driving two-handed, but he tried nobly to make talk with the old man, who, it may be said, hated being talked to almost more than he hated weak tea. Finally the young man made the innocent observation that the bees ought to be feeling good after their two days' rest.

"Huh!" said "Uncle John," staring his wondering contempt. "Heh, heh! All the bees I've ever handled have been madder after havin' to rest than a tramp just come off the tread-mill!" It certainly was not inviting any further converse.

But half an hour later the school-master had something else to which to give his thoughts. If the auburn-haired operator had been a roving pirate before, this time he was playing the game of the finished commerce-destroyer. It was as if he had cast off the chance of sails, and that not merely for steam but for the arrowy tail-shafts of the turbine. For the antique long-toms and bow-chasers of buccaneerdom, too, he had substituted artillery of telescope range and compound bursting charge. Aye, and Miss Mamie, under his directions, had, as it were, become the most virulent of rapid-fire "T. B. D.'s." They came with swiftness and they came with fury.

But Mr. Grayden had that within him which rose to it. He met those deadly sword-fish cruiser dartings with the solid, floating-battery strength of the battleship. To him Miss Lily's yellow ball had now become some graceful and defenceless liner, freighted with all earth's treasury; and as often as the attackers drove mercilessly in, he lee'd her behind his sheltering shield, took the brunt of it, and heroically bade her pursue her voyage without fear. Then battered, but triumphant, he would slowly follow her. On the downward route, off the shoals of the cage, there was a general engagement. In the road-stead about the turning-post there was another, and it was one which lasted until twilight. The red ball had once more won itself the full manoeuvring liberty of the rover; but it came from the *cul de sac* of a final tight roquet, so banged and smitten that one might well have believed it would never sail that sea again. The priceless galleon-liner moved on, and made the next headland in safety; and the school-teacher's soul was exalted in him.

But at the cage once more the enemy gathered for the onslaught. Three times they closed with him, but three times he stood to his twelve-inchers and drove them off. The voice of an admiring world acclaimed him, and higher and higher was his soul uplifted. Upon his fighting bridge he felt himself half Nelson, half Cassabianca. And thinking of what he had still to do that night, he looked down through the thickening dusk to that figure, almost it seemed in another world, now stooping in the glow of a lantern among the distant bee-hives. The old man had only to approach at this moment to see that he was

worthy. Perhaps he might hear and be proud of him when the fight was over!

The other two lanterns had been sent for, and were already on their way out to the croquet field. One turn of the wheel more, and Miss Lily was safe in the home port. Miss Mamie, the ruthless, waited no longer, but swiftly followed her to haven. Operator and school-teacher alone remained, with almost the whole fighting area between their colors, and the former's all but masked behind a covering hoop. It was for the latter to make the shot which would be decisive. Miss Lily handed him his mallet, touching the ends of his fingers, and he thrilled to it. Clear Springs, standing about in the half darkness, stopped breathing. Twice did the young man survey the range; and even so, before he struck, his eyes involuntarily lifted and sought the bee-yard. He did not make the shot.

For, as he looked, that third lantern whirled high in a half circle and crashed against a tree ten feet away. But the shattering of glass was lost in the frightful explosion of ancient profanity which went with it. Then followed the sound of a falling hive-top.

"Oh, it's those wretched bees!" cried Miss Lily; "they're after him again!"

A moment later her parent, snorting and leaping and smiting himself, came bursting up through the young orchard. And with hardly less precipitation into the shelter of the syringa bushes retreated all Clear Springs—all save Dave Hamilton and the school-teacher.

But how greatly did the motives of those twain differ. Directly in the line of the old man's charge was the operator's hoop-masked ball; and instant in him, from that basic selfishness in our low human nature, had sprung the single instinct to protect it. "Uncle John saw his way blocked, and blocked deliberately. Amazement almost paralyzing his fury, he veered and went down over one of the side hoops.

He had hardly succeeded in getting to his feet again when the school-teacher was upon him, and any remaining doubts the frenzied old man might still have had of the nature of the operator's intentions were now removed.

"Sulphur and brimstone," he bellowed, "what d'ye mean, anyway?"

But Grayden's mallet was whirling frantically to right and left in a succor that would not be denied. The baited ancient turned, charged down the field, and this time it was the end hoops he found. Again his enemies, small and great, were upon him. If he had not recognized the existence of a croquet lawn before, he recognized it now.

"Oh, paw!" cried Miss Jessie Dunlop. And "Oh, paw!" cried Miss Lily.

"I'll *paw* ye," he roared from where he bit the ground. "Fix up a trap like this for me, will ye?"

But the devoted school-teacher had once more rushed to his assistance.

"Oh, by hickory, an' you come back again!" He got up, made four steps, and this time he tried to take the cage. It did not bring him prone, however; in its rebound it jerked him into a sitting posture.

Yet, while that cage held firm, and it was rooted deep, terrible indeed were those moments. With a deliberation to chill the blood, "Uncle John" smacked himself now on this paw, now on that.

"Oh, Mr. Dunlop!" cried the young man.

His father-in-law-to-be smote himself again. "By the livin's—let me once get at ye!"

From the syringa bushes rushed forth Miss Lily. "Oh, he will be free in a minute! Oh, run, Mr. Grayden, run!" Next moment, seeing that he rashly refused to flee, her protecting arms were about him, and she was dragging him from the field.

A half minute later Clear Springs was hurrying rapidly and nervously through the white-picketed front gate. As the last of them passed out, they heard from the other side of the house the sounds, horribly renewed, of plunging falls and terrible eruptions. "Uncle John" had escaped to the second lawn.

That evening, while Miss Jessica was making plasters of ammonia and wet earth, her weeping sister was clearing two stricken fields of the last vestiges of combat. But, after all, Mr. Grayden could do it almost as well by letter, and if only father was not too much reminded of things in the meantime—

As for the great Clear Springs croquet tournament, it is still to be completed.

'TWAS FATE, DEAR

By E. J. CARMICHAEL

CHAPTER II.

"OH! by the way," he said carelessly, "speaking of Nora, I want you to let me give her some lessons in stenography this winter, so that she can go into an office by and by. I think there is likely to be a vacancy in my father's in the early spring, and Nora would just fill the bill. She told me the other night that she wished to do something."

"Yes, poor child, I am afraid she must try. It is very good of you, Hugh, to give up your time to her. She will be more than grateful, I am sure."

"You don't know what a chump it makes a fellow feel to stand aside and do nothing when you girls work so hard. It maddens me that I cannot make things easier for you."

"Why, we're getting on splendidly," said Gretchen, "but to-night is one of my bad times, and I was feeling so weary and dispirited I was tempted to board a car—but it would have meant two fares, so I thought I had better not—it would be a relief to tell you about it, though, Hugh; may I?"

"Please do; it is always a pleasure when you give me your confidence."

"I do not know that I should on this occasion, but I certainly think I will feel better if I speak out to somebody—and I think it would worry the girls—and you always understand. You are a very comforting person, Hugh. You have been like a big brother to us for years. Haven't you?"

Hugh Bronson winced at her words, but he made a reply full of encouragement to her to proceed, and Gretchen went on.

"I was, as you know, at the Halsoms for the first, and certainly now, the last time. Mrs. Halsom sent for me to arrange her dinner table for the Curling Club, which they are entertaining to-night. She wanted the club colors introduced, and also those of the visiting club in some novel design. I had small curling stones to hold the ribbons in place, and a looking glass centre-piece, surrounded by frosted glass to represent ice, and used holly berries and greens to set it off, and I was so interested in my own ideas that the time fairly flew, and I was just wishing some one was there to admire my work, when suddenly I whisked round to get something and knocked down off the edge of the sideboard a pile of finger-bowls. Imagine, a whole dozen, which were piled inside one another—as they had no right to be of course. They broke into fragments naturally, and my dismay knew no bounds; and Mrs. Halsom came rushing in to see what had happened, and said in her high pitched voice, how extremely careless I was; how much she prized those bowls, which was all quite true and deserved. But she also remarked that she didn't suppose I had ever seen such valuable glass before, and that no one but a fool could have over-looked them. I assured her of my sorrow to have been so clumsy, and that I should certainly try and replace them. When her eyes fell upon the table, and what I had been doing, and she said—a gleam of satisfaction sweeping over her countenance: 'Well, really Miss Hazelwood, you have done yourself credit I must acknowledge; but I suppose as you have wrought so much damage you will feel yourself amply repaid for your couple of hours' work if I say nothing more about the finger-bowls. Of course you know you can never replace them; so I think that is the least you can do."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Bronson, expressively, "is it possible?"

"Oh, but that is not all Hugh, or I would have said nothing; the worst is yet to come; it was trivial in comparison. You know Mr. Halsom, don't you?"

"Yes, the great lout; what had he to do with it?"

"Most unfortunately he happened to come in," went on Gretchen, "and followed his wife into the dining-room unnoticed by either of us, and when he heard what she said to me he turned and talked to Mrs. Halsom in language that was not at all choice. I never heard a lady spoken to in that way before. He called her spendthrift and a

skinflint, and I don't know what beside, and swore by all that was holy that I should be paid, and he was blowed if he wasn't glad one of her needless extravagances had come to grief—otherwise he wouldn't have had a chance to get a good look at me."

"He always was a cad," muttered Hugh.

"Oh, Hugh! he must have been drinking. I know he must, for his wife fled, and all the servants, too, and I found myself alone. I would have gone too, but he threw himself in front of the door to prevent me and said something about: 'Oh! having got me out of a deuced mess, and that as I was so infernally good to look at he thought he deserved a—a—a—kiss.' Oh! Hugh!"

"Damn!" ejaculated Hugh, between his teeth; and somehow Gretchen, who was in a half hysterical mood between laughter and tears, felt herself avenged. But as she glanced up at his face in the glare of an electric light they were passing, it seemed to her as though for the first time she realized how this tried friend felt about her—and a strange warmth thrilled her through and through.

For a moment each was so occupied with their own thoughts that neither spoke. The veins stood out on Hugh's forehead and his teeth were tightly locked over his lower lip.

"He is the lowest cur in all the earth," he said. "I only wish you would give me the right to take a horse-whip to him. What happened then?"

"I struck him with the end of ribbon I held in my hand across the face; that sobered him, and he moved aside; so I made good my opportunity and rushed from the house."

Bronson was so consumed with rage that it was with some difficulty that Gretchen got him calmed down, but finally his common-sense told him least said was soonest mended and he consented to hold his peace.

"It is the same old story," he said, bitterly; "I can do nothing for you—not even fight your battles—this cursed poverty; what a lot it means both to you and to me, because of you."

"Oh! Hugh, you do so much for me" said Gretchen, a new shyness in her tone; "so now let us think no more about it, but get home and forget our troubles."

CHAPTER III.

Shortly after this a third aspirant for the hand of the second Miss Hazelwood appeared on the zenith of her life's horizon. The Hon. Stephen Shortreed was an Englishman who, needing rest and change after a more than usually strenuous year in politics, to which he was devoted, decided to see Canada and part of the States, and take a tour that would enable him to form his own conclusions about Niagara, British Columbia, certain farming and mining districts he had heard of and so on.

He certainly had no thoughts in his calculations of looking about to see if he could meet his fate or take home a colonial bride, but, stopping for a few weeks in Toronto, when the winter season was in full swing, he found so many attractions new to his Eastern mind in the way of sleighing, skating, and ice boating, that he was persuaded a month by the way could be most pleasantly spent there, and met with great cordiality from the hostesses of fashionable society, who saw "a good catch" in this high-bred young Britisher who was evidently in possession of both brains and wealth.

He met Gretchen at a card party, the first she had attended since her mother's death, and his attentions to her commenced in the most marked manner at once. Something about the girl attraced him strongly, whether it was the simple dignity of her demeanor or the beauty of her face, he knew not. He was thrown in with her at several different tables, quite by accident, and a certain contrast to other girls in her whole bearing he felt at once.

She wore white Indian silk of the most inexpensive quality, but its soft creaminess and the fineness of some old lace which relieved its simplicity, added greatly to the lustre of her beautiful dark eyes and the sheen of her golden-brown hair. She possessed a sparkling sense of humor, and a sweet refinement, and wherever she happened to be, quiet mirth and bright repartee were rampant. Hugh Bronson also, and Albert Martin were present, but she saw little of either of them till the cards were at an end, though the former never lost consciousness of her presence and whereabouts. Martin attempted with the tactlessness of a thor-

oughly thin-skinned man, to secure her for a sitting-out corner the moment he got a chance, but with gentle dignity which piqued even Albert, she persisted in remaining where she was in the drawing-room, and in speaking with a friendly carelessness that showed him pretty well how entirely she had obliterated any sentiment regarding him.

Hugh had already secured the privilege of taking her home, and when after listening entranced to a couple of songs sung by Gretchen in her full contralto, Stephen summoned up courage to ask if he might be her escort—he was greatly chagrined in finding himself too late.

"May I be allowed the pleasure of calling upon you and your sisters, then," he persisted, and Gretchen inwardly enjoying this new and sudden homage—gave a gracious consent. He came next day and, needless to relate, greatly prolonged his stay in the city after that, and went often to Hazelwood, where he always received a warm, but never an effusive welcome.

One day, as he was returning from a visit there, he ran across Albert Martin just outside the gate.

"Deuced pretty girls, those, eh Shortreed?" he remarked, familiarly pointing to Hazelwood house, "hear you are quite struck there."

The Hon. Stephen adjusted his eye-glass and stared at the speaker fixedly. Something in his gaze filled Martin with a certain uneasiness and he shifted his ground.

"Beg pardon," he began uncomfortably, "hope I haven't put my foot in it, but you know one is bound to hear rumors, and I always feel as though I hold a sort of mortgage on the Hazelwoods, having known them pretty intimately for a good while."

"It seems strange," remarked Shortreed, briefly, "that I have never met you there since by their kind permission I have been fortunate enough to visit them."

"Oh! not at all," replied Albert glibly; "you see the fact is we had a sort of disagreement, I and the second Miss Hazelwood, over her hiring herself out in a way her friends naturally objected to—girls have so little idea of what is becoming in them to do—I suppose you heard of her peculiar employment."

"Snob," thought Stephen. "I will have to shut him up." Aloud:

"You really must have been intimate to have imagined you had the right to interfere in any way with the ideas of a young lady whose refinement is so innate and common sense so extraordinary as to raise the level of whatever work in which she saw fit to engage—surely no one but a fool would lay himself open to deservedly losing such a privilege."

"Then you were already aware of Miss Hazelwood's strange departure in the way of earning a livelihood?" said Albert, ignoring the implied snub.

"Fully," answered the other calmly, "it was one of the first things that so greatly interested me in the family. In England we seldom meet with such indomitable pluck and spirit as your Canadian girls have—if your average man was of such a fine type what a country this might become—but I think our ways part here, Mr. Martin, and as discussing ladies is not much in my line, I will say good afternoon."

Hugh also called at Hazelwood that day, but it was about eight o'clock in the evening, when, having rung twice and got no response, he took the liberty of opening the front door and making his way of his own accord to the drawing room. Shrieks of mirth were ensuing from the inner room, where Nora and a young friend were engaged in a vigorous game of ping-pong, but in the big room, on the threshold of which Hugh stood, the firelight disclosed to him the form of Gretchen sitting at the piano, her hands wandering idly over the keys. This was one of the girl's dark hours; she was thinking over her work, its smallness, its slight chances of leading to anything more profitable; the great need of her making a bigger effort, for a new worry was creeping in concerning Blanche, the dear, hard-worked elder sister, who had of late developed a most alarming cough, the persistence of which was pulling her down considerably.

"What can I do," she thought wearily, "if I go on with my work I can do nothing to help in the house. If I give it up we had better go away from Hazelwood at once. Indeed it seems as though that might be the

best thing in any case, and yet I know the thought of it would half kill Blanche. Oh! if mother were only here; everything seems so different without her." Her bright head drooped sadly and, striking a few chords, she began to sing in a low, sweet tone some words she had herself set to music after her mother's death:

"Oh! to call you back dear for one brief hour
When the last sun-rays linger in the west
And bells are chiming in the old church tower
Telling of rest.
Just for an hour we'd sit in the old seat
Beneath the ivy covered churchyard wall
And with your hand in mine you'd listen sweet
I'd tell you all."

"Rest on, sweet darling, in the cold damp grave,
But let your spirit hover near unseen
To bid me dangers face with courage brave
And on you lean—
I will not call you back, and yet, ah me!
My faith seems weaker than my love is strong
I'll take what is and dream of what might be
This even-song."

As her voice ceased with a sort of sob, Bronson became aware that he ought to make known his presence—there was a huskiness in his throat that gave him every excuse, so he coughed, and advanced into the room.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gretchen, coming forward from the piano, a slim, black-robed figure in the flickering light. "How you startled me; how long have you been here may I ask?" "Only a moment—forgive me, Gretchen, but I took the liberty of walking in as I couldn't make anyone hear the bell."

"Blanche is out to dinner to-night, and Nora is romping as usual—the bell is out of order anyway, I think—it, like most other things at Hazelwood nowadays, needs to be repaired. We're all out of gear."

The girl sank listlessly into a huge arm chair and Hugh strode forward and said a few words to the ping-pong players; then, drawing the door between the two rooms shut, came back and stood looking at Gretchen, who said, making a brave effort to forget herself:

"Well, Hugh! what's the news?"

"Nothing that I know of," he answered. "I have sent another manuscript to another editor, but goodness only knows how soon I will have it hurled back at my head. Gretchen, that was a very sad little song just now—it hurt—now, what new worries have you? May I not hear them?"

Before she was aware she was drawn out, and opened up to this old friend because he always understood, a heart full of perplexities and care beyond her years, speaking of her anxiety about Blanche, their need of more help now that she and Nora were working, the repairs that ought to be attended to, the fear she entertained that they should leave this home of their childhood, which was both too large and too cold for them now, and how she dreaded to mention it to her sister, and as Hugh Bronson listened while she talked, and she noted the ever-changing expression on his strong, true face, in spite of herself she contrasted it with another face that she had grown used to seeing there a year ago, and she knew she had won back what was of far greater value to her than what she had lost.

"What a friend you are to me, Hugh; how grateful I am to you, yet," she broke off suddenly, "why should I burden you with all my little worries?"

"I will tell you why," said Bronson, his voice full of compressed feeling: "Gratitude from you to me is so out of place that it is the least I can do. Don't you know, little one, that the friendship of a good, pure girl is the greatest boon she can bestow upon a fellow except her love; *that,* I dare not ask you for, but it maddens me to stand by and feel that because I am only a poor, struggling unsuccessful journalist, I can help you not at all. Oh! Gretchen, do you not know that the confidence and trust you show me, makes a fellow pray every hour of his life to be worthy. The world is full of temptation, of rush, of hurry and whirl that threatens to check every honest thought—but each man has someone—some woman for whom he can resist the evil, a sister, a wife, or in some cases as in mine, a dear, dear friend, whose sweet influence crowns his ambitions and turns his desire for wrong into loathing of it. Think then what I owe you and have done for years, and imagine, if you can, how much I long sometimes to throw aside this everlasting grind that keeps me back and go into my father's office and try to get on faster, as he so greatly wishes."

"Oh no Hugh! don't do that," exclaimed Gretchen earnestly; "you may be on the very eve of success. Think how magazines already have accepted your stories and poems, and how your articles always receive places; some day you will get your book published and become great all in one day. I know you will."

Bronson laughed.

"Well, little girl, it is nice to feel that one person believes in me anyway. All the same even your encouragement fails to assure me at times that I am not making a mistake in not giving in to the governor's desire to have me take to office work and give up these mad ambitions that seem so difficult to attain. In all these years I have made by my pen just barely enough for my own needs, and a man thinks sometimes of the future and what he would like to be in a position to do for those he loves."

"Yes, I know," interrupted Gretchen, "but there is so much in your work beside money-making, which is bound to come in time. Why, Hugh, you have the power to speak to the hearts of multitudes, to help people along by opening up channels of new thought and influencing and inciting them to higher, nobler views. Your intellect and this gift straight from God of expressing what it holds for the benefit of others could never waste itself in ordinary channels; think what it all means, Hugh. Money is only the smallest part of it."

"Yet money can give a man the right to ask for his heart's desire," said Hugh in a low tone. "Gretchen, darling, there are moments when I could curse the taste for literary work that has kept me down and leaves me now able to say to you nothing except that I love you, love you, love you."

"We have always been fond of one another, Hugh, dear," said Gretchen, slowly rising and going to the window. "Such good comrades, and friends, but you musn't disappoint me and go, and turn out just like other people, your work is one of the greatest to which one can attain, it must be first, Hugh; go on, and never give up."

At that moment Nora burst unceremoniously into the room, followed shortly after by Blanche, who arrived home wet and cold out of a sudden blinding snow-storm and needed her sister's most loving administration. And Hugh said no more, except as he pressed Gretchen's hand in farewell

"Good night, my lodestar, and thank you."

(To be continued.)

AN ACADIAN ROMANCE

By PATRICK KIRK

PART I.

OVER Minas Basin brooded the infinite tranquility of the sunset hour. The water lay like a great sheet of burnished copper, out of which Cape Blomidon raised its towering head, dark sentinel of the golden treasure. The scintillating dark blue of the afternoon sky had become softened by a dreamy haze. The west was a calm, stilly sea of many-tinted gold, bordered by towers and battlements of pearl grey and smoky purple clouds, and the quiet rhythm of the mingled vesper hymns of the robins and thrushes was the very quintessence of peace.

Graham MacKinnon was vaguely conscious of all the magic beauty of the Acadian shore, as he drew his boat to its moorings and sprang up the bank. In his soul also was a deep sense of peace, for was there not in his pocket a letter from Edith, his beautiful, proud, imperious Edith.

For three weeks past he had rowed across the harbor each day to the post office in vain hope of receiving some word from her. To-night the village postmistress had smiled brightly as Graham's manly form swung up the clover-bordered path from the shore, and she had said cheerily, "I have something precious for you to-night," for in Glenhaven everyone knew everyone else's business as well as they did their own.

Graham had thanked her, asked how her sick husband was, filled little lame Tim's hands with candy and Tim's heart with joy at a promise to take him rowing the following evening, and strode off again to the shore.

As his strong, vigorous strokes sent the light skiff rapidly through the water, Tim cried admiringly, "Can't he pull, mamma!" and Mrs. Davis, following the direction of Tim's gaze, thought "if Edith Dalton is merely amusing herself with Graham MacKinnon, I'm afraid there are many in Glenhaven who will never forgive her."

Under a spreading oak tree on the bank Graham threw himself to read the letter. Long he sat there, and over his face came an ashy pallor and all the eagerness and boyish enthusiasm died out of his eyes.

"It is not that I do not care for you still," this was the paragraph that riveted his attention, "but I feel that while you persist in taking the view you do our engagement must cease. Before you came to New York I did not realize the gulf that had been growing up between us ever since I left Glenhaven. I know you think you cannot leave your mother, but I am sure she would soon see how unreasonable it is to expect you to waste your splendid abilities among the Glenhaven farmers at work that is almost, if not quite, distasteful to you. Oh, Graham, for my sake can you not make an effort to get a college education? I know your wishes are all in this direction, and I cannot, *cannot* give up all my ambitions and my art to bury myself in a rustic paradise."

There was much more, pleading, expostulating and persuading, but nothing that stung like this: "The gulf that has grown up between us." The words seemed burned into his brain. In his brief visit to New York a few weeks before he had missed something of the old, loving comradeship. But then Edith had never been demonstrative, and he had seen so little of her alone. His visit had been a distinct disappointment, but in his tender loyalty he had never blamed his young betrothed. "I am not used to city ways," he had thought, "but if we were again in the boat or the old orchard at Glenhaven she would be her own sweet self."

Now the truth seared into his soul, and the agony seemed unendurable. *Edith was ashamed of him.* A score of little incidents of those New York days rushed to his mind and all pointed to the same inevitable conclusion. He ground his teeth as he remembered the flush on the young girl's cheeks the day she introduced him to young Barrett. Of course he had contrasted unfavorably in the eyes of a woman with that well-groomed young dandy, thought Graham bitterly, and he was humiliatingly conscious of how aloof he had felt as they spoke of artists whose names he

had never before heard. These little things he remembered now, and inwardly he vowed he would make Edith Dalton proud of him.

Before his father's death, Graham MacKinnon had intended to take an arts course in college preparatory to the study of law. He was quick to learn and extremely ambitious, but when his father crossed "the great divide" three years before, the young man's plans had undergone a great change.

Mrs. MacKinnon had always been a frail, delicate woman, and when her life's companion had been taken away from her she became a complete invalid, clinging with all the remaining strength of her nature, to her stalwart, chivalrous son. Graham had a short, sharp struggle with himself and then he had bravely and uncomplainingly taken up the burden of his life.

Edith's letter had opened up the old wound. For a while his aims and ambitions soared up again on the wings of hope. He should make a glorious name for himself among men out in the world of men. He could almost see the tender, yet proud welcome in the haughty face of the young artist whom he loved—but—his mother. He *could* not leave her and she would never be able to leave the home where all her married life had been spent, the neighbors who were all her friends, and the green grave on the sunny hillside by the sea. Oh God! how could he go? And yet his heart ached with an intolerable pain, and his whole being cried out for Edith.

Long the struggle waged, and when at last he rose, the light of self-renunciation in his eyes, a cold gray mist lay over land and water. All the brightness of joy seemed to have died out. A misty moon glimmered icily, and the phantom song of the whip-poor-will voiced the sorrow of sea and sky. The eternal wail of the ocean translated itself into Graham's distorted imagination as "Lost, dead,—dead, lost," and the ringing of the buoy on the coast seemed a knell for dead hopes and lost love.

PART II.

During the remaining years of her life, Mrs. MacKinnon was cared for with an all-pervading love that shielded her from every care. In refusing to forsake what he believed to be his post of duty, Graham MacKinnon builded better than he knew. All the latent strength and tenderness of a strong nature were called into being. In spite of the unfilled natural depths of his life, after the first struggle he was not morbidly unhappy.

He threw himself heartily into his work. Gradually his distaste for it wore off. He became interested. He began to study the science of farming, and to attend agricultural lectures. Soon his name became an authority among fruit growers. He was one of the most popular men in the county, and when a representative was needed in parliament to look after the interests of the fruit exporters no one, except Graham himself, was surprised when young MacKinnon led the poll by an overwhelming majority.

After an exceptionally long and trying session in the House of Commons, Graham went down to New York to visit an old friend. One day, while strolling through one of the large art galleries, his attention was suddenly riveted by a painting entitled "The Long Quest." He forgot himself and his surroundings, and remembered only Edith Dalton and Glenhaven until startled by the sound of his friend's voice: "Why, MacKinnon, what's wrong? You're staring at that picture as though it were your family skeleton."

Without taking his eyes from the canvas, Graham said, and there was a queer, smothered ring of suppressed emotion in his voice—"If it isn't the skeleton, it is the cupboard."

Kenneth Grant turned and looked at the painting. It was a picture of a beautiful Nova Scotian harbor, from which the tide was receding, leaving great, solitary stretches of mud. The deserted wharves, the stranded boats, the cloudy sky, all gave a subtle suggestion of infinite solitude. An orchard sloped down to the water's edge, and on a rustic seat under a gnarled old apple tree sat a slim girlish figure in an attitude of vain watching and pathetic yearning. To the unheeding multitude the picture was only a masterpiece of art, but to Graham it was a message from the dead past, a fragment of a broken

heart, for that rustic seat had once been the favorite trysting-place of Graham MacKinnon and Edith Dalton, and it was there, amid the falling petals of the apple blossoms that they had first plighted their troth.

"The Long Quest," said Kenneth Grant, "what a peculiar name for the picture."

"The tide goes out; and with it goes my heart
On the long quest that ends but where thou art,"

quoted Graham. "Ken, I must find the artist who painted that picture."

"That shouldn't be a difficult matter, considering this is the picture of the year," answered Grant, trying not to show the curiosity he felt. "Ask Knowles; he's a regular encyclopedia of everything concerning New York art. He'll be able to tell you all about her."

"Thank you, Grant. I'll meet you at the hotel to-night." And Kenneth Grant, looking after the rapidly disappearing figure, muttered: "Mac, of all men under the canopy. Well, I'm blest."

A few hours later Edith Dalton was entering the room into which Graham MacKinnon had been ushered. The years had touched her lightly, but there was an inexpressible sadness in her beautiful eyes. Her dearest hopes had been gratified, but, like most people who have got what they most desired, she was bitterly disappointed. Too late she had learned that ambition can never take the place of love. There was a tenderness and graciousness in this woman who had suffered that had been entirely lacking in the proud young girl.

Graham rose as she crossed the threshold, and she paused in doubt. Surely that distinguished-looking man rising to greet her was not the handsome, but uncultured boy whom she had loved and whose memory she still loved. But there was no mistaking those earnest brown eyes which were eagerly scanning her face.

"Edith,"—and his voice was no longer that of the care-free youth, but that of a man who was recognized as a leader of men,—"I have just seen 'The Long Quest.'"

Her hand was in his and his eyes seemed to be darting red fire into her soul. For the first time in her life the beautiful and successful Miss Dalton was in awe of a man. She tried to utter a conventional greeting, but the words seemed to stick in her throat. All she was able to whisper was a very faint and very low "Graham."

"Have I read your message right? Did you mean your painting to say that you wished to go back to the old orchard?" he demanded in a tense, eager tone.

She raised her eyes to his, and the answer that Graham read there was what his heart had been longing for during all the past weary years.

TALKS WITH OUR READERS

THIS is truly an age of progressive literature. It is not sufficient that one should have read Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott and others of the time-honored writers. But we must in this, as in all other matters, keep up with the times. We should read the best of the current literature, current topics and events, if we would pretend to keep pace with our fellows.

The question arises, where are we to find, at a minimum of cost, this current literature, and right here is where the weekly and the monthly publications fill the want.

There is absolutely no room to doubt that a magazine is "up-to-date," that it has the best founded, most recent and most useful information to be obtained. Why? Because otherwise it could not exist. The public of to-day cannot be fooled on these matters. Men, women and children will throw aside anything whatever that breathes the suggestion, "out-of-date," and it is the same in literary work. The stories must be written in a bright, taking fashion, with tiring descriptions abolished. The articles must be concise and to the point, with no prosy statistics, and the illustrations, as has been proved by the experience of many magazines, must be the "real article"—the photo of the actual thing to carry conviction to the mind. This is a day of practical work and illustration, with little room for the imagination.

This subject brings us to the discussion waged recently between two Canadians in reference to the relative merits of English and American literature, both in periodicals and books.

The "Outlook," a well-known English publication, not long past, made a sweeping assertion regarding our postal regulations, which facilitated the flooding of Canada with cheap American magazines, to the exclusion of English literature. The argument was taken up vigorously by Mr. W. A. Fraser, the well-known Canadian, who, also in his turn, made some very sweeping, but likewise, some very true assertions contrary to the "Outlook's" view. Mr. Fraser's arguments were again hotly answered by Mr. Tyrrell, of Toronto, and by taking a little from one and a little from the other side of the argument, we may strike the happy medium, where the real truth of the matter is to be found.

In reference to the statement made by the "Outlook," it might be said that even were the postal regulations so arranged as to more readily permit the entrance of more English magazines, it is extremely doubtful if even so, the magazines would find the desired patronage. In the first place, the subscription price of the majority of English magazines of a desirable type of literature, is far beyond that asked for equally good literature on this side of the water. Secondly, there is probably not an English magazine which has made any attempt to especially interest Canadian readers. To them we mean merely "one of the colonies," and until they begin to realize of just what importance we are, they are not likely to make the effort. And thirdly, there is a fact which must be acknowledged, and that is that the style of literature on this side of the water is more up-to-date, and consequently, better fills our demands. There is one more point open, however, to criticism, and allowing of varied opinion on the subject. That is whether the tone of many stories to be found in English magazines, and not unfrequently in English books, is not more of an unhealthy and doubtful type of morality than average American publications.

As we have said, this is open to criticism, but taking our own personal impressions, the feeling abides with us that there is a brighter healthier and more optimistic spirit in the literature of this continent, though, undoubtedly, there are some American magazines which might be mentioned which are widely read, and which, nevertheless, are not the best literature to put in the hands of our young people. Notwithstanding this fact, we may also safely assert, that without a doubt the greatest writers of the day are English, those whose books will be handed down as standard works when the majority of the American writers are forgotten.

On the other side of the discussion, there is the question, as Mr. Tyrrell very forcibly says, should we put anti-British literature into the hands of our Canadian boys and girls—magazines which openly deride the British on every possible pretext? Not that we are afraid as "Outlook" suggests, that these American magazines will alienate Canadians from their fealty to the Empire. This suggests that the "Outlook" man is utterly ignorant of the imperial sentiment in Canada, that loyalty to our grand Empire, of which we are no unimportant part, is a very real thing in our land. But the question is more—should we encourage the distribution of such literature which, by the anti-British stand it takes, tramples on our feelings and provokes our indignation.

Truly, there seems but one way in which to solve the question as regards the magazines at least, and that is to create our own Canadian magazines, which are not only British, but wholly Canadian in their sentiments, which make us realize what is happening in this land of ours, which are clean, healthy, optimistic and progressive in their tone, with a call to Canadians to do their part in the work of the world.

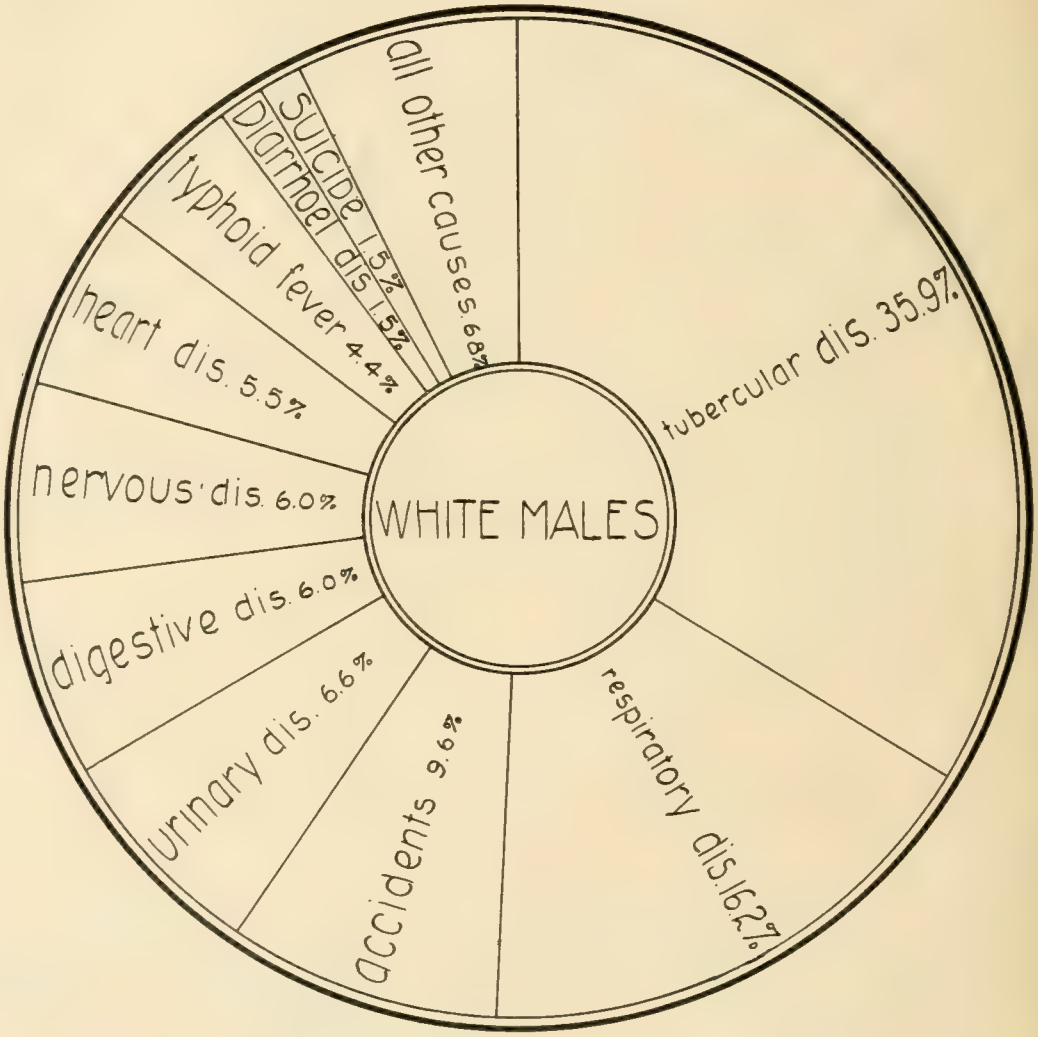
A publisher in Canada has great odds to fight against, and it is only fair to expect, when he produces a magazine equal to that to be obtained for the same price from other markets, that Canadians will heartily endorse his efforts by patronizing the Canadian publication. Do not think we are begging subscription, rather we are placing Canadian publications by the side of the foreign publications, and asking readers to make a comparison, and if the Canadian is bright and up-to-date, containing more or as much matter of interest to Canadians as the other publications, then to give us the preference.

Mr. Fraser makes one assertion which is surely entirely erroneous in its statement. He says: "I may astound "Outlook," when I assert that if it were not for the United States, we should have here in Canada, next to no literature of our own."

In our opinion Mr. Fraser holds a very mistaken idea, for—and he who thinks will realize the truth of what we are about to state—if it were not for the United States we would have a great deal *more* Canadian literature than we have at the present day. That is the disadvantage of living next door to a progressive nation who speak and write our own language. In this, as in many other instances, we have depended too much on our neighbors to the south, and have not independently created the supply to fill our own needs."

Ten principal causes

Industrial experience

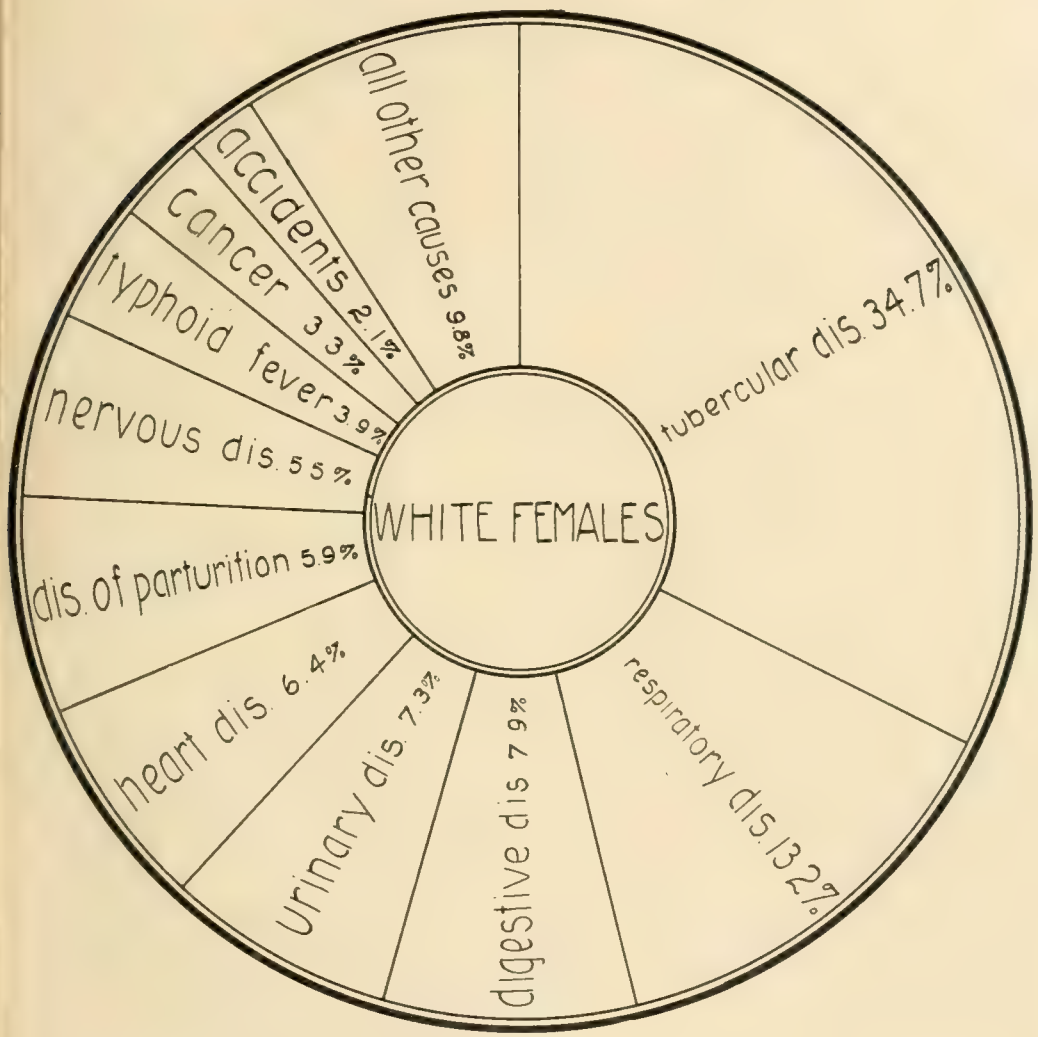


NOTE. The colored segments of the circle represent
in the mortality from all causes at ages 15 -
diseases caused 35.9% of the total mortality of

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of

# of deaths_ages 15-44.

1891 – 1900



ne percentage of deaths from specified causes
-4. For Illustration. Deaths from Tubercular
nales at this period of life.

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

RIFLE SHOOTING

With reference to Earl Roberts' letter to the London papers on "Rifle Shooting as a National Pursuit," the war correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* writes an interesting and reminiscent letter regarding his varied experiences in the American civil war, the Indian warfare in Texas, and the campaigns in the Soudan, South Africa, and elsewhere. He gives numerous examples of cases where a few good shooting men saved the day, and notes specially the splendid services in that way of the colonial contingents during the operations against the Boers. Disasters, he says, might have been averted in almost every occasion, had the British troops been as good marksmen as the Boers. General Bruce Hamilton's uniform success in the closing days of the war was largely owing to the number of good shots with rifle and pom-pom in his command. They were regulars, colonials, and tame Boers. The last incident he mentions occurred with General Plumer, near Pietermaritzburg, when a young colonial, with a dozen comrades, by dash and good shooting, bagged twenty-five of Kruger's terrible Johannesburg police.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CANADA

The following facts about Canada, taken from "Commercial Canada," a recent publication, may be worth remembering:

Canada is 18 times as large as France; 20 times as large as Spain.

Forty-five per cent. of Canadians are engaged in husbandry.

At the present rate of increase the population (now nearly 6,000,000) will be 17,000,000 by the end of the century.

Ninety-five per cent. of the population are British subjects (85 Canadian born, 8 British born).

Canada's wheat-growing area in the West is 171,000,000 acres; only 5,000,000 at present under cultivation.

The possible wheat production (one-fourth under crop annually) is 800,000,000 bushels. The amount would feed 133,000,000 people.

Lord Strathcona asserts that within 24 years Canada can produce all the grain required by Great Britain.

At Confederation (1867) 60 per cent. of Canada's export trade was to America, 30 per cent. to Great Britain. In 1903, 53 per cent. to Great Britain, 21 per cent. to America.

In 1903 Great Britain bought from Canada goods to the value of three dollars per head of her population; America one dollar per head.

Canada spent $2,830,965 in sending 8,372 men to the Boer war. Of these, 224 died and 252 were wounded.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN SWEDEN

The following series of excerpts, taken from an article, in *Education* for March, on "The Swedish Educational Exhibit at St. Louis," will be read with interest:

Peculiar interest attaches to the Swedish educational exhibit at St. Louis, because it illustrated the many lessons of special value which Swedish education offers to the world. The first of these lessons which comes to mind is that of the Sloyd system of manual training. The material used in this system and the particular objects made are too well known to require description. In the account of the system we read: "Its aim is the moral, intellectual and physical development of the pupil by teaching him orderliness, attentiveness and perseverance; by training his eye to see better, and his hand to work better; and, above all, by giving, together with gymnastics, a healthy counterbalance against one-sided book work." Attention is further called to the fact that—"quality not quantity" being the aim—the pupils are not expected to execute many large pieces of work, but to aim at the greatest possible exactness in each exercise. This exactness is rendered possible by the definite number of exercises (sixty-eight for the complete course), by the careful grading of the exercises according to the material used, and the gradual progress from simple to complex objects. The series of exercises intended for pupils from ten to eleven years of age is worked out in card-

board; wood sloyd follows, which is intended for children eleven to fifteen years of age; metal sloyd may be begun at twelve or thirteen, and continued until fifteen years of age.

As stated in the general account of the system, the exercises named are limited to boys. The cardboard series is taught by the women teachers, and occupies four or five hours a week; the wood and metal series are taught by men teachers, and occupy four to seven hours a week. It should be added that the branch, though not compulsory, is taken by nearly all the boys in the common schools.

What is called Sloyd for girls consisted of a progressive series of exercises in knitting and sewing, worked out with the same precision and attention to educational results as the very different order of exercises for boys. Drawing accompanies sloyd, and it is, moreover, obligatory in all schools; nevertheless, the art element is not prominent in the hand work of Swedish pupils. This fact has been clearly recognized, and a veritable art crusade has been started in Stockholm, and rapidly extended through the efforts of the society called "Art in Schools." Many school-rooms have been recently decorated with beautiful pictures and with plaster casts of fine pieces of statuary. These efforts have been generously aided by the Prince Eugen, who is himself no mean artist, and by the celebrated portrait painter, Zorn.

The careful distinction which is made in Sweden between manual training as a branch of education and work for commercial purposes is indicated by the establishment of workshops in which poor boys receive industrial training outside the school hours, and of cooking schools for girls.

A second important lesson of the Swedish exhibit relates to the manner in which the common schools conduce to the general welfare of the pupils, and even of the community at large. This is done in part by the careful attention paid to physical training. The Ling system is universally employed. The school bath, as it is maintained in Stockholm, also attracted much attention, as did the account of the school dinner, which in Sockholm and Gothenburg are furnished free for the poorest children and at a nominal cost for others. These dinners are prepared in the cooking schools and school kitchens connected with the ordinary schools. The service of medical inspection for schools was instituted in Gothenburg in 1895, and in Stockholm in 1899, and has since spread to many of the smaller towns. The movement to interest the young in outdoor games and athletic exercises was started in the secondary schools of Stockholm as early as 1890. Other cities followed the example, and in time the common schools were reached.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The throng of German engineers, mechanics, scientists, educators, merchants, and manufacturers who went to America during last summer, not only to see the *Louisiana Exposition Purchase,* but to travel and examine with expert intelligence the details of American railway management and our agricultural and industrial methods, are now returning and relating to their neighbors and colleagues what they have seen. One can hardly take up a German newspaper without finding a more or less extended report of what some one of these clever observers had found and learned in the United States, and has related to his verein or local chamber of commerce, with his comments and conclusions as to what it all means to Germany. It has been no mere pleasure trip to these thoughtful gentlemen, but an earnest, serious effort to learn everything possible of the real productive and commercial strength of our country, and what Germany will have to meet and compete with in the future struggle for a growing share in the world's trade.

It is quite worthy of note that the general tone of these reports is distinctly reassuring to the hearers before whom they have been delivered. While admitting freely the boundless resources of this country, the energy, industry, and unsurpassed mechanical skill of the people, the superiority of the factory system, the speed and cheapness of rail transportation, and the restless, progressive spirit which is always looking for a new and better machine or method than the one already in use, the German experts find, or think they have found, defects in many parts of the American system, which, unless re-

formed, will continue to weaken our country's grasp upon international trade and promote the interests of competing nations. . . .

Most surprising of all appeared to the German visitors the absence of any adequate system of special education for commerce, banking, and foreign trade. They consider our so-called commercial colleges, where young men with a district or grammar school education are rushed through a three months' course of bookkeeping and commercial usages, as little better than a farce. One of the visitors, a stadtrath and professor of commercial ethics, talked with some of the students of such an institution in one of the Eastern cities, and was surprised at their limited and superficial knowledge, their ignorance of languages, and nearly everything else outside the United States, and their cheerful confidence that their ten weeks at the "college" would equip them for success anywhere. Reduced to simplest terms, these investigators generally conclude that the reliance on a general and more or less superficial education, together with natural adaptability, to fit young men for almost every walk in life, and the lack of specialized study in physical science, modern languages, and the industrial arts, will, if persisted in, neutralize much of the advantage which our country enjoys through natural resources and advantageous geographical position for the south American, Mexican, and Asiatic trade. The general opinion is that, on the whole, the "American danger" has been greatly exaggerated, and that a steadfast adherence by Germany to the educational system and commercial methods now in practice will leave the Fatherland little to fear in future competition with American-manufactured goods.

WOMEN AS LIFE RISKS

[INDEPENDENT]

THE ATTITUDE of the Home Life toward women as life risks is indicative of the modern tendency to accept them freely by the best life insurance companies. Formerly they were regarded as undesirable risks, as an extra hazard was considered to attach itself to them. A recent review of comparative statistics of male and female mortality has been considered by experts to show that the extra hazard assigned to women is more than offset by the fact that as a class they are less inclined to excesses. They are also freer from exposure, strain and pressure than are their masculine fellows. In the insurance of women, however, social position and general surroundings are, generally speaking, carefully considered, not only by the Home Life, but by all conservative companies. The insurable interest is for the most part vigorously insisted upon. If a married woman has an income of her own, either from her vested estate or from her own industry, which income is devoted either in whole or in part to the general family fund, it is clear that the husband as a recipient of a portion of such income has a vested insurable interest in her life. Widows with dependent children clearly have undisputable insurable interests, but the placing of insurance upon women of advanced age, whose policies are made payable to adult children of either sex, is not regarded with the smallest favor. In point of fact, such policies are rarely, if ever, made binding.

TRADE SCHOOLS AND THEIR VALUE

[INDEPENDENT]

THE METHOD of conducting trade schools in Germany, and the thoroughness of the education are the best in the world. Germans saw the need of such schools many years ago. Trade schools were organized, graduates were sent out, and the effect was so marked on the industrial situation that other countries were attracted by the progress made, and finally realized that Germany was distancing them in the excellence of her manufactured goods. Germany, with her technical schools and army of educated workers, has demonstrated that great economic principle that finer and better goods can be manufactured at a less cost than by uneducated and unskilled labor. Throughout the empire of the Kaiser trade schools are to be found in all the cities, towns and large villages. New factories are springing up everywhere, and Germany is increasing her export trade wonderfully. In Berlin, as well as in most German cities, trade schools of shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, metal workers, masons, etc., are being conducted

with friendly relations with the labor unions, and in many cases the boards of inspection have upon them members of trade unions.

Trade schools have been made necessary to the community by the great changes that have taken place in the last generation in processes of production. Formerly the master gave time to the young men in order to bring them up in his business. He could give his personal attention to the young man, who was accordingly apprenticed to him to learn the trade. The system of apprenticeship properly belonged to a condition of production where the young man could meet his employer and be taught. Under the present system of production it is impossible for the employer to give personal care to the young man who wishes to learn a trade.

The specialization by which one worker learns but a minute part of the whole process in manufacturing any commodity tends to narrow his capacity and prevent his obtaining a complete knowledge of his art. The extent to which the present factory system has limited the range of the workmen can only be appreciated by those who have given the matter careful examination; but it is undoubtedly true to-day, and each year is becoming more true, that the introduction of machinery, supplanting handwork and a general knowledge of the business, and introducing in place of it a special knowledge of one minute part, has caused a weakness in our industrial system which should be properly compensated for.

THE REST IN A CHANGE OF ACTIVITY

[Chicago Record-Herald]

There has been a discussion in England over the value of indoor gymnastics, which Professor Muirhead, of Birmingham University, denounces as the most demoralizing and exhaustive kind of exercise. The brain, he says, is employed in them as well as the body, and they cannot be regarded as a rest for the college student.

This recalls the common assertion that the best rest is a change of work and suggests that it is by no means generally true. It often happens that there is no real rest in anything that demands effort, physical or mental.

A man starts the day with a certain amount of vitality and nervous energy. He may be employed at very exacting labors in an office which call for no physical exertion to speak of, and yet when the day is done he may be incapable of physical exertion because his vitality is so greatly drained by his mental application.

In a case like this there is but one proper kind of rest, and that is absolute repose of body and mind. Gymnastics, which are uninteresting enough at best, would be oppressively exhausting. A brisk walk would add weariness to weariness. The trouble is that the entire stock of vitality has been depleted to such an extent that physical and mental force are both affected. And the man needs no instruction as to the remedy that he should take. He throws himself down on a couch as a matter of course, because he is so dead tired that he feels that he can neither stand up nor sit up.

The same law applies to the man who is first exhausted by physical labor. He has drawn on his strength so largely that there is no rest for him in a mental problem. If he were to try serious reading he could not give attention to it or hold what he had read in his memory.

These, of course, are extreme examples, and not conclusive against the moderate claim that there is a value in a change of activities. Light exercise may be more than an equivalent for the couch to the brain-worker, and one who has been employed at physical labor may find a fresh interest in life from reading. But if, say, a game of golf will tone up the nerves and refresh the whole being after intense mental application, it is certain that all supplementary work and all play must be restricted according to the amount of one's vitality, and of the necessary labor that one is called upon to do. Exercise may easily be taken in such measure as to unfit a person for the business of life, and it is so enticing that the plea of rest, recuperation and gloriously intensified energy that goes with it is often plain humbug. the truth being that this rest is a neglect of work for play.

CANADA'S NAVAL NUCLEUS

[TORONTO NEWS]

EVEN THE Russian government could not have been more anxious to cast a veil over the mutiny in its Black Sea fleet than Canada's government was to cover up the outbreak on board its solitary little cruiser. Probably enough of the men who were allowed to go had some ground for complaint; but whether they had or not in this case nothing else can well be expected. What opportunities have the crew of this apology for a navy to gain that proper pride in their calling which comes so naturally to men conscious they belong to a great national service and are inheritors of noble traditions. The government has certainly done its best to make the position still more ridiculous by freely paraphrasing Touchstone's pompously humble introduction of Audrey: "A poor thing, but mine own," on all occasions. Perhaps ministers will now see reason for creating the nucleus of a navy which can also evoke the spirit and sentiment necessary for its efficiency.

Pusillanimous souls who are always crying "peace" when there is no peace, object to the acquisition of a small squadron on grounds which are difficult to understand, and still more to appreciate. There is no civilized nation with a seaboard which does not possess a navy. It may not be an effective weapon against the naval forces of one of the great powers, but it flies the flag, it proclaims the nation's independence and asserts its right to be seen and heard upon the sea.

Sweden, with a population a little less than Canada's, has a navy of 68 steamers, 23 being ironclads, and 325 guns. Norway, whose inhabitants number a little over 2,000,000, has 55 ships, four of which are ironcdals and three cruisers. The South American States are, most of them, sufficiently represented on the sea. Canada, with resources and interests greater than any, has one vessel, dignified into a nucleus.

Far better not have a navy—or a nucleus—at all if it is not to be worthy of either name. If Canada is to cast her flag abroad on the main, let it float over ships worthy of the nation. Let her navy be something to be proud of, even if it be only a beginning, something which will stir the blood of officers and men and encourage them to look upon our naval service with affection and regard, and inspiration. Let them be properly trained also in the naval schools of Britain, at least until Canada has an efficient one of her own, so that they may be able to take their place side by side with the fleets of the mistress of the sea. Then, indeed, Canadians may hold up their heads and claim to have earned that place in the empire which they have marked out as rightfully their own.

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. VII. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 3

THE NATION'S PROGRESS

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

THE twenty-seventh annual Exhibition held in Toronto, and now known as the Canadian National Exhibition, will, beyond any shadow of doubt, be superior to all its predecessors in every department. Year by year it grows in fame abroad as well as at home. This is abundantly proven both by the increase of exhibits and by the attendance. The year 1904 was the most successful up to that date, the total number of visitors being upwards of 600,000, or nearly two and one-half times the entire population of the city. This year the arrangements made with the railways and steamboat companies, who have been most generous, warrant the expectation of an attendance in excess of anything that has gone before, while the applications for space and the entries to date guarantee a similar state of affairs.

The arrangements made for the entertainment of visitors are on a larger and more ambitious scale than previously attempted. In addition to the famous Irish Guards' Band, to the celebrated Coronation picture by Edwin Abbey, both of which will be at the Exhibition by special permission of His Most Gracious Majesty the King, and the Art Treasures loaned by the Corporations of the City of London, the great universities of the United Kingdom, the Republic of France, South Kensington Museum, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, and others, a magnificent spectacle, "The Siege and Fall of Port Arthur," will be presented nightly and twice a day performances will be given by the full staff of the Hippodrome of New York. As an educator, this great Canadian Exhibition has few equals. It places before the spectators the actual facts in concrete form; it shows not only the manufactured goods, but the processes of manufacture. The newer devices in connection with transportation are exhibited. The live stock industry will, it is estimated, show nearly 9,000 animals, the cream of the Canadian herds. The management, while catering to the natural desire for amusements, have been most careful to engage no attraction which is in the least objectionable. As a practical demonstration of the growth of Canada as an industrial nation, of our unrivalled agricultural development, of our rapid advance in science and the arts, the Canadian National Exhibition not only deserves but has a right to our hearty support.

TORONTO GAINING GROUND

TORONTO is apparently destined to win in the race with Montreal for commercial supremacy. The customs returns show a steady increase each month of from $50,000 to $100,000 over the monthly figures for last year, while Montreal is showing a steady decrease. Toronto is becoming a great distributing centre, and Ontario has more money to spend than ever before. The importation of goods, however, is not always a reliable criterion. It means that there is money to spend, but it may mean

also that goods are being imported which will compete directly with home industries. The export of manufactures is a better guide, and Toronto is so rapidly gaining ground in this direction that it is only a question of time when the title of commercial metropolis will belong to Toronto. The general industrial expansion now general in older Canada has its centre in Toronto. The statistics quoted in a recent number of the National Magazine, regarding the number and growth of our financial institutions, show most conclusively where the financial strength is gradually centralizing.

Now that the main features of the scheme are practically settled, it may be well to remind National readers of one phase which has yet to be worked out in connection with the proposed new General Hospital. Grants have been made by the Provincial Government and by the City of Toronto. Much remains to be done by private munificence. Much has already been done, but more remains to do. The impelling necessity for such an institution is obvious, when we consider the growth of the city and the province. The medical school in connection will be one of the most valuable adjuncts to the Provincial University. But the great ground of appeal after all is in the improved and enlarged facilities for ministering to the sick and suffering, and in the advantages to medical science and research. When this great work is completed, Toronto will boast a hospital without a peer in Canada, and with few rivals on the continent. It is a most worthy object for the generosity of our citizens.

SALARIES AT OTTAWA

A GREAT howl has gone forth about the salary and indemnity increases at Ottawa. The length of the session at Ottawa is from five to seven months, and we doubt if the increased indemnity, large though it may seem, is too much to reimburse some members for their absence from their own businesses which they must neglect entirely during the session. The Prime Minister is not too well paid at $12,000; the Leader of the Opposition must sacrifice his entire time to public affairs if he is to do his work properly, and $7,000 is not too much for the ability necessary in that position. The objection may be taken that the necessary ability may not be forthcoming at all times, and that some private members would be dear at $2.50 instead of $2,500. This is quite true, and these inequalities will remain as long as democratic government exists, and the people's representatives are men of the people. It is better that a little more than justice be done in some cases than that the whole public service should be starved; and the Canadian public service has been niggardly of rewards. In Canada where no moneyed leisure class exists to devote themselves to the public service, we should see to it that our law-makers and administrators are not compelled to bring penury and want to themselves and their families, because their lives are spent in the conduct of public business. Those who object to the method used must remember that it was the only way; none but the members themselves can increase the sessional indemnity.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

THE past two months have seen throngs of visitors within our borders from east and west, and particularly from the Republic to the south. These are, in the main, people who seek relief from the heat and unpleasantness of city life in summer-time, and they can find no better place to rest and recuperate than in the many summer resorts of Ontario. A continuous stream of holiday-makers has been going to Muskoka, New Ontario, Temiskaming, and the other watering places. These people are of the best class, intelligent, observant, with money to spend, and they will make the best class of immigration and advertising agents for Ontario when they go home. Incidentally, they almost without exception pass through Toronto, and they leave a good many Yankee dollars in the hands of our city merchants and business men. Toronto could afford to pay some little attention to this trade, and the city would be the gainer thereby.

THE TARIFF QUESTION

WE quote the following from an admirable speech by Mr. W. K. George, President of the Manufacturers' Association. Speaking at a large banquet in Lon-

don, he said: "They did not ask a prohibitive tariff against Great Britain, but they did insist on a non-competitive tariff which would equalize the conditions under which they had to work, and put the Canadian manufacturer on a basis equivalent to that on which the British manufacturer stood. Their wage-rate would average, as far as he could learn, almost twice that of the British manufacturer. He was sure the British manufacturer would ask no undue condition, and the Canadian manufacturer must have that disability equalized or he could not exist. That was only one risk, but he trusted it would demonstrate the justice of their contention of the necessity of a tariff against even the Mother Land. Their wage-rate, which was so high, was controlled almost absolutely by their geographical position. They were compelled to pay the same rate of wages as was paid in the United States, otherwise they could not hold their employees a day. It was their intention to make in Canada everything which they could advantageously produce, and it was their ambition to make it as well as it was made in any other part of the world; but beyond that, they wanted by their trade and commerce to assist in building up our Empire, and it was with that idea, if that was feasible, that they had pronounced themselves in favor of the Canadian preferential tariff.

"Canada was not demanding a reciprocal preference; she had progressed in the past without one, she was prosperous to-day without it, and the lack of it in the future would not prevent her onward march. He acknowledged that its establishment would accelerate their development immensely, but they certainly were not going to press for anything which they did not believe would be beneficial to us. They had no right to ask, no reason to expect us to make sacrifices for them; it was for us to consider and decide. He did believe, however, that the very general sentiment, the almost universal sentiment, in Canada to-day in favor of that policy sprang from patriotic motives, from the belief that such a policy would tend to generate, when necessary to strengthen, and make permanent the bonds of union. It must be left, however, entirely to us to decide whether it could be done without detriment to us. If it were done with detriment it could not be lasting. They desired no national existence outside the British Empire."

TRADE AND EXPENDITURE

THE trade of Canada in the year just closed was $465,228,307, while in the previous year it was $464,981,972. There is an increase of $10,451,000 in imports, and a decline of $8,560,000 in domestic exports, and of $2,000,000 in foreign exports. The feature to be noted is that trade, having doubled in nine years, has become almost stationary, and that there is a decided fall in exports. It could not be expected that the rate of increase shown in recent years could be maintained, and there is no ground for alarm in the fact that it has ceased. The rapid growth of the West in population has probably fully compensated for any falling off in exports. The thing that will give the Government trouble is that for the last nine years the rapid increase in trade and revenue has set the pace for expenditure, and it is much easier to scale the expenditure up than to scale it down, or even check the increase. We do not often care to inflict statistics upon our readers, but a glance at the following may open the eyes of those who think Canada's commerce is an unimportant factor in the world's trade:

	1904.	1905.
Imports for consumption	$251,460,737	$261,911,435
Domestic exports	198,414,439	190,854,946
Foreign exports	12,641,239	10,617,115
Coin and bullion	2,467,557	1,844,811
Totals	$464,981,972	$465,228,307
Duty collected	40,952,810	42,021,386

The details of the trade are as follows:

	1904.	1905.
Imports—		
Dutiable goods	$148,902,381	$150,914,663
Free goods	94,684,043	100,688,332
Coin and bullion	7,874,313	10,308,435
Totals	$251,460,737	$261,911,435
Domestic exports—		
The mine	$33,626,739	$31,932,325
Fisheries	10,759,029	11,114,318
Forest	33,091,922	33,235,688
Animals and their product	63,812,117	63,337,458
Agriculture	37,138,875	29,994,150
Manufactures	19,864,049	21,191,333
Miscellaneous	121,708	49,675
Totals	$198,414,439	$190,854,948

WESTERN HARVESTS

THE crop reports of the great Canadian wheat harvest are now beginning to focus at about 85,000,000 bushels. If we reckon it at only 80,000,000 bushels and assume that the farmer gets 65 cents, which is a most conservative estimate, it means that more than $50,000,000 will be distributed among the wheat growers of the Canadian West; and $50,000,000 is a sum not to be sneezed at. A harvest like this will not only attract more immigration, but it will tend to induce the North-West farmer to invest his money in more land. The era of farms that exceed 640 acres is over, not only in the wheat-growing States, such as the Dakotas, but also in Canada. It is much better that two hundred men shall have two hundred acres apiece, than that twenty men shall each have two thousand acres. The only thing now necessary to a bumper harvest is continued immunity from frost for a very short time to permit of the harvesting of the golden grain.

WORLD AFFAIRS

A QUIET WORLD

DEEP peace seems to be brooding over all the earth. The sanguinary struggle in the East is at a standstill, let us hope, a permanent one. The Moroccan incident is practically closed. The theatrical meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser has had no visible effects. Norway and Swedan have apparently consented to their divorce. France and England are hob-nobbing at Brest and Portsmouth, cementing the *entente cordiale* as a reply to Emperor William's too apparent effort to create trouble. Peace commissioners are meeting to end the war. The politicians have gone from Ottawa to their homes, maybe to do a little explaining about that indemnity, and President Roosevelt has not been after anyone with his "big stick." After all, why not? This is the holiday season. Even the great ones of the earth must rest at times. King Edward will be grouse-shooting soon; the Czar is viewing his troubled Empire from the safe deck of his yacht; Emperor William is, no doubt, meditating some coup, but in the meantime—peace. Some of the men in the king business must wish they could get away like an ordinary man, and let the office-boy run the business.

THE LAST ACT

AT the little seaport of Portsmouth, N.H., is being enacted what the world hopes will be the final act in the great war tragedy. The war has lasted fully a year and a half, and in that time Russia has not won a single engagement worthy of note. The terrible position of internal affairs in the Russian Empire has had much to do with the Russian willingness for peace under such humiliating conditions. Fears of widespread revolt at home, which may break out at any time, have forced Russia's hand. It is feared by many that another terrible slaughter may take place in Manchuria before the peace settlement is effected. It is known that Oyama has his forces ready to strike, and unnecessary as it may seem to us, it would not be unnatural for Japan to seek to drive home one more body-blow to emphasize to Russia the real position of affairs. Should the peace conference result in failure, we may be ready at any moment to hear of another grim slaughter on the blood-washed plains of Manchuria.

At this writing no one but the Peace Commissioners knows the terms, nor what will be the result. Japan's terms, while not overbearing, will probably insist upon her full rights. They are said to comprise the following: An indemnity commensurate with the monetary losses sustained by her in prosecuting the war; the cession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula to Japan; the evacuation of Manchuria; the cession of the Island of Saghalien; the control of the Russo-Chinese railroad as far north as Harbin.

It is difficult to see how Russia can hope for any more moderate terms, and it is certainly to be hoped that no false move may bring about a failure of the conference and a renewal of the struggle

THE PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARIES

M. DE WITTE, the head of the Russian peace mission, which is meeting at Portsmouth, N.H., is unquestionably the only Russian minister who has the confidence of other nations. He is a moderate liberal in his views, but by no means one of the advanced type. Able, masterful, careless of the mob's applause or jeers, he has by sheer ability, compelled recognition at the hands of the jealous coterie who misrule Russia. Baron de Rosen, the other Russian Peace Commissioner, is the Ambassador to the United States, and was until the outbreak of the war, Ambassador to Japan. If his advice and counsels had been followed the war might have been avoided altogether, or Russia in much better position to meet its foe.

Baron Komura is the typical Jap. About five feet in height, certainly not handsome, unpretentious, he was selected for downright ability among the score of able men who have the direction of Japan's destinies. The other Japanese Commissioner is Kogina Takahira, Ambassador to the United

States. He has done much to win public sympathy for Japan from the beginning of hostilities, and has displayed consummate tact and ability in his country's interests.

A FAMILY MISUNDERSTANDING

AUSTRALIA feels hurt. We are sorry, too. This is no weather to cherish hard feelings. But because Canadian customs officials refuse to value our exports to Australia, the powers that be in the island continent are "all het up." But after all, why should not these gentlemen do the work for which they draw their salaries? Canadian customs officials are busy enough with our imports, without doing any more. The ardent group of protectionists who are in the ascendancy in the councils of Australia must not forget that there are other busy men besides themselves.

AMERICAN RECIPROCITY

AN interesting conference is in session in Chicago. A large number of trade organizations, Boards of Trade, agricultural and live stock societies have called a meeting in Chicago to devise methods to open the Canadian market for their goods. They seek reciprocity with Canada, but they, of course, seek mainly to benefit themselves, as has always been the custom of our American cousins. The movement has no official recognition of any kind, and we doubt if it will have any definite results. There was a time when Canada would have eagerly joined in such a meeting, but that time is past. The American people have only themselves to blame if we profit by their example and protect our own industries by the American high tariff system. They deliberately sought to "freeze out" the Dominion in the days when we were weak. Now it is too late. We do not want reciprocity. If they want better trade relations, we would do much to further that aim. But the means lie in their own hands. Let them lower the tariff directed against Canadian goods to a more reasonable figure, and Canada will not be slow to do anything in reason to assist the commerce which is so greatly increasing between the Dominion and the Republic. But there will be no more one-sided bargains, and the United States can hope for nothing unless fully prepared to meet us at least half-way.

THE IRISH QUESTION AGAIN

MR. BALFOUR seems to like a fight for its own sake. Though a quiet-mannered, whimsical, dilettante in literature, golf and philosophy, he has stirred up more trouble during his *regime* as British Prime Minister than his illustrious uncle, Lord Salisbury, ever did. The latter avoided tumult at home. Mr. Balfour delights in it. His latest effort was a threat to cut down the Irish representation in Parliament by 22 members. Those conversant with the personnel and character of the Irish members can understand what a storm was evoked. The Act of Union, they contend, guaranteed Ireland's representation forever. Mr. Balfour says not, and that the principal of "Rep. by Pop." must prevail. It is one of the saddest things in British history that no one has yet devised a scheme for introducing peace into unhappy Ireland. The group of agitators who misrepresent Ireland at Westminster certainly will do no good by their open threats of armed revolt. If some latter-day Solomon would arise and settle the Irish question for good, the one scene of unending strife in the Empire would see peace at last. Ireland has had and still has many grievances. But to talk of armed resistance will only delay the day when the slow-moving British mind will at last evolve some method of ameliorating Ireland's miseries.

MAPLE LEAF AND PEACE

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says: "Field-Marshal Lord Roberts' recent declaration that the military force of Great Britain was inadequate, imperfectly trained, and totally unfit to uphold Great Britain as a first-class power, created a decided sensation in the London Parliament, which was not shared by the English people at large, and concerns Canadians but little, if any. There is doubtless much truth in Lord Roberts' assertion, but the truth is on the wrong side. The English people, who according to the field marshal, "show no national interest in the military until danger arises," are plainly sensitive to a higher national issue than that which prompted the venerable warrior's attacks. History has never failed to show that the volunteer soldier, who defended either home or a principle, has always been a more valiant fighter than the 'Tommy' who is

paid to fight or die. And as first of Britain's colonies, Canada may well ignore the appeal for more guns and uniformed men. The Maple Leaf is a symbol of peace and not of war, and the nation that triumphs at the close of the twentieth century will lead the world in prosperity of peace and industry rather than in the burdening taxations that anticipate national trouble. Canada may well ignore the implements of devastation, and build with the common people of England a government of democracy, expanding the welfare of every citizen at home."

With this, Canadians can, in the main, agree, but recent terrible events indicate clearly that it is not well to live in "a fool's paradise." While all Europe is an armed camp, it would be the height of folly for patriotic Englishmen to give over the unending struggle for the efficiency of the army. The South African War taught Britain severe lessons. A strong British Empire is a guarantee of world peace.

CHASING THE BOUNDARY RIDER

AND WHY THE PURSUERS NEVER CAUGHT UP

By WALTER E. GUNN

THERE is no occasion for going into Jack Cranston's past, and anyway the life he spent in England was too innocuous to repay research with even a modicum of interest. It seems enough for present circumstances to state that he industriously ploughed and back-setted a wide field for operation, and then sowed a crop of wild oats which amazed his father at harvest time. The result was a fixed determination on the fond parent's part to colonize Jack in Canada. "Not," as he put it, "for the good of the Dominion, but for the better welfare of Birmingham and the immediate vicinity."

Four weeks later, with his whole-hearted, adventurous nature not a whit diminished, the younger Cranston located himself in Vesney, a prairie town of some insidious social attractions. At first he was content to ride out over the gallery of hills thirteen miles away, and promise himself that in the fall he would homestead a quarter section. He was sick of the mad, silly life of the Old Land, and had counted out its indiscretions forever. But remittances came along too regularly, and soon a craving for the diet of claret, cards and *camaraderie* assailed him, and he settled down into the little luxuries of club life which Vesney offered. Three months passed by uneventfully, except for a late hour session or two in the upper rooms of a local hostelry, and when September swung round, Cranston had emphasized himself as a quiet, good fellow, and been elected treasurer of Hackley House, as the club was alliteratively named. Then it was farewell to the good resolutions, and a front place in the chorus, whose *piece de resistance* is, "Waiter, bring us another all round."

This *régime* had a meteoric existence at best. Cranston's remittances went like a flash in the pan. Certain club funds followed suit, and events threatened to crowd one another momentarily. Then one clear night, when the great straw-stacks of the season's threshing were burning far and near, he caught up a rumor of intended arrest, and mounting his polo pony, rode like a post hunter for forty miles to the lonely shack of a friend and fellow countryman. It was full dawn when he pulled rein, and the smouldering stack fires had surrendered their eerie lights to a flood of sunshine.

Two days later the Vesney *Morning Post* brought this paragraph to the hiding place on the prairie:

"The office and reception rooms of Hackley House were closed yesterday to allow of an investigation into the club accounts, which, it is reported, are in bad shape. The treasurer left town hurriedly Tuesday night, and the audit may result in an effort to have him apprehended."

"Well, I guess it's up to me to execute an artistic vanishing act," was Cranston's nonchalant remark, as he read the reference to his disappearance.

"But how can I escape?" he queried of the homesteader. "I was considered a bally wonder as a lightning change artist in amateur theatricals at home, but this drama requires change of scene rather than clothes, and, perhaps, I may make good."

Both men sat in silence till a thought struck the farmer amidships. "Why not ride at nights to Bob MacKenzie's ranch, one hundred miles north," he suggested. "It is a God-forsaken bed of slough holes, and within five weeks you hide behind a beard that could provide nest-room for prairie chickens."

"Is there any chance of detection on the way?"

"Burn that Cockney riding habit of yours, climb into cowboy's chaps, and if you fight shy of the trail, it is a dollar to the hole in a doughnut you can keep them all guessing."

"I'm on," was Cranston's laconic remark, and two hours later he turned his horse's head northward to the Square H ranch.

Arriving without incident at the Mac-

Kenzie's, he found no trouble at all in making arrangements to work for his board and clothes on condition that his name should be Jones, his coming antedated, and his leaving left as free as the air.

"If you say so, it's a case of no questions asked," the foreman assured him. "We're breakin' and brandin' here—that's our business, and no man'll find this a bad joint if he keeps his lamps trimmed and his yap closed."

Cranston was given the boundary riding to do, and every night for three months he travelled the twenty-five miles of wire fencing around the ranch. If a strand were loose here, or a post weak there, he remedied the defects with pinchers or spade, as the case demanded. Sometimes he would find a gap that had been made where the cattle broke through to the outer range. Then came the trying, dangerous task of rounding up the recalcitrant steers, and repairing the vent in the fencing. It was while carrying out this operation one rough night that he lost his way in a blinding snowstorm, and for an hour or more looked in vain for some sign that would give a clue to his whereabouts. At last, in a fit of despair, he threw down the reins on the cayuse's neck in a safe hope that it would find its way back to the sheds. It did, but the barn they reached in an hour of biting cold and searching wind was that of a neighbor, from whom the pony had been bought two months before. The hardy little horse had been true to its noblest instincts, but at the rider's expense.

"Come in," called a cheery voice.

"Its a wild night and no mistake, but what brings you here?"

"I'm over at the Square H," Cranston replied. "The cattle broke through and in rounding them up I lost my location. When I gave the pony her head she brought me here."

"Well, now, so she would," the rancher admitted. "I sold her to Mac's boys hardly a fortnight ago. Seems funny, but it's a fact. I had another caller here to-night. Yes, before the snow blew up. He'll probably get lost, too, and mebbe make for back here. Come's from 'way down the territory. Seems to be looking for somebody."

The color rose, not unnoticed, to Cranston's cheek.

"What's his name," he inquired, with a fictitious *sang froid*.

"Talbot—he's a Vesney detective."

"What?"—then a realization of his sudden surprise flashed over Cranston, and he fought hard to assume an air of *insouciance*, but in vain.

"You're startled," put in the rancher, but his guest passed off the remark with an irrelevant reply, following it with a wish to retire for an hour or two, when the storm would have abated and he could return.

"It's strange, that's all," was the rancher's rough, but sympathetic soliloquy, as he turned into his bunk again.

The long lights of sunrise had hardly fallen across the ranch country when Cranston was up and away. As he rode hard to the breach in the fence and brought back the steers to within the Square H confines, he thought fast and earnestly of his immediate future. Something would have to be done at once if he were to elude his old friend, the Vesney detective, and avoid the stinging humiliation of an arrest and probable detention. Long before the last strand of wire had been patched up across the gap, his mind was settled, and he galloped back to the MacKenzie shack near noon with an easy heart.

"How did you weather it, pardner," the foreman cried, as Jack came within hailing distance. "We were scared you'd get off your feeding ground and might stiffen out."

"Oh, I managed somehow," was the beautifully indefinite reply, "but I'm going away west to-night, so I'll rope my own pony and get ready to jump."

The concluding sentence was heard by the ranch men as they came out from dinner, and a chorus of guffaws greeted the remark.

"Showin' a little streak of yellow at last," said one; "I thought that blizzard would bring it out on him."

"You're a liar!" said Cranston, as he dropped out of the saddle and brought the man to his knees with a smashing blow from the shoulder.

The ranchers stared in mute admiration—for they dearly loved nerve.

Then the incident closed. But when the boundary rider broke camp in the evening

it was to an accompaniment of looks and sneers that told only too well that they thought another tenderfoot had turned tail after a night of comparative danger. Their only too apparent estimate had little effect, however, for as Cranston's outline became smaller and more indistinct in the distance, till at last he had melted over the horizon, his one thought was escape from his quondam friend, the Vesney detective.

Far up the side of a giant peak in the Rockies, there's a silver lead mine that looks like a seam on the forehead of the Sphinx. Twenty-five hundred feet below a railway line curves round the base of the mountain, on whose shoulder may be seen a vast glacier, with its great crystal surface cut and slashed by crevasses of dizzy depths.

It was to this mine that Cranston found his way in physical and financial exhaustion. Tired of the conflicting doubts that crowded his brain, and fearful, and more fearful, as the days and weeks went by he felt this lost part of the world should, at least, reward him with some sense of security. But checking up in a mine, that seems to hang between earth and air, is a lonesome task, and sooner or later a longing for social companionship gnaws at the heart strings. And so, spurred on with feelings of utter disregard for his family and the world at large, Cranston drifted back to the life of the mountain centres. It was not long before some of the old joy of living came round to him, and one evening late in the fall, as he wandered over to a chalet hotel by the railway, living had regained a part of its old charm. The Yoho Valley stretched away from his feet in Elysian grandeur—the swinging trees, the river that looked like a ribbon, and the glistening cataracts, giving the scene an air of the indescribable. As he walked up and down the hotel grounds a feeling of danger was borne in on him, and not knowing why, he dodged into an arbor house to allay his fear. Hardly had he left the lane of trees when he heard the voices of two men in earnest conversation. So intent were they that as he drew himself up to escape their notice the noise of snapping fir branches under his feet missed their attention. Both were from Vesney, one the detective, the other a lawyer who had paid the remittances.

Cranston collapsed. The world was indeed small. After waiting a few minutes that seemed æons of time, he cut across the park limits over lonely paths, and soon was sitting on the railway track near a safety switch awaiting the coming of a freight train. Before long he heard the panting and snorting of a locomotive. It was a simple trick swinging in between the cars as the train pulled up the mountain side. Safely planted on the bumpers he drew an easy breath.

Without knowing what it meant to ride in the varnished cars with the brass rods and funny names on the side, he found himself three days later on the outskirts of Vesney. There was no use mortgaging his whole future with insufferable dread and doubt, when in all probability a short term in jail (the word made him wince) would expiate his fall from virtue. And so he was coming back to clean up the score against him.

He farewelled to the outside world in an indifferent way as the door of the police station slammed behind him.

"I'm Jack Cranston; arrest me! I—"

"You're what?" almost yelled the desk sergeant.

"I'm Jack Cranston."

"Well, I'll be jiggered; one of our detectives and your lawyer has been tramping on your shadow for months, but could never put their hands on you. They're coming home in disgust to-day. Your uncle is dead and you're his heir!"

"But I took the club funds," put in Cranston, incapable of feeling himself free.

"We're the only ones know that," exclaimed the delinquent pursuers as they burst into the centre of the room.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S FLEET

By ANNIE G. BUTCHERT

LOOKING around his empty room the young philospher sighed and frowned impatiently. The little room was not really empty; it was too full rather. There were books, books, books everywhere. From floor to ceiling, on table and chairs and windows. Books that hitherto had made a full world for him; whose contents he meant to master and use to his own chosen ends before the other joys of life were tasted, or even thought of. And suddenly, with the closing of a door that shut out the sound of a merry voice chiding him for his hermit habits, it had become empty. He had only to close his eyes and the room was full again. Replete with the presence of a slim, girlish form, a dimpling face, in which dark eyes and fresh young lips smiled in sweet harmony, a mass of dark hair slipping loosely from the pins meant to hold it in womanly order around the small head. Some white rose-leaves, flung at him by impatient fingers, still fluttered over the floor. The smell of them intensified the sense of emptiness and made him sigh. The discovery of the fact that he could sigh for such a reason made him impatient. He turned away and sat down by the window, letting his eyes travel over God's full earth, where the carpet of green was touched with the tender variations of pink and white clover, and the grey-lined leaves of the willow shrubs shone like silver when the wind touched them. Farther away lay a serpentine border of white beach, and beyond that the lake, calm and unstirred, glimmering steely-white, where the sun lay upon it, shading down to and blending with a horizon of misty blue. Three vessels, with sails hopefully spread to snare any vagrant breath of wind, lay becalmed a long way out from shore. But the one object that was beginning to mean everything to the young philosopher was not in any of those things, and he sighed again, and closed his eyes to shut out the utter emptiness of heaven and earth.

Presently a wonderful change came over the waters. A strange light shone upon them, so intense that he could see every line of spar, and rope, and sail upon the vessels. He could even see clearly the names upon their prows. There was *Wealth,* and *Love,* and *Fame.* He knew them at once as the fleet for which he had been waiting for years—all his life. As he looked another vessel came out of the distance and sailed close behind his fleet—a great piratical-looking craft, with black sails that cast a shadow over all the others except *Love.* They were all motionless. Their sails hung slack, the waters around them lay like a sheet of lead.

"Wish, and your wishes shall become winds to fill the sails of your dream-vessels at sea," said a voice. And a wish for the hasty landing of all his ships went up from his heart. The water broke into leaping waves, the loose sails swelled with quickening wind, and the prows threw up a shower of spray as they cut a pathway toward harbor, followed by the black-sailed craft, whose sails still hung slack though it kept close behind the others. Quickly and silently they came nearer, and he looked to see if the harbor was clear, for it seemed, from their speed, as if they would all reach it together.

"Your vessels cannot all land at once," said the voice. "You should have wished for one at a time."

"But I cannot decide which to have first," he answered. "I want them all at once."

"Men never do wish wisely," said the voice. "Do you not see that Fate has built two great arms out into the water, leaving a harbor only large enough for one to land at a time."

"But other men have whole fleets land at once," persisted the philosopher.

"So might you if Fate had built your harbor differently," answered the voice.

In a fever of anxiety he tried to decide which he wanted first and most. There was *Wealth,* its gossamer sails of tinsel glittering in the sun, its hulk of solid gold shining through the foam, made brighter by every wave that struck it. He had often wanted this, and the cargo of pleasures, and ease,

and luxury, almost won for it the deciding wish. But *Love* crept close beside it—little white-winged *Love,* with sure rudder, and delicate sails reflecting every variation of wind. He had never wanted *Love* very much, though he knew it was one of his fleet, and some day, he had thought, when the other vessels had unloaded and cleared, he would be glad to see it sail quietly into harbor at twilight and fold its white sails forever. He had had no idea *Love* carried so precious a cargo. The decks were piled high with happiness, and purity, and rest, and the skipper was a girl—a slender, graceful girl, rosy-lipped and dark-eyed, with loosely coiled dark hair, and a bunch of white roses at her waist, from which she plucked the leaves and sent them fluttering to him in greeting. Ah, after all, this surely—No, here was *Fame,* commanded by a whole world of people, ready to do homage to him, looking at him with admiring eyes—*Fame* that he had worked, and waited, and longed for all his manhood's years. And now it would sail in to him if he only wished aright. Until now he had thought that this was the one of his ships that he wanted most, and he might think so still if only *Wealth* did not glitter so—if only the face of *Love's* skipper were turned away from him. As he hesitated his wishes grew stronger and the ships moved faster.

"Choose quickly," said the voice.

"One moment more," he pleaded. "Ah, too late!" Side by side the three vessels entered the harbor. He saw the white rigging of *Love* go down before the agonized face of the girlish skipper, as *Wealth* and *Fame* crushed into it on either side, and were each in turn crushed against the hindering arms of the harbor. He turned away that he might not see them sink, and when he looked again the water was still, and the black pirate ship was lying at anchor. The name on the prow was *Death,* and a grim-faced skipper stood on deck holding the lifeless form of *Love's* skipper in his arms.

"Who are you?" asked the philosopher. "I did not wish for you; you do not sail in my fleet."

"I sail in the fleet of every man whether he wills or not. My sails do not wait for the touch of the breeze to carry me along."

"Why are you anchoring here?"

"We wait for you."

"But I do not wish to go with you."

"Not just now, perhaps, but you will soon; we will wait."

Just then the face of the little dead skipper quickened with life. The dark eyes and red lips smiled a welcome to him, and awoke within him a sudden longing to follow her. He stretched out his arms and cried, "I'll go—I'll go now. You carry the whole world in your arms. I can but follow."

Was it music he heard? Surely; the music of a girl's fresh young voice, and he looked up to see a girl's laughing face looking in at him through the open window, where the green vine-leaves reached down and caressed her hair, and two slender hands shaking his arm. He took the disturbing hands in his own, and leaning out into the odor and glow of the summer evening, told their owner what he had seen and heard before she aroused him—and some other things that were not dreams.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

DR. BARNARDO

DR. BARNARDO, the famous foster-father of the nation's waifs, has just passed the sixtieth year of his age, and the fortieth of the great institution which his kindly nature founded in 1866, and which his tireless energy has kept going until it has reached the magnitude at which it stands to-day, says the *World*.

Dr. Barnardo's friends wanting to make him a birthday present which they knew he would most appreciate, appealed to the nation for £120,000 to help the work along.

Rarely has such a birthday present been so well deserved, says the London *News*. Few men have ever had so splendid a testimonial written of them as that which appears in the appeal signed by the Duke of Argyll and other noblemen, and the leaders of the churches, of society, of literature and others. "This man has rendered services infinitely greater and more lasting than most of the exploits which are rewarded with national grants by parliamentary votes of thanks, or by titular honors. His has been a life-long campaign against foes who are continually mobilized for war, what nobler title could a man have than that by which Dr. Barnardo is known—the foster-father of the fatherless, the father of nobody's children."

Up-to-date Dr. Barnardo is responsible for a huge family, numbering 8,482, all of them waifs, and no fewer than 1,100 of them babies of less than three years, while a large number were cripples. They had been gathered from the streets and the slums of every part of England, and everyone of them when found had been destitute and starving in the midst of wealthy England. In the thirty-nine years that he has been engaged in this work Dr. Barnardo's homes have rescued no fewer than 60,000 of these

DR. BARNARDO, THE "FATHER OF NOBODY'S CHILDREN"

CANADIANS WHO WON THE KOLAPORE CUP AT BISLEY, JULY, 1905

poor waifs. What would have become of them but for this institution, and what has become of them as the result of it?

"One story will illustrate that very simply and clearly for you," says Dr. Barnardo. "Eighteen months or so ago a lad was brought before the magistrates in a western town. He was charged with vagrancy, sleeping out, and having no visible means of subsistence. This was the third time he had been so charged, and he was only about sixteen years of age. The magistrates did not know what to do with him. Being kind-hearted, they did not like to send him to prison. What else could they do? They sent him to the workhouse for a while. But when the time was up he was turned adrift again and was very soon once more before the bench. But this time he was charged with attempting to commit suicide. They asked him why he had dared to think of doing so dreadful a thing. Poor chap! He stood up and replied in a broken voice. 'No one cares whether I starve or not. No one will give me work. I am starving. I thought I had better end it.' Then they thought of me.

"When the lad reached me I spoke somewhat roughly to him just to test him. 'What good can I do you?' I said; 'you're lazy; you won't work.' 'Won't I?' he replied; 'you try me, sir.'

"Well, we sent him to our labor home, and soon he was reported to me as 'industrious, decent and honest.' He went to Canada. And here is a letter which says of him: 'He is a fine young fellow, doing well, and greatly respected.'"

Here, too, is a newspaper report on the same subject of Dr. Barnardo's work which is of interest.

It was from an Australian paper about the time when the Prince and Princess of Wales were making their Empire tour. A banquet had been given and speeches highly felicitating the Hon. John Page, federal M.P. for Maranoa, W.A. were made. In reply, Mr. Page recalled how he had begun life as a waif in the Old Country, and owed his prosperity to the start which had been given him by his rescue and training in the homes of Dr. Barnardo at Stepney. The starting of the homes is no less a romance than their enormous growth. Dr. Barnardo was a medical student at the time, attached to the London Hospital, and was living in

M. WITTE, THE RUSSIAN PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARY

work for the nation's little outcasts. His homes are always full, but the doors are never closed, and the waifs are gathered in at the rate of a dozen to fifteen a day.

Take a run round the work-shops and you will see the boys making bread, boots, clothes, harness, door-mats, trunks for the boys who go to Canada, brushes and brooms, buckets, coffee-pots and other tin things and all sorts of wooden articles, mending a handsome motor-car, and a heavy van, and a broken Venetian blind, setting type and printing; while around is the merry din of the youngsters off duty, playing cricket and other games in the spacious yard. The old home at Stepney Causeway is quite a little town, but it is only a small part of the homes now, for most of them are out in the beautiful country.

Stepney. One night late he found a little boy in rags sleeping on his doorstep. "You'll have your mother after you!" said the young doctor. "Ain't got no mother," replied the boy. "But why don't you go home?" "Ain't got no home." "Where's your father, then?" "Ain't got no father neither." "Where do you live?" "Don't live nowhere." "But you must know somebody. Do you know any others who don't live nowhere?" "'Eaps and 'eaps of 'em, sir." And so the homes were started with that one boy.

A little house for twenty-five boys was taken and Dr. Barnardo began his life's

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE MEMBERS OF THE PEACE COMMISSION

(From stereograph, copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York)

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

IT can be fairly stated that no annual exhibition or fair on this continent attracts more people than the Canadian National Exhibition, now holding the twenty-seventh annual celebration at Toronto.

Last year over six hundred thousand people attended the Exhibition, and as each year goes by and the country continues to grow, the number will undoubtedly increase. The managers and directors of this annual event are untiring in their efforts to bring together all that is best worth exhibiting, and though, as a matter of course, we cannot stand comparison with such undertakings as World's Fairs, which are held from time to time, and which bring together the best in each and every country, yet there is ample demonstration and illustration of the splendid growth and development in Canada from East to West, sufficient to enthuse anyone who will compare present day achievements in Canada with work accomplished up to five or ten years ago.

W. K. McNAUGHT
President of Canadian National Exhibition

DR. ORR
Manager of Canadian National Exhibition

The fact which makes the Exhibition of general interest to Canadians, is that it is a purely national affair, giving opportunities to the home manufacturer to display his work without the rivalry of foreign outputs. Thus, we see, not what the whole world is accomplishing, a subject too vast to be of a personal interest to us as Canadians, but what is done in our own land, particular prominence being given to the industries which are essential to the welfare of Canada.

This year a sum of over forty-three thousand dollars is being expended on prizes alone, thus offering every inducement to exhibitors to bring their productions up to a very high standard of excellence in an effort to compete successfully with rival exhibitors.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

Rear-Admiral of the British Navy and Commander of the British Squadron that is being entertained in Canada.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

PRINCE LOUIS of Battenberg, who, with a squadron of six British cruisers is visiting Canada, is a German Prince by birth, though he has been a naturalized Briton for nearly forty years. He was born fifty-one years ago, in 1854, on Queen Victoria's birthday.

His wife is a daughter of Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's favorite daughter; thus he is the nephew-in-law to King Edward. He is, indeed, doubly connected with the English Royal family, as his youngest brother married the Princess Beatrice.

Another nephew of King Edward, Prince Alexander, is visiting Canada in company with Prince Louis, being midshipman with the North American Squadron. He made his first public appearance at a garden party given in their honor at Montreal.

From Montreal the two Princes left for Ottawa, where they were entertained by Lord and Lady Grey at Rideau Hall. At the time of going to press, they are contemplating a visit to Toronto, and during the autumn the squadron will visit Newport.

The visiting squadron consists of six British war ships, all 9,800 tons and fourteen guns, except the flagship *Drake*, which has eighteen guns and 14,400 tons.

THE BRITISH CRUISER "DRAKE"
14,400 tons, 900 officers and men and 18 guns. Flagship of the squadron visiting Quebec.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

AMONGST several prominent visitors to Canada this autumn is numbered Sir Gilbert Parker, who, though a Canadian by birth, makes his home in the Old Land, and who has recently been renewing old friendships in the Eastern cities. He is well-known here, and a favorite with Canadians, who will give him the hearty reception always accorded our distinguished countrymen.

It is an endless regret to many that Sir Gilbert has abandoned in his writings, the subject, which seemed peculiarly his own, and which he treated with such inimitable charm, that is, the portrayal of the Canadian, and particularly the French-Canadian character. Without a question, the best books he has written, the books through which he has attained to his present literary reputation, are those which tell of Canada and Canadians.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

ELECTRIC POWER AT NIAGARA

MAN'S ingenuity,—there is nothing to surpass it, almost nothing it cannot accomplish. Man has made himself master of the earth, the water and even the invisible currents of air, and has turned them all to his own practical use.

A thousand instances of work accomplished, which, when first suggested, seemed completely out of the range of possibility might be mentioned, but everyone is familiar with the wonders of modern day developments, so we will not wander from our subject, which treats with one of the greatest miracles of the age, the harnessing of Niagara Falls, and converting into useful power, through the agency of electricity, some of this majestic and awe-inspiring, but squandered energy.

The amount of power at the Niagara Falls has been estimated to represent from six to seven million horse-power, about 90

MR. WM. M KENZIE.
General Manager, Electrical Development Company.

COL. H. M. PELLATT
President, Electrical Development Company

per cent. of which is at the Horse Shoe Falls, and most readily controlled from the Canadian side. Thus, it is easy to see that Canada has at her command an endless supply of water power.

Since the year 1877, the idea of controlling a portion of the water at Niagara Falls has been in the minds of engineering men, but not until the year 1891, when the electric railway between the Park and Queenston was commenced, were any steps really taken in the matter. In 1899 there were more extensive developments, when the Canadian Niagara Power Company and the Ontario Power Company secured concession for utilizing the waters of Niagara on the Canadian side for the development of electrical power.

However, these companies, though suggestive by their names of a national project, were operated by United States capital, and Canadians had no part in the development of their magnificent birthright, until three years later, in 1902, when several prominent Canadians, Mr. William McKenzie,

SHOWING THE CASCADE AND LAUNCHING OF A CRIB IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE COFFER DAM.
Here is where the only fatal accident during the construction occurred; one of the workmen, falling into the river, was carried over the Falls.

PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNWATERED SECTION OF THE RIVER

The contour of the river bed gives some idea of the difficulties experienced in securing stable foundations for the dam

Colonel H. M. Pellatt, and Mr. Frederick Nichols made application for a site in the Park for the development of power on a large scale. Arrangements were finally completed in 1903, and the new company, under the name of "The Electrical Development Company of Ontario, Limited," with Colonel Pellatt as President, and a capital of six million dollars, began operations.

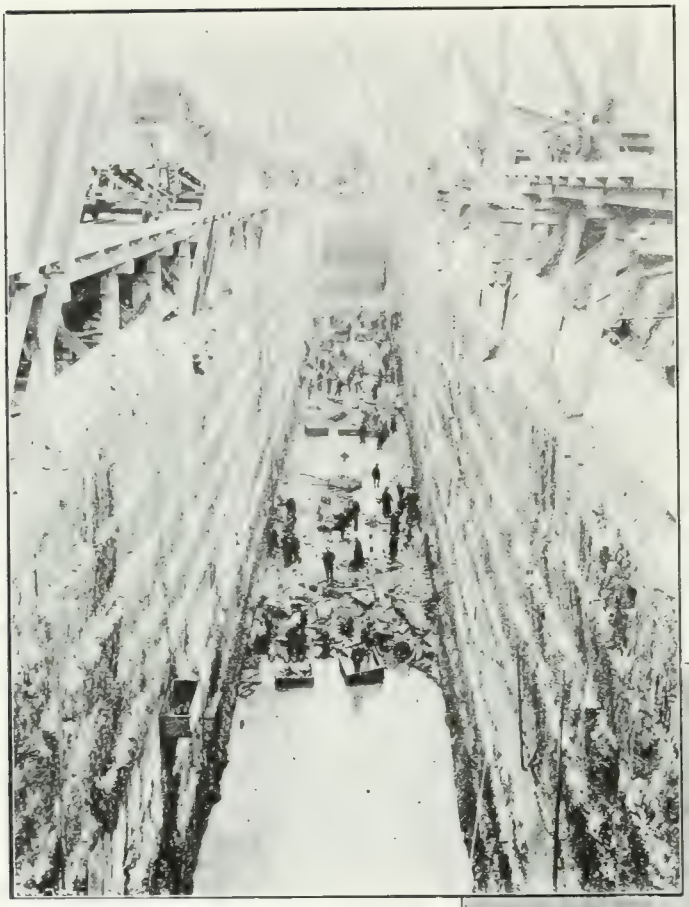
The work of this third company is naturally of most interest to Canadians, as not only is it Canadian money which is invested, but it is the purpose to utilize the power obtained (a right to take water to the extent of 125,000 horse-power having been granted) in our own country.

Besides providing manufacturing sites, which will encourage industries to locate near Niagara Falls in order to use the electric power propagated, the important project of the company is the transmission of the power from Niagara to the terminal station of the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, which has been organized to distribute the output of the power house; and although the first transmission line is being built to reach Toronto, it is intended later on to construct transmission lines to other points in Ontario, where a market can be found that will warrant the work.

The Niagara-Toronto line is being built within a private right-of-way of 84 miles from the Falls to Toronto, purchased from hundreds of owners along the route.

Thus, we see, one project under way for instituting an electric car service between Niagara and Toronto, as well as the prospect of, in all probability, cheaper electric power for lighting, etc.

An idea of the advance of electricity is



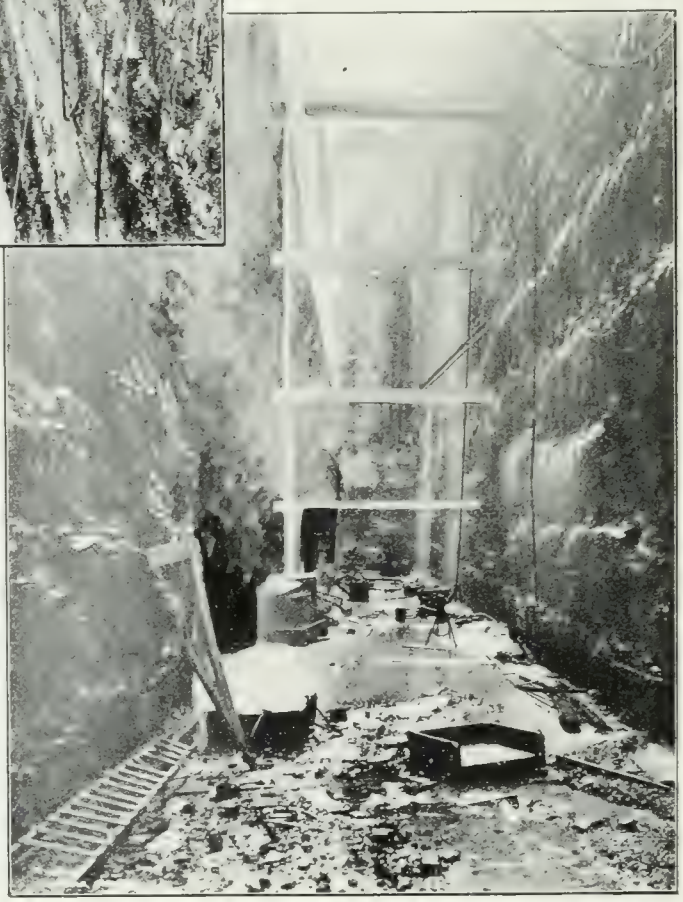
EXCAVATION FOR WHEEL PIT, JUNE, '04.

given by the fact that seventeen years ago a convention of street railway men in the United States laughed at one of its members who advocated the use of electric car service. But seventeen years is a generation in electrical matters, and to-day not only have electric street railways completely ejected the horse cars, but such railway companies as the New York Central are having electric locomotives built, capable of handling the heaviest trains for use between New York and cities within a radius of twenty-four miles.

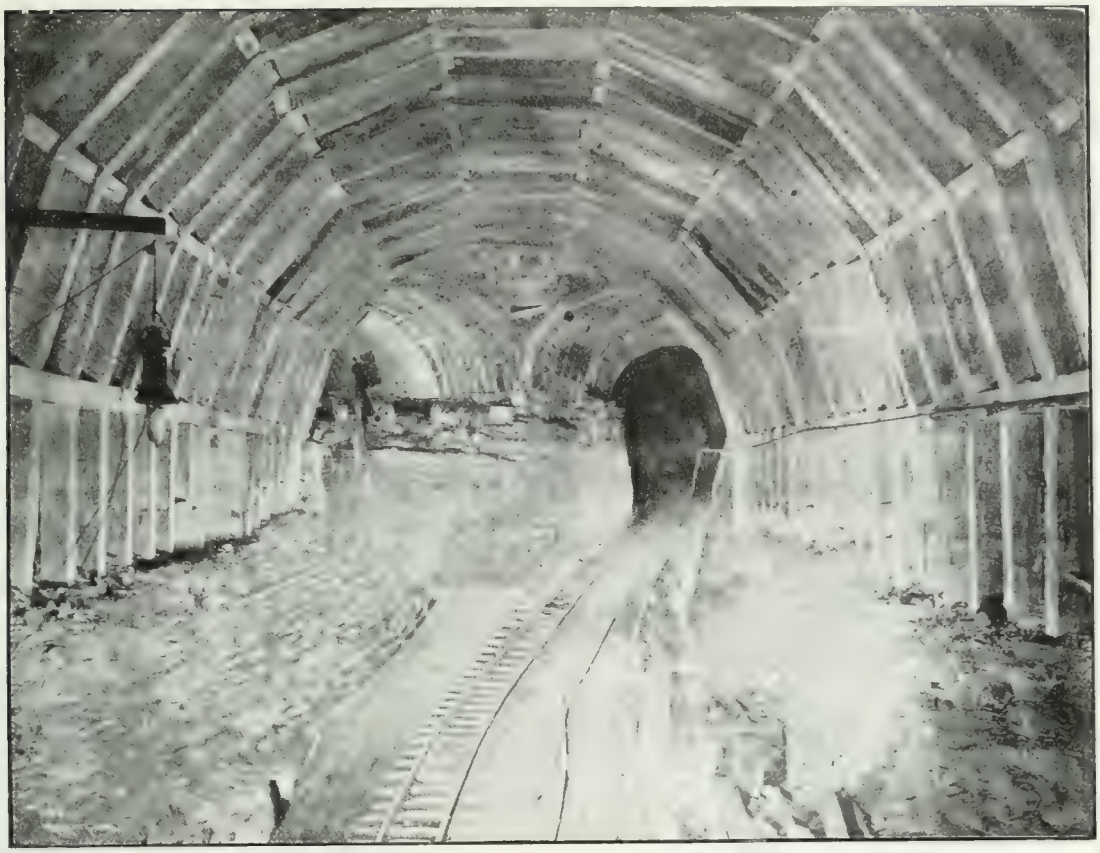
The accompanying illustrations give a slight idea of the work of "harnessing Niagara" as it has been carried on. A novel feature is that the works of the company are constructed on what is in reality the river bed. Twelve acres of the river above the Falls have been unwatered by building a coffer-dam in the swiftest part of the river, which would have seemed to defy human powers to control, and the river bottom, at places a depth of twenty-four feet and covered with immense boulders, has been laid bare.

The difficulties of the construction of this coffer-dam alone required most consummate engineering skill and heroic determination on the part of the men who continually risked their lives in the dangerous work.

Within this unwatered portion of the river are built a concrete



COMPLETED EXCAVATION, OCTOBER, '04.



TAIL RACE TUNNEL BENEATH THE RIVER.

Showing the intersection of branch tunnels.

gathering dam—extending up the river about 750 feet, to assure a uniform depth of water in the fore-bay, and to still the water—and the wheel-pit, an immense excavation, 158 feet deep.

The main tunnel connecting with the lower end of the wheel-pit, to carry away the water after it has passed through the turbines, has a larger area than any other tunnel, being about 2,000 feet in length, with a radius of thirty feet. Starting from the wheel-pit it runs along 158 feet below the bed of the river, and discharges the water behind the Horse Shoe Falls.

The only serious trouble encountered in the excavations was in connection with the tunnelling behind the Falls.

In order to hasten the work of completing this tunnel, a shaft, 150 feet deep, was sunk on the brink of the Falls, and from this shaft another tunnel was started at right angles to meet the line of the main tunnel. The contractor, desiring to have an outlet for the debris dug up other than the mouth of the shaft, decided to dynamite and thus make an opening in the face of the rock behind the Horse Shoe Falls. This was accomplished, with the result that the water of the Falls rushed in and flooded them out.

As soon as pumps could be installed they were set to work and reduced the water sufficiently to enable three volunteers to undertake a most dangerous feat. These men, lying in a flat-bottomed boat, with boxes of dynamite, which they were to place at the mouth of the tunnel, propelled themselves through the tunnel by pushing with their hands and feet against the roof. They were successful in placing the dynamite, but were

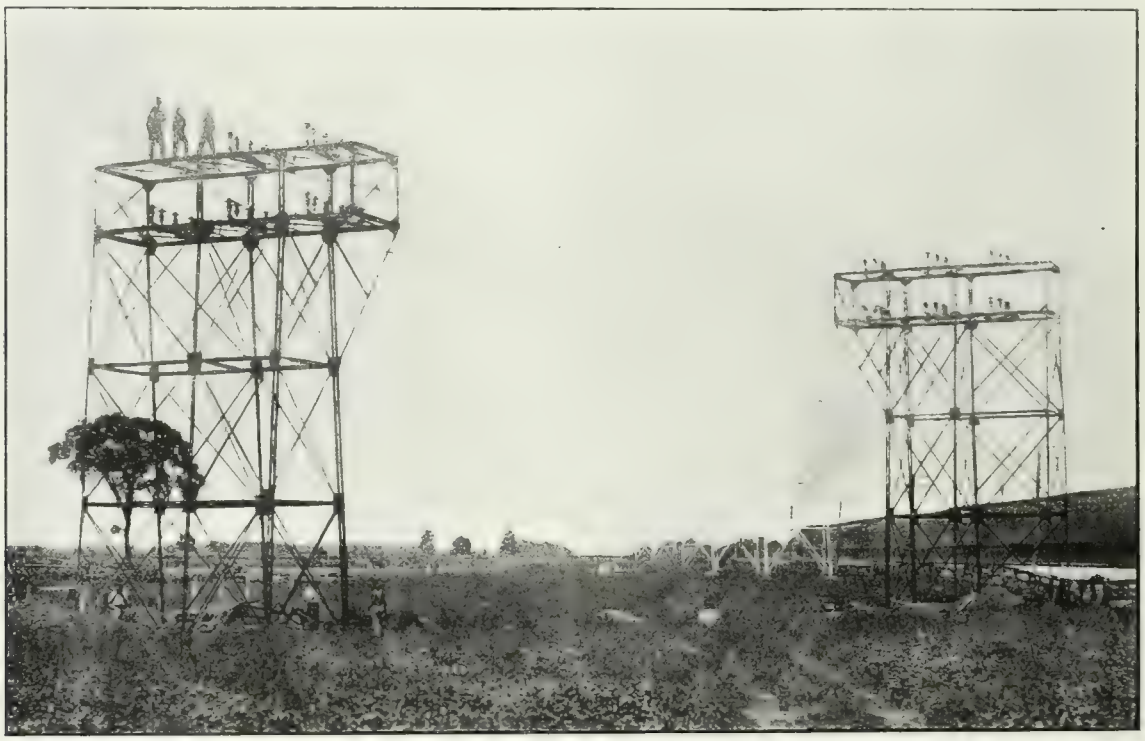
nearly drowned, the boat sinking beneath them.

The dynamite was exploded, but failed to remove the obstruction of rock, when another and equally daring method was tried.

The chief engineer and two men, roped together like Alpine guides, started for the opening which had been made, crawling along the face of the cliff behind the Falls. Almost blinded by the spray, they persevered until they stood in front of the opening and diagnosed the difficulty. Subsequent trips were taken along this cliff, and a huge quantity of dynamite placed and finally exploded. The obstruction was removed and the work continued, and the enormous tunnel is now as dry and pleasant as a room.

The power house to control this vast amount of energy of 125,000 horse-power is not yet erected, but the designs, which have been submitted to the Government inspectors and Park Commissioners, intimate that it will not only be a suitable, but also an extremely attractive building, which will harmonize, as far as possible, with the surroundings, and in no way jar on the scenic effect of the district.

The style of architecture will be the Italian Renaissance. It will be situated, as previously mentioned, on what is now the bank of the river, and broad terraces, enhanced here and there with parapets and wide flights of steps, which will add materially to the æsthetic appearance, will be constructed, leading up to the building itself; and a wide colonnade, supported by massive columns, will grace the entire front of the edifice.



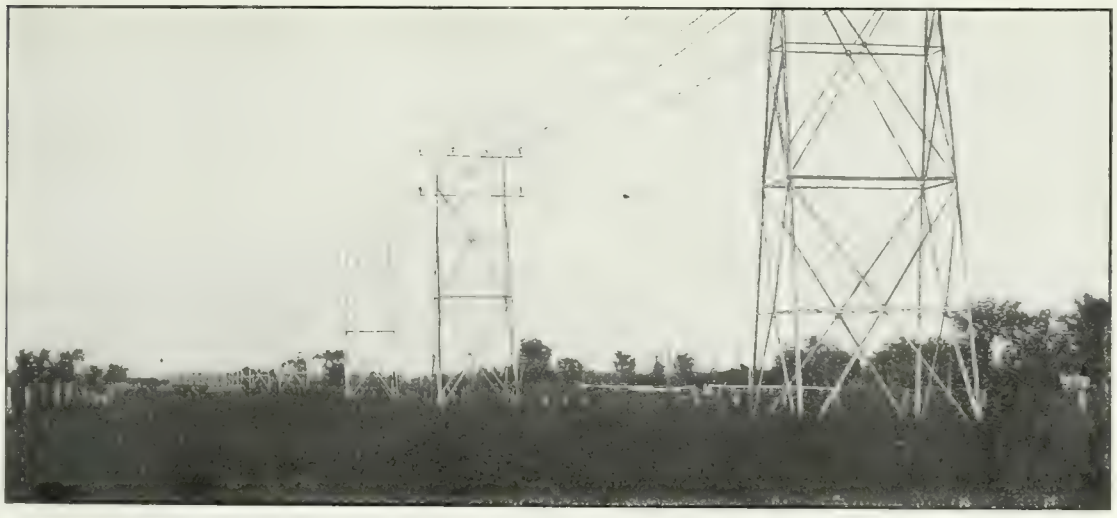
MEN AT WORK ON THE TRANSMISSION TOWERS BETWEEN NIAGARA AND TORONTO

To "harness Niagara," which has long been a dream, is indeed now a reality, and it is beyond our imagination to predict what future wonders the next generation will discover in the field of electric science. If a single generation has seen the commercial development of electric light, electric railways, the telephone, phonograph and wireless tele-

SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SIX FOOT SPAN OVER THE CREDIT RIVER

Extra heavy towers were required to support the additional weight of copper wire

graphy, any one of which the people of a couple of generations ago would have regarded as witchcraft, it is safe to prophesy that we have not yet reached the limit of advancement, and that even greater marvels will be brought to light in the future generations.



TRANSMISSION LINE TOWERS SHOWING TRANSPOSITION OF WIRES TO MINIMIZE LOSS OF VOLTAGE

SCENE ON THE RIVER Photo by Lord

SOO CANAL CELEBRATION

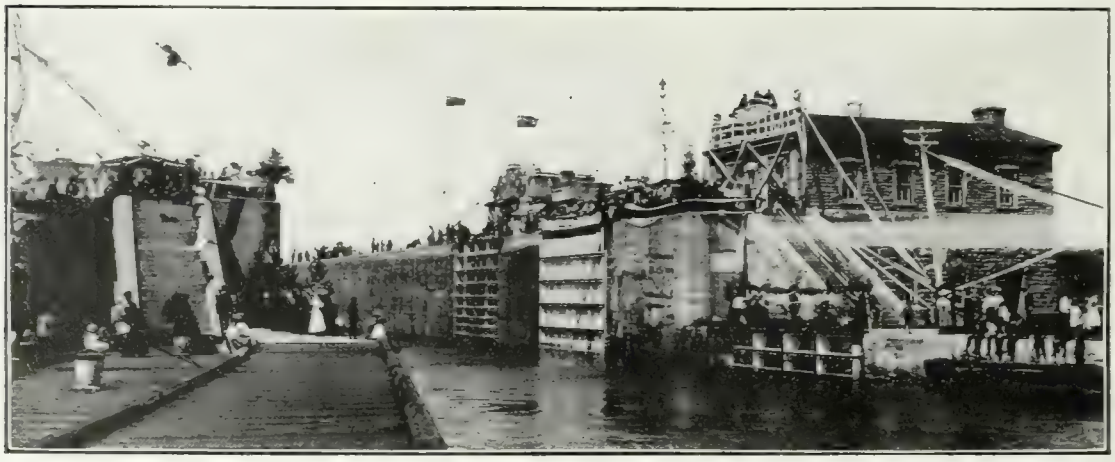
CANADIANS and Americans alike took part in the celebration on the 2nd and 3rd of August, of the fiftieth anniversary of the first locks of the Soo Canal. The celebration took the form of an extensive naval parade of Canadian and American vessels in the morning, a military parade and reception in the afternoon, and a brilliant display of fireworks in the evening.

Mr. Charles T. Harvey, of Toronto, who was engineer on the construction of the first lock, was chief marshal of the celebration, which attracted thousands of spectators.

As far back as the time when the British Fur Trading Company first did trading in what was at that time considered one of the extreme outlying districts of the country, there was a canal built by that company for boats to carry the furs, of which one old lock is still preserved on the Canadian side of the river.

The Canadian and United States officials at the canals exchange courtesies, and the two American, and the Canadian lock built in 1895, are used to accommodate the commerce of the lakes without discrimination or tolls.

The extensive commerce of the canal as now carried on, reveals the importance of the undertaking promulgated to facilitate transportation between the Great Lakes. In a single day last year, the amount of freight carried through the locks on ninety-nine vessels was 287,399 tons.



CANADIAN LOCK AT SOO, IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE Photo by Lord

RECEPTION AFTER THE MILITARY PARADE AT THE SOO CELEBRATION Photo by Lord

CHARACTER SKETCHES

By MARY E. SUTCLIFFE

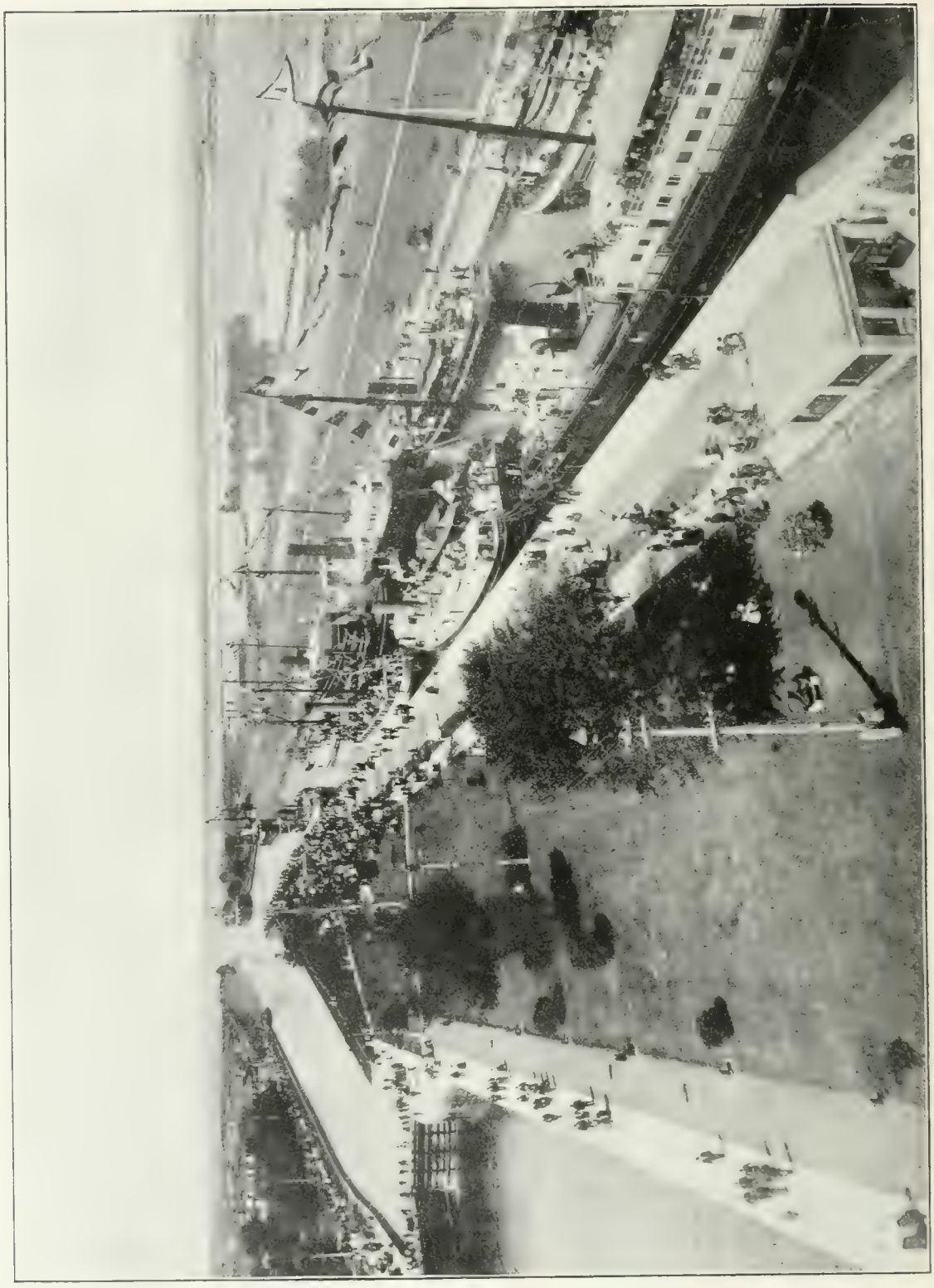
ONCE upon a time a man who did not understand loved, or thought he loved a woman who did not understand. He had an ideal in his mind of such a woman as he could love, and on meeting this one thought to himself, "Now, this is *she*." So being young and of an affectionate nature, he lavished much love upon her, speaking also of his hopes and aspirations, into all of which she, apparently, entered, at the same time expressing to him her admiration for the man of aspirations. So, for a season she became the inspiration of the man, who long and earnestly labored, putting heart and soul into his work, that thereby he might win this woman's approval, caring more for this than for all praise and commendation the world might bestow upon him, and thus for a time he was alternately in the seventh heaven and down in the depths, just as the woman's mood might be, until gradually it began to dawn upon him that neither had he her love nor did she care for or understand his work. A rude awakening, truly, but sadder still to him the consciousness that neither did he love nor understand *this* woman, but the one he had thought her to be. He realized his love and admiration were not enough, other conquests she must make, till the man of wealth presents himself, when a life of ease and luxury will be hers, with self the centre round which she revolves.

And the man? Everything looks dark. The incentive gone, work seems distasteful. What is the use? He does not care; will give up the struggle and enter into life's pleasures. But "No," something calls out, "this will not satisfy, it must be work, good, honest work. Surely you will not be a coward, and fall out of life's battle just because you have received a wound. Keep on, and fight to the end, until honor and glory are yours."

And so, buckling on his armor, he again enters the ranks, and where the fight is thickest, and danger the greatest, there he is found, doing his duty with no thought of self.

The world commends and praises, but better still, the woman who *does* understand is watching and following his course, while her heart beats with love and pride, for is he not her hero, and did she not discover his worth and know the bravery of his spirit long before his praises were sounded from the lips of men?

Thus, be not cast down or discouraged by seeming misfortune, for oft is it not a blessing in disguise to see and try what manner of metal we be? Gold tried in the furnace comes out brighter.



THE NAVAL PARADE PASSING THROUGH THE LOCKS AT THE SOO.

Photo by Ford.

FATE AND FAIR PLAY

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

IT was deep, delicious July weather. The road wound leisurely through a green, aromatic wood, where ferns leaned out to touch the passer-by with fairy fingers, and tiny paths led off to ever-new and ever-more wonderful vistas.

Through the warm shadowy silence came now the sound of wheels and hoof-beats, and of a lady's voice pitched in a rather high and plaintive monotone.

"I assure you, Ursula," it said, "I have no idea how I shall ever accomplish all that I have to do. That afternoon tea to-morrow, and the whist-party next week, and those new bank people to call on! And having to go so far to Mrs. Clayton's reception this afternoon is most annoying—though, of course, I would not disappoint Caroline for anything! I do wish, Ursula, that you would put your mind on my serious worries instead of dreaming the way you do! Then it would be some relief to talk to you!"

"Yes, aunt," answered Ursula, meekly, but rather mechanically, while her eyes certainly did not lose their look of pleasant reverie. In the course of eighteen years (for she had lived with her aunt from the age of six) she had become accustomed to frequent inventories of that truly kind-hearted, but somewhat narrow-minded lady's serious worries, and could pursue a quite different train of thought while listening to them. And in the wood through which they were driving to Mrs. Clayton's reception, her day dreams were always delightful ones. It was her especial haunt, and here she spent all the time she could spare from what Mrs. Van Horne called "social duties," in prowling, sketching and, of late, in writing. That she could capture some of her visions and embody them in lyric words, was a recent discovery, and one which she had not confided as yet to anyone. Perhaps it was no wonder that Aunt Florence was sometimes annoyed at the far-off look in her niece's pretty eyes, but the power of abstraction was certainly a protective one for Ursula.

On this occasion the sleek bay, Persis, under Robert's careful guidance, jogged peacefully along, and Mrs. Van Horne proceeded to go further afield for material, and to foretell the anxieties connected with having a seamstress in the house the following week. But she had not got further than the facts that Mary (the cook) and Rachael (the housemaid) were so disagreeable when a sewing-girl was there, and that probably nothing would be cooked right and nothing would be swept right while she stayed—when the bay mare did an entirely unprecedented thing. She shied!

Robert must have been in a meditative mood, too, but this erratic behavior on the part of the tractable Persis brought him wide-awake in a hurry. Mrs. Van Horne screamed as the carriage swerved and tipped and then righted itself, but Ursula sat quite rigid, with terrified eyes fixed on the cause of the horses' fright. For on a heap of stones beside the road lay a young man, evidently stunned, and near him a badly broken bicycle.

"There's been an accident, ma'am!" said Robert. "You set right still and hold the reins, while I see if the poor chap's dead entirely."

Mrs. Van Horne screamed again when she saw the poor bicyclist, but she took the reins in her trembling hands, and meekly held on, while Robert and Ursula sprang to the rescue. The injured man groaned as they gently touched him, but did not open his eyes. There was a nasty-looking wound on his head, and one leg was bent under him in a way which could only mean a break. Robert, who was a man of resource, turned to his mistress and said quickly:

"There's only one thing to do, Mem! I'll take the seats out of the carriage and lay the young fellar in, and you just set down flat and hold his head on your lap to stiddy him like. Miss Ursula and I'll walk, and I'll lead the horse so's there'll be no jolts.'

Now, Robert was a family institution

(having been the late Mr. Van Horne's valet), and Mrs. Van Horne always did as he told her; but on this occasion, though she climbed out quite willingly for them to remove the seats and place the young man in her carriage, she rebelled as to the last part of the programme.

"You *know*, Robert," she cried, "I never *could* stand the sight of blood—and just look at his head! No, *you* must hold his head, Ursula; you are so strong-minded, you know! I'm sure you won't mind a bit! I will walk beside the carriage. There, child, spread my handkerchief on your lap, and your own, too. There! now, Robert, I think we can start on!"

And start on they did, Robert leading Persis with the greatest care, Ursula gently supporting the wounded stranger, and Mrs. Van Horne walking close to the carriage and casting occasional pitying glances at their charge. With all her fretfulness as to small things, she was thoroughly kind-hearted.

There were three miles of wood-road to travel back to Evanby, and it was evidently desirable that it should be gone over at the slowest possible rate. The movement of the carriage, even though Persis went at a snail's pace, caused severe pain to the injured man. Ursula, supporting him as gently as she could, flushed with sympathy when he groaned, and at last, with a sudden kindly impulse, took one of his hands and held it in hers. She had plenty of time to study the face that rested on her knee, and the more she looked the better did she like it. It was a young face—the stranger was probably not more than twenty-two—and one that the world had not spoiled. The rather thin-lipped mouth, though firm, was boyish in its expression, and the whole modelling of the head and neck reminded her of a knight in a favorite picture that hung in her room at home. His brown hair had a bronzy tint when the light struck it, and waved a little where it was long enough around his forehead.

Ursula had become quite absorbed in the study of this fascinating "subject," so strangely given by fate (and Aunt Florence) into her care, when, despite Robert's precautions, the carriage wheels jolted on a moss-covered stone, and the knight of the forest was jarred into consciousness. He tightened his instinctive clutch on Ursula's hand, and suddenly opened his eyes. She was bending over him, looking down with the tenderness every true woman (or man either, for that matter) feels for the suffering, and her brown eyes, lit with compassion, were of marvellous beauty. His eyes, dark-blue and clear, met hers like those of a newly-wakened child still holding his dream and not quite returned to the work-a-day world. They looked long at each other so, then slowly a frank admiration dawned in his expression, and Ursula's eyes drooped.

Is this a dream?" a very winning voice said then. "If it is, I hope it may last for—ah!"

The little speech broke off in a suppressed groan, and Ursula, though she grew quite pale with sympathy, could not help a nervous laugh.

"That was a cruel way for a compliment to be interrupted,' she said. "Oh, please forgive me for laughing. I am so sorry for you."

And, indeed, there were tears in her eyes now as she bent over him. He looked at her in puzzled inquiry, and she turned to her aunt:

"The gentleman has revived, Aunt Florence; will you please explain things to him?"

"Robert!" cried Mrs. Van Horne, excitedly; "Robert, stop the horse at once and come here!"

Robert promptly appeared with an anxious grin on his ruddy face.

"Robert," said his mistress, who was distinctly nervous, "tell this gentleman how we found him. I am so upset, I really *cannot* get it sorted out in my mind properly. And I suppose we really *ought* to be at Mrs. Clayton's tea!"

"Well, sir," said Robert, touching his hat, "you see, you nearly made our horse throw us out! She's as gentle as a lamb, but she were scared when she seen you, sudden-like, on the side o' the road, all mixed up with rocks and a bicycle. So Miss Ursula and I went to see what you were, and when

we found out, sir, why Mrs. Van Horne, she just had the carriage cleared out for you, and Miss Ursula and I we lifted you in, and Miss Ursula she had to hold you, because the mistress she can't abear the sight of blood; and we left the carriage-seats in the wood and come right on."

Having so delivered himself, Robert stood by the carriage patiently, with his kind twinkling blue eyes fixed on the youth's bewildered face.

"You have all been most kind; I have caused you unheard-of trouble!" the stranger cried, and he tried to rise, moved the injured leg, and fell back with a smothered groan, turning white to the lips.

"Don't, don't, I beg of you," Mrs. Van Horne exclaimed. "Don't move for worlds! Your head is broken and your leg is cut—no, no, I mean just the other way—and you simply must be reasonable till we can get to a doctor, I beg of you, my dear sir! Now, Robert, we will go right on, please!"

So Robert returned to his post at the head of Persis, and the queer procession was resumed. The patient asked no more questions, but resigned himself to the situation (which, certainly, had its compensations!), not forgetting to keep a firm clasp of the kind hand that had come to his aid.

As they neared the edge of the wood, and Ursula was beginning to think of the coming progress through town, they beheld another bicycist—this one, however, rapidly approaching them, and with head and limbs uninjured. He slackened speed as he saw the strange group, and they were all struck with his almost perfect likeness to their charge. As soon as his glanced rested on the pale face on Ursula's knee he uttered a startled exclamation and dismounted precipitately. In another moment he was bending over the injured man, with an expression of grief and dismay on his face almost greater than even this untoward situation seemed to demand.

"Ralph, Ralph!" he cried; "dear old man! what have you done?"

Then Ralph, to the best of his ability, related what had happened, dwelling more on the extreme kindness of his rescuers than on his own misfortune; and Robert, when called upon by Mrs. Van Horne, supplemented the narrative by a hasty description of the injuries.

"I intended," said Mrs. Van Horne, "to have the young gentleman—your brother, I am sure—conveyed to my own house, and to procure the assistance of the best doctor in Evanby; and after that I don't know *what* I should have done! But, of course, if you are strangers here, he must still come to my house. It won't be such a responsibility now that you are with him."

The new arrival could scarcely wait for Mrs. Van Horne to finish her little speech before he replied—and his face, though so young and so pleasant, had a firmness of mould that gave an air of finality to what he said:

"Your kindness has been beyond words," he said earnestly; "the kindness of all of you. Very few ladies would have tramped miles through the heat as you have for the sake of a perfect stranger, and I suppose (this with a glance of gratitude at Ursula) most girls would have fainted at sight of such a battered chap, instead of helping him like that. But it's just this way. We have to be in Dorminster to-night!"

Here he was interrupted by a chorus of dismayed protests, in which even Robert joined with a gruff:

"Can't do it, sir!"

"We *can* do it, and we *must* do it!" the youth answered, with a slightly more determined set of the chin. "At least, if the injuries are what I think—only a broken leg and a slight cut on the head."

"Only," murmured Ursula, indignantly. She did not think much of this dogmatic youth, who made so light of broken heads and legs.

But the boy turned to meet her reproachful glance a face of unmistakeable pleading.

"You think I'm a heartless beast," he said, "but please don't! You see—our father is dying, and we have been sent for. He—he wants us! And it is most important. He has not seen Ralph for two years."

There were murmured words of sympathy from Mrs. Van Horne and Ursula, and he continued eagerly:

"You see, I will take him to the best

doctor—whoever you say—and he will set his leg and sew up his head, and then we will catch the train nicely, and I'll put the poor old boy right in a berth, and he can have a sleeping draught. I'm sure we can manage it all right."

"It's dreadful—but I suppose you know best," said Mrs. Van Horne. "But what puzzles *me* is why you two were bicycling about, in different directions, too, instead of hurrying to get ready for your journey!"

"Oh, yes!" said the masterful boy. "Well, you know, we *lived* in opposite directions. Ralph was out in Arndale, ten miles north of Evanby, and I was at Park's College, eight miles south! So we were bicycling in to meet each other and take the train. When Ralph didn't turn up at the hotel I came on to find him. And now—I hate to trespass on your kindness any longer, but if your man might take us to a doctor? Thank you! Then I will take the young lady's place as nurse, and if you will tell us where to go—"

"Oh, if you ask me, I should say to Dr. Scott, without a doubt! Dr. Scott, 22 Crown Street—but Robert will take you. No need of thanks, indeed! So very glad if we have been of use!"

So Ursula rose, somewhat stiffly, from her cramped position, and was tenderly helped out by the younger brother. As she drew her hand from Ralph's he caught it again, held it a moment, and then raised it gently to his lips.

CHAPTER II.

Years had gone by since the episode of the injured bicyclist and the rescue in the wood—three years, to be strictly accurate, which a story-teller is not always bound to be! In that period there had been several changes in Ursula's usually quiet life.

The day after their adventure, Mrs. Van Horne had received a letter from her only sister (then living in England), bearing the sad news of her sudden widowhood, and begging for companionship. The summons was too urgent to be disregarded, and Mrs. Van Horne had no ties of kinship to bind her to Evanby, so she made arrangements as speedily as possible for closing her house, and within six weeks' she and Ursula were on their way to England. No word had reached them from "the poor young man," as Mrs. Van Horne generally called him. She talked of him frequently at first, rather complaining of his lack of courtesy in not writing to her after all her kindness, but usually ending her remarks with the suggestion that in all probability, after being dragged off on a journey that way with a broken leg, the poor young man was dead! The inference was that in that case she forgave him for not writing; otherwise it was unpardonable. In vain Ursula reminded her that he certainly had not their address; she replied very truly that he had just as certainly heard her name, and that there were not so many Van Hornes in Evanby that a letter would be apt to go astray. So that Ursula, who strangely resented any adverse criticism of the man whom she had cared for during that slow progress through the forest, was not sorry when the incident began to sink into the background of her aunt's memory, and allusions to it became less frequent. But it did not fade from her own mind in the least. She was puzzled over her dislike of hearing the affair discussed, and over the vehemence of her objection to the idea, so calmly advanced by Mrs. Van Horne, that the injured youth was dead!

At last a possible solution of the puzzle of her feelings occurred to her, only to be sternly rejected, repudiated, and jeered at by both reason and pride. It was one winter evening in "Merrie England," when her aunts were absorbed in a game of cribbage, and she was sitting by the fire, her work dropped in her lap, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the glowing coals. The wind, wailing about the house, had carried her thoughts far back to the dear wood, where she had so often wandered while the trees bent and creaked in autumn storms. Then she found herself going minutely over every incident of that warm, sweet afternoon when they had found Ralph in a helpless heap beneath the firs. She saw once more the strangely winning face, the brown hair clotted with blood, the look of pain about

the mouth. For a moment she almost felt his hand-clasp, and the gentle touch of lips on her fingers!

It was then that the word love first occurred to her in connection with this Ralph, whose other name she did not know, and very strongly her mind combated it. What? She, a reasonable, rather strong-minded woman of twenty-seven (at that time Ursula considered twenty-seven quite an imposing age) to fall in love with a man whom she had only seen once in her life? Impossible—or, if possible, at least undignified, absurd, altogether to be overcome and put an end to! So she rated herself well, resumed her embroidery with vigor—and then went to bed and dreamed it all over again, with sundry delightful additions.

It was after this that she threw herself more earnestly into her writing. She studied life and landscape as she saw them in beautiful Devonshire; she made bicycle trips through other counties gathering material; she coaxed from Aunt Winston bits of neighborhood lore; and presently a series of charming and vivid stories of English country life was running through one of the Canadian magazines, and making the name of Ursula Constance Foster pleasantly known in her own country. And all the while her manuscript collection of verse was slowly added to—slowly, for the songs that sang themselves blithely in her brain were severely worked over and polished before she copied them into that cherished red book—until, at last, a slender volume was published and met with a reception that amazed her by its kindness.

At the end of three years of English life Aunt Van Horne was seized with an uncontrollable home-sickness. England was all very well—but she wanted her own house, her own town, even her old neighbors. Mrs. Winston was quite willing to accompany her, willing for almost anything except to be left alone; and Ursula felt, with a sudden leap of the heart, that the Evanby woods, the Evanby garden, and the dear old rambling house, were, after all, her centre of the universe.

They had been settled in their old home scarcely a week when Mrs. Van Horne decided that she would invite her friend, Mrs. Clayton, to spend a day with her. The stolid James, who ruled the domain of garden and stables in Robert's place, was too deeply occupied with flower-beds and vines to be lightly disturbed; but Ursula, pleased at the prospect of a drive through her dear woods, offered to act as coachman in his stead. True, the horse was a new one, and showed the white of its eye in a manner not suggestive of amiability, but his record was said to be a good one, and Ursula was eager to try him.

It was a sultry July afternoon, the sun shining hotly, but heavy white clouds heaping up fantastically in the west. James brought the evil-eyed Arrow to the door, handed the reins to Ursula, and gladly departed to his gardening. Mrs. Van Horne hesitated on the top step of the verandah, looking doubtfully at the horse, and approvingly at Ursula—who certainly in her blue-grey fluffy gown, with yellow poppies in her little blue hat, did look exceedingly charming.

"That hat and gown are most becoming, child," Mrs. Van Horne said. "I never saw you look better. But, oh dear, I do wish that beast would stop rolling his eyes at me. He looks savage, positively savage!"

Here Arrow gave his head an impertinent toss, and snorted scornfully—a course of conduct which completed the demoralization of Mrs. Van Horne's nerves.

"It's no use, I simply cannot drive behind him, Ursula! Just look at his expression whenever I speak; I believe the horrid thing knows that I'm afriad of him. You'd better call James to take him back to the barn, and I suppose I will have to write a note to Caroline Clayton! But the postman only goes out there once a day, and he's gone long before this, so she wouldn't get it till to-morrow. Dear, dear! That's how things always happen with me!"

"Don't worry, Aunt Florence," Ursula said, sympathetically. "I will take the message to Mrs, Clayton, of course. I want the drive this perfect day, and as for being afraid of Arrow—why, James says he's as gentle as a lamb!"

Mrs. Van Horne did not appear greatly

impressed by the opinion of her man-of-all-work.

"James is not at all like Robert," she said. "I have no confidence whatever in his judgment. But if *you* feel sure Arrow is safe, Ursula, I suppose it's all right. I'm sure I wish I was not so nervous about driving, but ever since the day we found that poor young man killed in the woods I have been worse than ever!"

"Not killed, auntie," Ursula cried. "You *know* he was not killed!"

"Well, not just at the time; but of course he died afterwards, or we would have heard from him! Oh, are you off? Well, good-bye, dear; and *don't* go so fast, you'll get covered with dust!"

But Ursula was off, indeed, and Mrs. Van Horne returned to the house with an anxious pucker on her brow.

"I don't believe I should have allowed Ursula to go," she said to her sister, who was placidly reading in the drawing-room.

"It looks as if there might be thunder; and I'm quite sure that horse is wild, no matter what James says about quiet as a lamb. *Lamb,* indeed!"

Once the woods were gained, Arrow slowed up to a meditative saunter that suited well with Ursula's wishes. Amber sunlight and purple-dusky shadow sifted and shimmered across the winding road. Birds chirped and flutted lazily in the far recesses of the forest. Everything was drowsy, held in the spell of the sultry afternoon, Ursula, with the reins held lightly, let her thoughts drift at their own sweet will—and that, not unnaturally, led them back to the afternoon of her strange drive three years ago. How very ill "Ralph" had looked, as he lay with his handsome head pillowed on her knee! She shuddered as she recalled her aunt's calm assumption of his death. *She* knew he was not dead! How good his face was, and how clear and child-like his eyes when he suddenly looked up, bewildered, and caught the unintended tenderness in hers.

Ursula sighed impatiently. "He may not be at all what he looked," she said to herself. Perhaps if I met him now I would not like him a bit. Still—I would like to meet him once more—just to see—"

At this point her meditations were broken by a tremendous clap of thunder. Arrow, who had also been meditating, stood straight up on his hind-legs, pawed the air a moment, and bolted! Ursula was perfectly helpless; all her strength on the reins affected Arrow not in the least. He tore frantically around a bend in the road, the carriage struck against a tree, and Ursula was thrown violently out among the bushes.

The horse and the fragments of the carriage continued their mad career down the road, and a little further on met a bicyclist, who swerved from their path barely in time. He dropped from his wheel and stood for a moment looking after them, then mounted in haste and started in search of the former occupant or occupants of the shattered vehicle. He had not far to go before, with a low, deep exclamation of fear and wonder, he was kneeling beside the unconscious Ursula.

She was very white, and the tall young man who had come so opportunely to her rescue felt a dreadful fear clutch at his heart.

"Ursula, Ursula!" he groaned, leaning over her. She opened her eyes at the sound of her name; they looked for a moment dazed and bewildered, then grew bright and dark with recognition.

"You," she breathed. "You!"

"*Dearest,*" Ralph cried (unconscious, in the stress of the moment, of the usual etiquette of conversation between people meeting for the second time!) "are you badly hurt?"

Ursula continued to look at him with great solemn eyes; then a gleam of mirth slowly woke in their brown depths.

"Turn about—is fair play!" she murmured. "Please take me home!"

Ralph's face lost its tense expression at her smile.

"Then you know me? You remember?" he cried.

"I *couldn't forget,*" said Ursula, perversely. "Your poor head spoiled my very prettiest gown! But please help me up; I am so dizzy."

Ralph cautiously raised her to her feet; she stood for a moment, with some difficulty, and then said in rather a formal tone:

"If you will kindly help me over to that log I will sit down for a few minutes. My head still swims—but I will soon be all right."

Ralph unceremoniously picked her up in his arms and carried her to the log, where a tall elm provided a convenient back. He put her down tenderly and knelt beside her, watching the color come slowly back to her face.

"There are no bones broken," Ursula said, with a vivid blush, as her eyes met his. "I'm only bruised and shaken up."

"No, there are no bones broken, thank God!" Ralph said gravely. "But you must be taken home as quickly as possible. I can carry you to the edge of the wood, and then get a team. Will you trust me? I will be very careful."

Ursula laughed and shook her head.

"I believe you *could* do it," she said. "But I have no wish to be responsible for a broken back! Besides, there is absolutely nothing the matter with me but a dizzy head and a few aches. If you don't mind waiting till I feel steady again you shall escort me home and receive Aunt Florence's thanks."

"Mind waiting!" said Ralph. "I have waited three years *for* you. It is not likely I could mind any amount of waiting with you!"

Ursula's sweet face clouded ever so little.

"You did not try very hard to see us, did you?" she asked. "Auntie said you were certainly dead, or you would have written. But I did not take such an extreme view myself. I thought such a trifling episode had just gone out of your mind."

Ralph looked at her with the exasperated helplessness that besets mortal man when the woman he loves chooses to misinterpret.

"You couldn't have thought so," he said at last. "I loved you at first sight, Ursula. You may laugh—but I hope you won't. The novelists and poets are quite right; it is a possible thing to do, though it happens mighty seldom. And I wrote three times, and then came out here to Evanby to look for you, and you were gone!"

"Yes, we went to England rather suddenly," she said demurely; "and, of course, the letters must have gone astray. Did you address them to my aunt?"

"Yes—the first two, at least—to Mrs. Van Thorne. Wasn't that the name? And the last, to Miss Ursula Van Thorne."

"That explains it," Ursula cried. "Auntie's name is *Van Horne,* not Van Thorne—but there used to be Van Thornes here, and they had moved to South Africa that very spring. All their letters would be forwarded, of course. And my name is neither Van Horne or Van Thorne, but Foster!"

Then Ralph, for once, showed complete presence of mind, and said the right thing at the right time.

"I will never get it right," he whispered. "Change it to Allen, dearest—please, please!"

Ursula blushed more deeply than ever, but arched her eyebrows with an air of polite inquiry.

"Allen?" she queried. "I don't think I know anyone of that name. What is yours, by-the-way?"

Ralph could stand it no longer. He took her in his arms and kissed her; and Ursula hid her face on his shoulder, and whispered, with a last attempt at levity:

"I—I'm rather glad you are not dead—but how disappointed Aunt Van Horne will be!"

THE BOY ON THE PRAIRIE

By M. M. EDMONDSON

AS the human life sweeps over this vast expanse of land, the prairies, and endeavors to encompass its vastness, it is lost in wonders, awe, and majesty. Then plunged into the depths of thought, and mystery, we try to fathom the intent of these wild, western plains closed in by the Rockies, which say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

You who have never seen the prairies, how shall I describe to you their majestic grandeur; when standing alone inhaling freedom with every breath, the mind rapidly expanding, and filling with glorious lofty thoughts and ideals. The imagination at play soaring on the wings of ecstasy and delight, while turning your eye to the rosy West, straining for those wide imaginary gates, wrapt in exultation, you are wafted on, on to thoughts celestial.

When gazing at the blue vaulted dome, looking down upon a rich green carpet, interspersed with brilliant flowers, while peeping up among the verdant grandeur a silver lake is laughing in the sun, then peering in the distance a bluff of willows is rocked in the breeze, and winding imperceptibly is the instinctive trail of the departed red man, and the no less hard beaten trail of the buffalo, we ask, are these the fascinations that draw men from luxury and ease to be nutured in the bosom of the prairie? But he who inhabits the prairie knows that every thing that exists there lends it a charm. The land gently rolling and undulating the broad steppes; the deep ravines that lovingly nestle impassable sloughes that have cooled many an animal's parched tongue; the muffled murmur of the springs that gladden the settler's heart; the distant howl of the coyote that timidly shrinks from man; the low hoot of the staring owl, and the beat of the prairie chicken's wing; the glory of the wheat-fields, the splendor of the sunset, of which no other country can boast, and the far-tinted horizon that belts the immense plain. Everything is a source of interest to the inhabitants. Everything comes within his range of attention. He is a father, a veritable monarch of all.

The Almighty smiles upon this tract of verdure. He has given the prairies their mission, which they must fulfil to raise their country in the eyes of the world. They are producers. Their soil is rich and fertile, and in the past few years the great influx of population has done much to strengthen the fertility. Land has been broken, which renders it capable of absorbing the heat from the sun's strong rays. In this way moderating the climate, and making the soil more productive. Each year the fertility is greater, and the yield is doubled. The very shrubs that unfurl their dark green foliage show richer fertility. The ploughman as he cuts the many furrows rejoices over the improvement in the nature of the soil. The heavy fall rains, though in many ways detrimental to the harvesting of the crop, are propitious, as the farmer hopefully says, "The crop will be good next year even if we have no rain."

The great danger of frost that so often blighted many hopes and ambitions has practically died away, as the heat that the soil receives through cultivation is able to counteract it.

A glimpse alone at one of the threshing scenes would give you an idea of the productiveness of the country where upon a broad yellow field, large stacks of grain are being devoured by the machine, spitting out chaff and debris from a long pipe, while from another chute thousands of bushels of grain are measured out; then the faintest conception of the bountiful harvest may also be had by a peep in the towering elevators, which contain huge bins of wheat concealing thousands upon thousands of dollars to enrich many for their untiring labor and effort.

But this glorious rapture, this wonderful fertility, is not confined alone to the cultivated prairies. The land far to the north of us, that for the past years has been thought only a cold barren waste, a resort

for wolves and wild Indians, is coming into prominence. The sun, who for ages has been shedding his beams upon the southern prairies, is looking for conquest, and is directing his rays to the virgin soils of the north, a great and glorious factor by his generating power. Vast steppes lie unbroken waiting to aid in the grand produce.

Men who are looking for fortune, eager and anxious to take the pick and axe, and scour the country for gold, do you know that beneath these broad plains gold lies hidden, just the depth of the plough-share, waiting for men of strength, nerve and force, ready and willing to confront minor hardships; men who will turn the sod that the rich earth may awaken from sleep, and yield up her first fruits; fulfilling Isaiah's prophesy: "The desert shall blossom as the rose;" producing acres of grain, its fragrance in the rich breath of prosperity; making this country a land of agriculture, the sustenance of nations.

When these slumbering extensive lands shall be awakened, and shall burst forth into productive glory; in the midst of it all we shall see this country one gi antic granary for the whole world.

The mission of the prairies is not only an agricultural centre, but the result of their broad acres shall be a race of clear-minded men abounding in strength and intelligence. A country whose fertility and productiveness will be the reigning centre of the universe, does she not have to have a people capable of sustaining her, or would she in the midst of wealth and plenty degenerate into sloth and indolence? But the Almighty as He beams His August rays upon these fair lands, says not only, "Be ye fruitful," but "I will make of thee a great nation."

The generation blossoming into manhood now—what is his education in the heart of the wilds of Canada, far from the hum and the buzz of the city? What knows he of a struggle for an existence, a keen competition, to go armed to meet his neighbor and to come in contact with a world-beater? He feels nought of this. He is a child of nature, educated and rocked in her bosom, caressed by the sunbeams, and bathed in the dew.

But he knows the weird, mournful howl of the prairie wolf, that vibrates the minor chord of his nature. To us the same sound is hideous. The whistle of the gopher, as it stands saucily on its hind-legs, to dare him, is a lesson in defiance. The prairie hawk screeches and dires a welcome as he passes, and the pugnacious badger fails to attack him. His instinct is keen; his insight clear and sparkling.

He who can distinguish the sonorous neigh of the prairie steed from the fright and fury as it gallops forth, and the ferocious bellow of the horned animal, and the very intent of every creature that comes within his sphere; will he fail to penetrate the human animal when he so successfully reads the lower. He knows the song that the swish of the golden grain sings of a bountiful harvest to-morrow. He has his dreams and ambitions, and the minds that sweep over the prairie whisper songs of a life beyond this great waste.

When the silvery moon steals over the prairie he does not look for the old tradition—the man in the moon or the lady in evening dress; but looks upon her as a great reflector from the throne of grace to guide the wandering wayfarer to a home of rest. The stars are not mere diamonds to him, but the eye of the Almighty watching over His precious flock. He is a God-fearing boy of thought and intelligence.

Such are the boys fast ripening into men, who will some day constitute the backbone of this wonderful country; men who in themselves are a mighty nation.

But you say a man who is to figure so conspicuously in the affairs of our country needs polish, culture and travel. Why, he has the polish of one who has been rubbed severely against adversity. His polish is reflected in his deep sense of honor; his strong distinction between right and wrong, and his desire to help his weaker brothers.

Culture—he has studied nature, the greatest of studies, and the songs of the birds, and the music of the trees on the bluffs have refined him.

He has travelled over the prairie until he can measure it with his eye. The clouds, as they pile one upon the other, forming themselves in dark, sombre masses of mountain

ranges, snow-covered with soft, fleecy whiteness, these have been his alpine heights.

He has seen the greatest of art galleries, and the most wonderful marvel of art depicted in the sky, a gorgeous sunset unsurpassed in its resplendent brilliancy and variegated coloring; has watched it transform into a great globe of light and sink to rest.

Sons of the soil we call them yet; men who will make the greatest sacrifices for their country, striving to prosper and exalt her; so while the earth rolls on in grandest harmony, our colony, almost obscure in the pageant glory of other nations, has deep and almost hidden within her bosom a generation of unique developing material for a stronger, purer, nobler and impartial government, men with ambitions and desires beyond a vain glory, eager to unite us into one solid mass to resist nations; Canada, a great nation, one in spirit, one in fellowship, one in might, one in honor and one in the noble desire for prosperity and welfare to all.

THE BLUE LONGFELLOW

By LOUIS CHARLES

"AT last it is our waltz, Harriet," and with the air of a cavalier a young man offered his arm to a bright, happy-looking girl; then addressing the elderly chaperon, by whom she was sitting, said rougishly, while pointing to his programme, "This is number five; I will bring her back safely for number ten."

The chaperon nodded, smiled, and looked wise, but discreetly said nothing.

"When I consented to five dances, I did not mean all at once," pouted the girl. "It will look strange, and we will be tired of dancing together."

At the strains of a waltz the dancers started to promenade around the great hall, and William Murrell led his dainty little partner towards a cosy nook, remarking: "We will rest through this waltz; listen to the music of the galop; talk through the lancers, and the following galop, then, after we have had a waltz, I will escort my sweet flower to her proper place by the wall as promised."

They were at the ball given in Toronto in September of 1860, in honor of Albert Edward, the young Prince of Wales.

For the early days of Toronto, the scene was a most brilliant affair.

A long drive on a dismal night, beyond the city limits, to a wide expanse of green lawn, with no habitations, save the Crystal Palace, in a blaze of light. Its walls gaily decorated with flags and bunting, a profusion of flowers, two bands of music, a crowd of happy young people, and a Prince.

It was like living a chapter in a fairy tale, and is a night still dear to the memories of many of the grand-parents of to-day.

The old families, with their manly sons and pretty young daughters, were well represented; and in the faces of youth and beauty there was an added interest, for the heir to the British throne was young, genial, and especially handsome, when he frequently smiled.

"I feel as if I were in an enchanted palace," sighed Harriet.

"And look like the Queen of Fairies," interposed William. "The dreamy expression in your grey eyes makes them black by gas-light; your cheeks as delicate a pink as your frock."

"So Philip has just told me," and Harriet glanced archly at her lover.

"You must not think seriously of what Philip says, dear; he is only a man of the world."

"And you a Prince Charming?" she queried.

"Perhaps I, too, have been a man of the world, but I will not be for much longer."

A ring of pathos and satire in the tone of his voice caused Harriet to look at him with a puzzled expression, and say rather pertly:

"Going to give up all this vanity and vexation of spirit, are you, and settle down into a prosy old benedict?"

Then looking down she examined her fan, nervously opening and closing it.

Without answering her, William had put his hand over the little fan, thus keeping it closed.

Harriet felt certain he was going to ask her what day she would become his wife, but it was enough to know he loved her, and she could not now listen to anything prosaic and serious. His face looked so grave, while everybody else was carelessly happy.

"I would like to dance with the Prince," she exclaimed, impetuously, jumping up, as if to escape an unpleasant duty.

"The poor fellow has not a moment to call his own, said William, rising slowly; "and I would rather sit and talk to you than dance with a score of princesses."

Shrugging her shoulders, Harriet laughed satirically.

"I am not sure that you would stand the test if tempted. At any rate I am getting cold sitting so long. As I will never see the Prince again I am just going to touch him the very first chance I get."

The band struck up a galop, and William caught Harriet in his arms, saying:

"Come, this will chase away the chills." They both entered into the spirit of frolic

peculiar to a galop, and for a few moments forgot that there was anything serious in the world. Suddenly, as if by accident, they collided with another couple, and Harriet involuntarily, to steady herself, put her hand on the arm of some other woman's partner, who stopped an instant, bowed and smiled. Harriet blushed, William apologized; then as they started off again, he laughed.

"Well, you touched him."

"Yes, I did; but, oh William, how clever of you to be so stupid. I felt dreadfully embarrassed."

A bit of coughing seized William, and Harriet instantly became anxious.

"You have taken fresh cold," she demanded, "and that cough has not left you."

"Not quite; I think I will go home now and not stand around after dancing. I had something to tell you," he added, "but this is no place for a confession. May I see you alone at the house to-morrow?"

"If no one else happens to be around," she retorted.

His brown eyes, looking at her so seriously, had provoked in her a secret delight of teasing him. They had been walking around and were again back to the place where he had first found her.

"I will call about three in the afternoon," he said calmly, as another partner came to claim her, but she knew by the pressure of his hand that to-morrow would definitely decide their future.

As William stood a few moments watching her glide from one partner to another in the quadrille, he sighed. "She is such a girlish, merry, little one, like a bright butterfly or humming-bird, care will find no resting-place on her fair brow; but to humans, how bitter are the realities of life."

The following afternoon Harriet sat demurely at the window in the front parlor of her father's house, with some wool-work in her idle, little hands. Her brain was busy with the events of the night before, and the coming meeting, the latter all planned by her over and over again.

She would be very independent and saucy. He would be sorrowful and plead with her, assuring her that his life, in which she had no part, was unendurable, and, using all the endearments peculiar to the language of lovers, would finally persuade her to yield to his caresses, and reluctantly acknowledge, that the future, without his protecting care, could hold for her no happiness.

A fire was burning brightly and the room looked cosy and homelike to William, as he received a smiling greeting from his sweetheart. To him, she had never seemed dearer. The blazing wood fire, no doubt, was responsible for her bright, red cheeks; probably, too, the light of welcome in her eyes.

Together they sat before the big, square fireplace, and talked of all the affairs pertaining to the ball, laughing merrily over their collision with the Prince and his partner.

They branched out into other subjects, and discussed everything but that which lay nearest the hearts of both.

At last he rose to go. "Won't you stay for dinner?" she asked.

"Not to-day, dear; I am going away for a short time, and came to say good-bye."

"But the boys will be disappointed if they don't see you," she urged.

It seemed as if he had forgotten all about what he had said the night before.

He stepped into the hall to put on his light overcoat, for it was one of those raw spells of which we occasionally have a few days in the early autumn.

Taking from his pocket a blue book, he handed it to her, saying: "This is an edition of Longfellow. I want you to look for a passage I have marked; something I have not the courage to tell you, dear. Good-bye."

He stooped, kissed her on the cheek, and was gone before she could scarcely thank him for the book.

She rushed to her room, petulantly exclaiming: "How stupid of him to be afraid of telling me anything; but I think it will be fun to mark another passage and send it back to him."

In the same spirit which prompted her to discourage him, when she thought he might declare his intention of making her his wife, she postponed the pleasure of looking for the marked lines of love.

Taking the book in her arms, she hugged and kissed it; then examined it's lovely, bright, blue binding and gilt letters.

Opening the cover she saw on the corner of the fly-leaf, "To Harriet, from a friend," and thought how ordinary that sounded; but it was precious, as his hand had penned the words.

"Perhaps there is a little inside," she gasped, and hurriedly turned the pages, then taking the two covers together she bent them backwards, holding the book in her left hand, and running the right hand across the loose pages, expected to see a little note drop out, but there was none.

Harriet had heard of Longfellow, who was writing poems that touched the hearts, and entered into the lives of the people. She knew the love story of "Evangeline," but had not read it. Thinking the most tender devotion would be expressed in those lines she looked through the poem carefully, Coming across the pencil marks, her heart gave one great throb, then seemed as if it would stop beating forever, as she read—

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing."

"What does it mean? What can it mean?" she moaned, piteously, then throwing herself on her bed she burst into a passionate torrent of tears.

Being too ill to appear at the family dinner her brothers came to her room later, jokingly telling her she must give up balls and such gaieties, if they had the effect of depriving them of her society.

"And, by the way," remarked the eldest brother, casually, "William Murrell called at my office to say good-bye. His whole family died of consumption, and although he looks rather well, he has only, at most, a few years to live."

Harriet heard the news calmly, for into her life had come the next line of the beautiful, sad poem—

"All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish o patience!"

. . . . . .

Forty-two years later, when all the British dominions were rejoicing over the coronation of King Edward the Seventh, an elderly lady, from a distant State, landed in Toronto, and the following morning, in company with a niece, stood at the family plot in St. James' cemetery.

"Does it not make you sad, aunt, to think of your dear ones lying here," queried the girl.

"It is the only scene of complete rest and peace," replied the white-haired lady.

"The bodies of father, mother, and two of the brothers I loved lying here makes it consecrated ground to me, but I live in the hope of the Resurrection."

Looking across the beautiful grounds in which the weeping willows seemed to represent the sorrows of those left in this world to mourn, while the young, green shrubbery and blooming plants were emblematic of the Resurrection, she said: "I want to visit another family plot. Let me see! There is a path. Yes, here it is, leading to the old ravine." Standing on the brow of the hill and looking down, she said: "We used to wander down here, and far out into the woods. So many early and tender memories are connected with this ravine that I have always loved it."

They turned back and soon found the monument for which they had been looking, and on which was carved the name of William Murrell, then the elder woman told the story of "The Blue Longfellow."

"Day after day, week after week, and month after month," she said sadly, "I waited for a letter which never came. William, no doubt, thought it best that we should part in a way that I should not feel bound by any tie to him. It may be hard for a man to voluntarily give up the woman he loves, but to the woman the long suspense is almost heart-breaking. I lived through it," she continued, "as women do to-day, and will to the end of time." William's remains were brought home fifteen months later and laid to rest here.

"At the age of thirty I married your uncle, who was then a young widower with one little boy. My husband and six children know the story of the 'blue book,' which, to them, is a household word. In it I have kept many little sentimental keepsakes, such as pressed flowers and newspaper

clippings. It seems as though it all happened last year," Harriet went on, "but my youngest son, my Benjamin, the others call him, is six feet high, and as old as William was when I first knew him."

"The loves of our youth never grow old. On my sixtieth birthday," she added, her face breaking into a smile, "as a pleasant surprise for me, my stepson presented me with the book in a new binding. It had, as when given me, a handsome bright blue cover, with gilt lettering. I managed to thank him," she said, "and tell him it looked just the same as when new, but quietly slipped away to my room and had a good cry. "The Blue Longfellow," with its dingy, dilapidated cover, had grown old with me, and the gay new dress was not in keeping with its old, sad heart."

The book, rebound, was like a new acquaintance, and not my dear, old friend.

WHEN BRADY "STRUCK IT RICH"

By J. E. BARTER

TWO men were preparing their camp for the night. They were out in the bush—far north in the Parry Sound District—and the lumber camp from which they had come lay a dawn's distance off.

They had tramped all day, and even Brady, life-long bushman as he was, felt that it was good to rest. As for Mitchell, the Englishman, ex-gentleman's son, and withal as fine a specimen of a ne'er-do-well as ever emigrated to the colonies, he was "beastly fagged out, by jove," and as both men settled down by the booming fire, it was with an infinite sense of content.

They were within a few rods of their destination—and gold.

Before lighting their fire they had sought a cool spot, a safe distance off, in the hollow stump of a tree, and therein deposited their dynamite. It was carrying this that had made their trip so hard. Turn and turn about they had carried the bag containing the harmless-looking sticks.

To let it drop—to knock it upon a fallen log—to do any of the countless things one is apt to, and Brady and Mitchell might be—Ah, well! some things are unthinkable. Suffice it that none of these things had happened, and the two men lay curling their tobacco smoke into the vast stillness of the pines—their tongues growing more and more silent, and their thoughts huge with expectation for what the morning would reveal.

Several days before, Brady and Mitchell had been out hunting, and happened on the spot just a few rods distant from where they now lay camped. They had been following the course of a dried up stream, and suddenly came upon a vein of white rock which kept cropping out here and there.

Becoming interested in its constant recurrence they traced it for a mile or more before really examining it very closely.

"Gold—by—" and Brady gave vent to a characteristic expression as he examined a piece of the white rock he had succeeded in chipping off. "Yes, there's no doubt but that runs with gold," he said, pointing to the yellow particles in the white rock.

"Gad," Mitchell said, after a few moments speechlessness, as he eyed Brady chipping off the rock.

They had returned to camp after taking exact bearings of the white vein, with very little game—and mum as to the direction of their hunt. In a day or two they had started off again on a "hunt," but this time carrying with them a couple of hammers, a drill and the precious dynamite. Dark found them encamped but a short distance from the dried-up stream, with the white vein running along it—a will-o'-the-wisp hidden in the night's deep shadows.

Only once during the night Mitchell awoke, and from his vision vanished a woman's face. He had been dreaming; a dream so real, so sweet, that he involuntarily put out his hand to clasp the girl's shoulder as she vanished. They had been walking as of old in her father's garden, with its well-kept lawns and hedges.

Mitchell sighed as he turned over at the futility of dreams.

. . . . . .

> Then God smiled, and it was morning,
> Matchless and supreme,
> Heaven's glory seemed adorning earth
> With its esteem.

Mitchell and Brady awoke with the animal creation—gladder with life than they had ever been. Scarce waiting to swallow the tea and hard biscuits they had provided themselves with—they made for the white vein which here and there gleamed in the morning light, as it cropped out from a layer of earth, or from between overhanging bushes.

Throwing off their coats they started feverishly to work drilling.

"Sure, this beats all the work I've ever done, or ever expect to," gasped Brady, as he sent blow after blow on the drill which Mitchell held and dexterously twisted—chipping off piece by piece the adamantine rock.

"How much do you suppose there is in the vein any way, Dick?" queried Brady with a fiery expletive.

"Demmed if I know!" retorted Mitchell. "Enough for you and me, I *guess*," as you Americans say, the Englishman drawled in good-humored mockery.

Mitchell's broad English accent had made him the butt of the practical jokers in camp, but he was fast learning to take their jokes with good-natured nonchalance, and even becoming able to turn the tables on his tormentors in ways that they did not always appreciate gratefully. Brady had at first been Mitchell's chief tormentor, but strange anomaly, had become his boon companion. Unconsciously a comradeship had sprung up between them; neither knew why or wherefore, but such it was, and as they worked on side by side, the stalwart Englishman, a gentleman by birth and education, and the broad-shouldered young Irish-Canadian lumberman, the two men were drawn in closer communion than ever before. Their enthusiasm and work in common, even in the few hours they had been drilling the adamant beneath them, had done more than months and months of ordinary camp life.

They were one in desire. Every stroke of the hammer accomplished something—for every drop of sweat rolling from their heated bodies—so many drops of the magic yellow stuff.

Both men worked as never before—in silence, save once, when Brady spoke of his mother. It was the first time Mitchell had heard him do so. Rough man as he was, Brady's voice quivered as he told of the poverty she had all her life battled with, and Mitchell was touched at the pathetic picture the words evoked.

"By heavens! she shall have all she wants now," and Brady swung his great muscular arm back and forth in a veritable fury of strength. It was an unsuspected phase in Brady, and Mitchell silently grasped his hand, as he flung down the hammer with a clang on the rock.

"Guess we're deep enough," said Brady. "Let's make things hum."

Gleefully as two boys they got the necessary dynamite from the hollow tree trunk and set fire to the fuse.

Gathering up their scattered tools they quickly made off to a safe distance to await results.

The minutes crept on and on—still they waited—never a sound. The silence, unexplainable as it was intense, got on their nerves. They looked at one another, and at Brady's suggestion began to cautiously retrace their steps, going from tree to tree, and pausing, expectantly to listen at each.

They had got to within about fifty feet of the spot where they had been drilling when —a flash—a roar as of crashing forests, and stunning darkness—all in one!

. . . . . .

Brady lay prone on the ground, the tree behind which he had stood shattered and torn limb from limb. Mitchell knelt at the side of the unconscious man—the gold fever had left his eyes, and in its place a savage despair as he looked helplessly at his inert companion.

Huge trees lay strewn about—rocks hurled everywhere. It seemed incredible that one little stick of dynamite should have created such chaos.

"Ah!" an exclamation came from Mitchell, as he noted the tree at whose root they had left the bag of dynamite, lying with its roots in the air.

"Damn!" Mitchell swore under his breath, as he remembered. They had forgotten the bag of dynamite in their hurry, and when the fuse had at last set the stick off as intended, the concussion had set the whole lot off. Everything was plain as could be.

. . . . . .

Mitchell never would tell exactly how he got Brady back to camp, but he did, and all the boys ever knew was that Brady had been struck by a falling tree.

"Dick," Mitchell was bending over Brady.

"Tell mother—its all for her. You'll 'tend to her share, won't you, old fellow?' and a look of child-like contentment crept over his face.

"It's all hers and yours, you know now—poor old mother!"

A tightness caught Mitchell's throat, and he rushed outside to the cool air, and the night, black and moonless.

Mitchell went to see Brady's mother, and took her, among other things of Brady's, some samples of the white rock.

"From my son's mine!" she would proudly say to inquiring neighbors, and they, as little wise as she, would speak in awed whispers of her boy Jim who "struck it rich"—and then, poor fellow, never lived to know how much he was worth.

Every little while Mitchell sent Jim's mother her share from "The Mine" in beautiful new gold pieces.

He felt a slender comfort in doing so, and often Brady's face would rise before him as he lay in his bunk that night, happy in the belief that he had indeed "struck it rich" for the little mother in the far distant Canadian town.

"Tell mother it's all hers."

Mitchell never forgot the words, but often wondered at the impenetrable veil that lies between this world and the next—wondered if, indeed, it were as impenetrable as it seemed, and if Jim could possibly know that the vein was just rich in—iron pyrites.

'TWAS FATE, DEAR

By E. J. CARMICHAEL

CHAPTER IV.

"GRETCHEN," said Nora from her post at the drawing room window one morning, "do come here a minute and watch Papa Morris going past on his leg-and-a-half, isn't he a sight! Put away that everlasting account book, for pity's sake. It made Blanche look like a washed-out rag last night, and now you are getting white about the gills; what's the good of life if you're always worrying. I'm sure Papa Morris, with his nice squinty eye and game leg never worries; he looks as though he defied any one on earth to take from him his jaunty youthfulness. I do wish he would fall down; it might help to straighten his eye."

"How nasty of you, Nora," said Gretchen, not deigning to life her eyes from her book, "most thoughtless. Why should you wish the poor man to hurt himself?"

"Why it might be the means of the crooked places becoming straight, and imagine the triumph for Mamma Morris if he stumped home with two eyes looking the same direction. Oh, Gretch, dear, do come and listen while I tell you about Norman Van-holland last night. What do you think he did? Give me your attention and I'll fess up to you."

Gretchen suddenly arose, and, flinging aside her book, impatiently joined her sister in the window. Nora was looking particularly pretty and youthful, and Gretchen watched her wistfully as she leaned over and pulled a large tabby cat from its sunny seat on the sill into the shelter of her own embrace.

"Nora, dear," she began, "I do wish you would take things a little bit more seriously. You say Blanche looked white and wan last night, does it never occur to you that she is always so now?"

"Oh goodness, no; don't suggest such horrid ideas. Of course Blanche has never looked up to much since mother died, but all she needs is a rest, a change, and you and I are going to make enough to give her one by and by."

"That's just it," said Gretchen. "I don't see how we are going to do it. You won't have your first profit from your work for a week or two yet, and then so much is needed, and my little savings are dwindling down since the furnace had to be fixed and a dozen and one small bills attended to."

"Well, don't you fret, darling; something is sure to turn up, and really, Gretch, I am serious, very much so. I think I'm getting too solemn-choly sometimes, as I was going to tell you, now I'll cheer you up and show you how beautifully I am behaving. Last night Norman put his arm around me and was so hurt because I wouldn't let it stay there—now doesn't that show how decorous is my demeanor. You know it is quite natural that my friends should wish to embrace so lovely a creature and it really does seem a pity to deny them such simple pleasures—don't look pained, Gretchen dear, it is only my love of making people happy."

"Nora," said Gretchen seriously. "If you are not careful you will develop into a hateful, light-minded butterfly, what men call a coquette. I wish you would ever realize that all the fun in the world is not worth one man's reverence."

"Oh! you should have been the Angel Gabriel or somebody like that," responded Nora. "Not that you haven't got faults yourself. I never saw anyone with a greater tendency to tantrums at times, and mulish is a mild word to put to you when your mind is made up—but you are so highly moral—now, if you had only allowed that nice, rich honorable to put his arm round you and fascinated him to such an extent that he asked you to be his, think of all the wealth you might have bestowed upon this family."

Gretchen, exasperated beyond words, hastily marched out of the room with an expression on her face quite unworthy of the Angel Gabriel, at which Nora burst into a fit of laughter, and snatching up the cat, waltzed round the room with it on its hind legs, to the poor animal's consternation.

The spring was pretty far advanced by this

time, and Gretchen felt Nora's light words all the more keenly because she was daily expecting Stephen's return from the North-West, where he had taken his departure two months previously, and she felt pretty sure that the inevitable question was bound to come before his return to England. Her feelings regarding him were very complex. She admired his intellect and was both interested in and proud of his regard, yet she did not care for him in the least, though many a time she heartily wished she did. Gretchen could not disguise from herself what an advantage it would be all round if she could bring herself to fall in love with this gentlemanly stranger, for if she married well and was able to send little presents home from time to time she might even be the means of Blanche keeping Hazelwood and a nice maid to help her as well, and the dream of her life was to make things easy and comfortable for the delicate elder sister who had borne so much already.

At the same time she knew very well that having once seen the love-light in Hugh Bronson's steadfast eyes, and realized how he felt about his old playmate, she could not give her heart to another man, even though it might mean that she and Hugh could never be more to each other than they were at present, but of late he had been so preoccupied as to neglect coming to Hazelwood except as the rarest occurrence, and the girl was commencing to feel as though that night he had spoken of his love for her was very visionary and far away and might mean nothing after all. Anyway Hugh was almost as much of a pauper as herself, and certainly did not appear to wish for her to think of him, as he had apparently left the field clear for Stephen to go in and win, and Gretchen was not the type of girl to pine for any man.

The poor girl was terribly harassed over matters at home. Of course the end of March brought social events pretty well to a close, and played havoc with Gretchen's business, except for a few after-Lent parties, which didn't amount to much. Then the winter had been a hard one, and so many plumbers and furnace-men had been called in, in order to keep the well-worn pipes and taps as they should be, that the house might not be too cold and comfortless for Blanche, that she had dipped into her small hoard of savings several times, so that she might honestly satisfy her sister, she was not calling in help for which she could not pay. Now as the summer was approaching, she foresaw other difficulties arising—shingling to keep out the rain—the garden, which must be properly attended to, a new chimney needed in the kitchen—Oh! countless small expenses looming in sight, and the worst worry of all was Blanche's failing health, and the cough that defied all recommended cough mixtures to relieve it.

One day Blanche herself spoke of leaving Hazelwood. She felt that a new furnace and so many other repairs were needed, and that their small income did not warrant any effort to keep it up.

"Then we would have to pay house rent, and, anyway, we are going to do nothing of the sort," answered Gretchen bravely, though her spirit quailed. It would half kill you to leave the old house, to say nothing of Nora and me. No, no, that will be a last resource; we won't think of it yet at all."

"But we could get used to it," said Blanche, and really I don't see how we can spend another winter here, and now the summer is coming on and the garden must be attended to."

"I will see to everything," said Gretchen grandly, inwardly wondering how she was going to do it, "but one thing we will do," she finished as a fearful bit of coughing shook her sister's slight frame, "that is, see a doctor at once about you."

"And run up another bill?" sighed Blanche.

"I don't care; I will attend to that, too. Now, Blanche, there's no use saying anything more, because if you won't go to him, I shall bring him to you," and Gretchen was as good as her word, and made Blanche visit Dr. Goodman's office before the day was over. The doctor looked very grave and warned both the sisters of the care that was needed, and how the patient must avoid both over work and worry and live in the open air as much as she could, and advised an immediate change to a warmer climate, if possible. Blanche promptly assured Gretchen on leaving the doctor's office that this was perfect nonsense, if she could get better anywhere she could at home, and so on, but

the younger girl counted her little hoard yearningly that night, and then shed despairing tears in the privacy of her own bedroom, because it was only enough to take Blanche to Muskoka, and not for long even there. Things were at this crisis when, upon her return from some work she had been doing on Friday afternoon, Gretchen heard that Hon. Stephen Shortreed was again in town and had called at Hazelwood and seemed much disappointed at missing her.

"Then that just decides me," said Gretchen, "to go over to Niagara for Sunday, and perhaps by the time I get back he will have departed on his return voyage."

"Why do you wish to avoid him?" asked Blanche.

"She is afraid he might pop the question," interrupted Nora mischievously, "and so he will I'll be bound. 'Gretchen, beloved, will you be mine. Oh! do say—' 'Yes, adored one, if you will just promise to settle a couple of hundred a year on my two spinster sisters.'"

"Be quiet Nora," demanded Gretchen, "how positively vulgar you can be—No, Blanche, not exactly, but Ursie Grantham is half expecting me you know, and it won't cost much and I really have promised so often. I will telegraph to-night."

"How calming it would be to possess a brother-in-law," went on Nora unabashed, "but perhaps not so soothing for him. 'Brother-in-law, dear,' I should say, 'the furnace and my boots and several other things about the house are worn out, and much as we long to do you credit, our little purses are worn out too. Could you fill them for us and send us some new boots, gloves, hats and dresses. It is more blessed to give, you know, than to receive! ! !'"

Next day Gretchen sat on the deck of the big steamer "Chippewa," dreamily watching a fleet of yachts starting out on their Saturday afternoon cruise across the lake. She was enchanted with the graceful white-winged procession and stood up to get a better view of them, wondering if by chance Hugh might be on board any of them, for he was an enthusiastic yachtsman and took sailing as his favorite recreation.

"How long it is since he has been over," she thought idly, "and how indifferent he has become. I wonder if he thinks things are any easier for me, or if he just doesn't care. I wish he would turn up in Niagara, but no one there looks like him, though that man in the white flannels on the last yacht looks powerfully like Mr. Shortreed. What a joke that would be on me, and how Nora would tease! Oh! no, it couldn't be him; his time is too short to go cruising now," and with a last wave to the pretty fleet now getting farther and farther in the rear, she resumed her seat and turned her eyes upon a couple of gulls that were following the boat, and her thoughts upon the friend whom she was to visit.

She had really felt the need of a couple of days change, so great had been her anxieties lately, and Ursula Grantham wrote at the beginning of each season urging her old schoolfriend to come over for a visit just whenever she could, yet this was the first time Gretchen had ever taken advantage of her cordiality. It was so short a distance that it always seemed as though she could go any time, and some way or other it had been postponed over and over again, and Gretchen had never seen the Falls. She knew that her friend's father, who was an electrical engineer, and found much to do about Niagara, owned a beautiful "place" at the American side, and as they only resided there in summer it was her one opportunity to see Ursula, unless she came to Toronto, as, indeed, she had done on several occasions. Ursula was a quiet, unassuming girl who, being an only child, found herself somewhat lonely, and devoted most of her time to music, and Gretchen was fond of her, and looked forward to her society and getting away from her worries for a whole day.

She was amused at the different styles of fellow passengers that surrounded her, especially at one party of four women and a man, distinctly American of the lower class, whose jaws were working unceasingly with "tutti-frutti" and conversation. One girl, in an array of gorgeous colors, was haranguing on the inferiority of everything Canadian in a twang pitched high enough to reach half way across the boat.

"Now wouldn't that jar you," she finally shrieked, as two small children raced past and jogged her elbow just as she was en-

deavoring to flip her chewing gum from her mouth to the post in front of her, when Gretchen turned away in disgust and fixed her attention elsewhere.

Ursie Grantham met her at Lewiston and remarks were exchanged upon the length of time since they last met and their mutual pleasure in seeing one another again, and then they were whirled away in the electric car of the great Gorge, and Gretchen found her mind fully occupied in taking in the grandeur of scene. The car appeared in some places to be fairly on top of the sizzling foaming waters of and surrounding the whirlpool, and on the left huge banks of cliff hemmed it in till her blood curdled at the thought of what would surely occur if it leaped the track. On the opposite side of the river fair hills of rich green formed a beautiful background, rising above the water, and here and there the other car could be seen wending its way on top of the bank through the trees. Both girls were almost altogether silent, moved by the grandeur of it all. Gretchen was most impressionable and her love for nature turned her thoughts always to the Divine mind that had planned everything.

"I never realized before how charming Canada is," she said, looking lovingly across at her own native shore. "I feel now as if it is no wonder that people comes miles and miles to see Niagara."

"This side is just as pretty from the other," said Ursula, "you must return that way and see for yourself."

Then they passed the upper Suspension Bridge, and for a moment the great cataract burst upon their view, and her enthusiasm knew no bounds. A few moments later their destination was reached, and Mr. Grantham's carriage conveyed them to the house. Gretchen enjoyed to the full the kindness of her welcome, the luxuries of the Grantham's residence and the beauty and picturesqueness that surrounded it on every side. Sometimes she would shut her eyes, and try to imagine she was hundreds of miles away, and that no sordid poverty and anxious fears had ever crept into her life. She had a wonderful way of throwing off care and living just in the present, so that her friend guessed nothing of the struggle she had left behind, and no one to whom she had ever shown the different sights that abounded in Niagara had ever been so satisfyingly appreciative of them as was Gretchen Hazelwood.

Then she took her out on a projecting look-out point where they stood on level with the rapids and watched the enormous volume of water hurling itself over the rock hundreds of feet below, and saw the exquisite colors of the spray forming rainbows in the sunlight as it fell, and the tiny boat, Maid o' the Mist, threading its way gingerly with what seemed almost impudent daring right up to where the seething mass was boiling and bubbling from its fall. Gretchen turned her eyes upon her with such an expression in them that no words were necessary. The word she *felt* as she gazed about her seemed to be "God," God in the water, God in the rock, God through all eternity for ever and ever.

CHAPTER V.

A bright calm Sabbath morning drew Gretchen from her couch a couple of hours earlier than the rest of the household, who, being accustomed to the beauteous sights and sounds of their summer residence, were not awakened by the thundering boom of the Falls—and immediately seized with desire to see them and be near them once more, as was Gretchen. She dressed quickly and made her way down to the garden, where the fragrance of dewy flowers and budding shrubs, singing of birds and pureness of the air gave her exquisite pleasure. It was not such a picturesque old place as the garden at Hazelwood, but the well-kept lawn and neat beads of colored foliage, the profusion of flowers and wide gravel paths all made her feel the luxuries of relief that money can give.

There was a darkey washing the lower windows in evident forgetfulness that it was not a week-day, and Gretchen watched him with much amusement as he doused the panes of glass with water from the hose, a grin of enjoyment on his black countenance, and sang vociferously:

"Way down South in the land of roses
Dwells de honey dat I lub so well."

"Morning, Missy," he said, suddenly catching sight of the pretty figure on the verandah.

"You be out bright and early, ain't you?'

"Good morning," answered Gretchen brightly, "do you think you ought to be cleaning windows on Sunday?"

"Lor', yes miss," responded the negro with alacrity; "masser he won't wake for n'uther hour or more, and I don't guess de Lord take much stock on his own day o' one poor niggah's doin'—anyhow missus she done tole me to wash dem windows sure yesterday and I clean fergit, so I calculate I jest better do 'em's quick as I can afore she ketches on, and dis heres my chance."

Gretchen smiled, and made her way out of the gate and down the road, that she might enjoy all by herself the beauty of the hour and scene.

She walked swiftly and soon crossed the grey stone-bridge leading to Goat Island, where she stood for a moment to admire the rapids, then wandered on drinking in the perfection of the day. What a rest it seemed after the ceaseless buzz of a large city—how pure and fresh and fragrant everything was. Gretchen began wishing once more that Hugh was near at hand—and thought how easy it would be to forget his late carelessness, and talk to him of everything they both loved over here in this lovely place.

Suddenly, as if in answer to her desire for companionship, she turned a corner and almost ran into the arms of a man—the first person she had met since she came out, and who was it but Mr. Stephen Shortreed.

"What a coincidence," exclaimed Gretchen, starting; "where in the world did you come from."

"I might ask the same question—for although you were in my thoughts, I had no idea that I should meet you like this—I came over on one of the yachts yesterday, and took the train on to the Falls, having heard you were crossing, though my hope of meeting you was very slight. Where are you staying?"

"With my friend, Miss Grantham—and you?"

"At the Cataract House."

Then the absurdity of the situation, considering the reason for her desire to leave town overcame Gretchen, and she laughed merrily.

"Might I inquire as to the cause of your hilarity?" said Stephen, who true to the character of the Englishman, did not possess an abundant sense of humor; "is my cravat awry, or my hat crooked, or anything?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Gretchen; "don't mind me, but it did seem so funny to meet someone from Toronto at this hour—whatever made you get up so early. Mr. Shortreed?"

"The noise of many waters," he answered, and then before she was aware he began to speak of his trip, and how much he had missed her—how she had become a necessity and part of his life, and, finally, asked her point-blank the question she had dreaded, and tried to fence off, while knowing all the while it was inevitable.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said the girl in a low distressed tone. "I did hope you would not say anything to spoil our friendship—and, indeed, Mr. Shortreed, I can only care for you in that way."

"I know you do not care for me now," he pleaded, "but I want you to say you will try to do so—and I will come back for you by and by."

"No, no; it is dreadful to hurt you," said Gretchen, sorrowfully; "but it cannot be; I respect you, and I am proud of your friendship, but that is all."

"But my dear child, there is so much that I could do for you," said Stephen. "I have never met so sweet and fair a creature, and I long to shield you from the struggles which, I am sure, you have to bear. I have money and a beautiful home— it seems like bribery, but you don't know how willingly I will help you and your sisters, if I may—forgive me for speaking plainly—but I must win you if I can."

Gretchen watched the restless waters dashing furiously over the rocks, and thought how like her own restless heart they were. How easily in this way could she make things straight for Blanche—yet her whole soul cried out against it.

"I can never do as you wish," she said, anxious to end the topic once and for all. "My gratitude is yours and my regard, but

my heart—is another matter—you would not desire me to give myself to you without it, would you?"

"I would take you at any cost, I'm afraid," answered Stephen. "If you love another and can marry him—I will endeavor to be a man, if it is a question of love only—I will take any risk if you will marry me."

Gretchen rose and threw out her arms with a gesture full of despair.

"Please do not tempt me," she said, "for there is a man who, should he ask me, I would follow him to the end of the earth. It is best that you should know—whatever happens."

"But there is temptation in the thought that I could do more for you than he; is that what I am to understand?"

"Oh, please—no," said Gretchen distressed; "I will not marry when I do not love; it would neither be fair—nor right."

Stephen Shortreed gazed at the girl's lovely profile in silence for a moment, then as she rose to make a move homeward, he said:

"You are good to tell me the truth, and for that, at least, I am grateful. Certainly, you have always been frank with me—yet I hoped to win your love as I have never longed for anything in the world before—even now, if you would give me a fair chance. I believe I could do so—in time. But as there is someone else, I suppose I must leave you, and I just want you to understand this, that at any moment, from any place should you change your mind and decide to grant me my request, I will come to you. All that will be necessary is for you to cable, or write the one word 'yes,' and without question, without hesitation, I will return to you, be it soon, or be it in ten years from now. I shall never change, remember that."

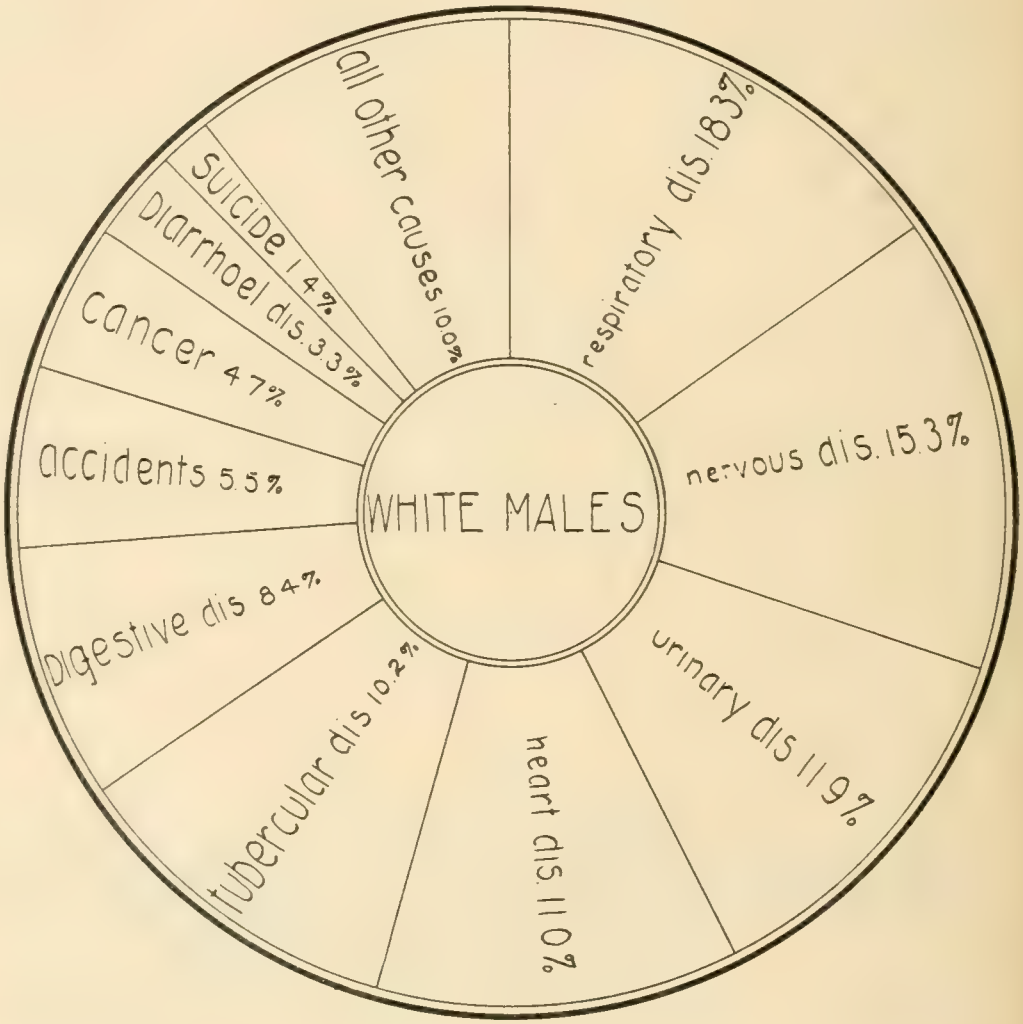
Tears of gratitude filled Gretchen's eyes as they strolled back again through the trees, but when he had left her a smile broke over her countenance—the sense of humor always came to her rescue.

"Well," she soliloquized, "what a queer world it is; if anyone had told me a year ago I should have a proposal at Niagara Falls on Sunday morning before breakfast, what an idiot I would have thought them."

(To be continued)

Ten principal causes

Industrial experience

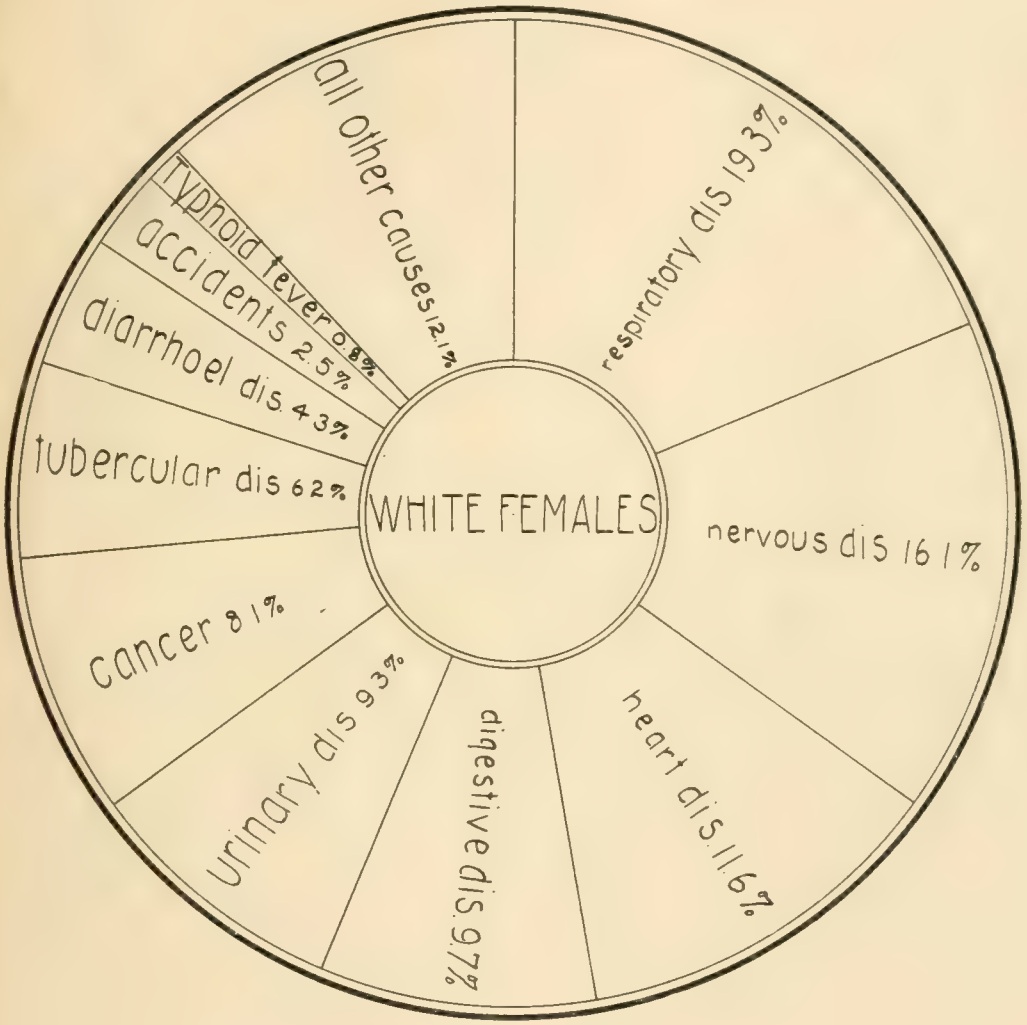


NOTE The colored segments of the circle represent
in the mortality from all causes at ages 45
diseases caused 18.3% of the total mortality

The above chart is taken from the splendid exhibit of

# of deaths_ ages 45 AND OVER.

1891 — 1900



the percentage of deaths from specified causes
and over For Illustration_ Deaths from Respiratory
of males at this period of life.

FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

THE CONTEST FOR PACIFIC TRAFFIC

[The World's Work]

There are but three railroad powers on the Pacific Coast. They are Mr. E. H. Harriman, Mr. J. J. Hill and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. They are engaged in a tremendous struggle to gain control of the traffic of the Pacific Coast and the Pacific Ocean. They have spent during the past ten years more than $500,000,000 cash. They have practically rebuilt the transcontinental railroads. They have in competition cut down the freight rates more than 30 per cent. They have built fleets on the Pacific Ocean. They have created cities. They have bridged seas and tunnelled mountains. They have revolutionized the transportation methods of the age. They have accomplished feats of engineering and of executive daring that stand without parallel in railroad or industrial development.

The struggle began on June 18th, 1893, when Mr. Hill's system was open for traffic. The last span of the new bridge across the Columbia River completed his connection with the coast. It was a bad hour for the Southern Pacific ports and for the railroads that had so long held a monopoly across the continent and across the Pacific Ocean.

Twenty-four years before, George Francis Train and Leland Stanford had opened the first of the transcontinentals. The Union Pacific and the Central Pacific had met at Promontory, Utah, on May 10th, 1869. In the meantime there had been built five other great railroads—the Santa Fé, the Oregon Railway, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, and the Great Northern, which in 1893 immediately became a competitor of all of these, not only for the traffic across the continent, but for the traffic of the Orient.

Two months after Mr. Hill's road was open the Northern Pacific became bankrupt. Later in the same year the Union Pacific also passed into the hands of receivers. For three years the Santa Fé struggled against fate before it, too, succumbed. The Canadian Pacific cut its dividend in 1893, and even the indomitable President Van Horne could find no better encouragement for his stockholders than to point to the absolute bankruptcy of the railroads south of the border. It was, indeed, to quote his phrase, an "extraordinary commercial storm."

Fiercely, even madly, the bankrupt railroads fought among themselves for the sparse traffic of those three lean years. Every 1,000 tons of freight excited a petty war. From 1893 until the crops of 1897 began to move they waged war for the crumbs of traffic left over from the rich years of the later eighties.

Yet all this was but the prelude to the greater war that was to follow; for up to this time they had fought only for local traffic for the markets of the great North-West and the great South-west. In those years men did not dream of foreign commerce as a thing worth fighting for. It was a war of local rates only, a fierce and bitter struggle for a small reward. Suicidal from the first, it finally ended in a peace when the owners of the roads decided to forego the pleasure of hurting one another for the greater pleasure of getting out of bankruptcy, paying their debts, and enjoying the luxury of dividends.

The reorganization period began in 1896. The Santa Fé, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Oregon railroads were set upon their feet by strong and daring financiers. Aided by the return of prosperity, these corporations recovered quickly. Within three years the Atchison, the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific were paying dividends. The Canadian Pacific raised its dividend rate to the old level. The Great Northern had paid dividends from the very start.

Now came the period when the battle was drawn for traffic across the sea. San Francisco had become uneasy when the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company had reached Portland in 1887. When, in 1888, the first Canadian Pacific steamer arrived at Vancouver with a full cargo of merchandise from Japan and China, San Francisco became more uneasy. The press and the people had made bitter comment upon Mr. Hill's reaching the Pacific; and in 1896 he made arrangements with a Japanese steamship company for a regular transpacific service

out of Seattle; and the full force of this competition came home to San Francisco. Since that time, now nine years, the Pacific ports further south have watched with growing uneasiness the wonderful strides that have been made by the northern railroads in securing the traffic of the Pacific.

Wonderful, indeed, is this story of the Battle of the Ports. Presidents Ripley, of the Santa Fé; Huntington, of the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific, and Harriman, of the Union Pacific, have been the generals for the southern ports. Former President Mellan and now President Elliott, of the Northern Pacific; Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, and Messrs. Van Horne and Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific, have led the northern roads. Behind each one there has been a directorate of the strongest and the wealthiest railroad men in the United States that each could group together. The Harriman following has come to include Mr. James Stillman, President of the National City Bank of New York, the direct representative of the Standard Oil party—with all the wealth that this connection implies; Mr. Marvin Hughitt, representing the Vanderbilts; Mr. Jacob Schiff, the head of the strongest private banking house in the United States, Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; and Mr. H. C. Frick, the Pittsburg millionaire, who represents himself alone.

Mr. Hill has come to dominate the northern lines in the United States. Behind him stands the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. and the affiliated house of J. S. Morgan & Co., of London, England; the other great London house of Baring Bros. & Co.; and a dozen private capitalists of England and New York, whose combined wealth is probably greater than the wealth of any national bank in the United States.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is the ostensible leader of the Canadian Pacific forces. That directorate hardly needs a leader. It is at one with itself and homogeneous. Back of the directors are the wealth of the English middle classes; the world-wide power of the Bank of Montreal, the wonderful prestige and the great personal wealth of Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner to London, and the perfect confidence of the English people that the Canadian Pacific can do no wrong.

These three are fit competitors. Mr. Harriman controls the traffic policy of every line that reaches San Francisco. He divides the Portland traffic with Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill practically controls the traffic of Puget Sound ports Only recently he has reached into British Columbia to meet the Canadian Pacific on its own ground. Each of these has at his disposal great ports, large fleets, unlimited capital, thousands of miles of almost perfect railroad stretching away into the markets of the East, and the local territory to draw traffic from and to throw the traffic of the Orient into.

The best of it is, this long fight has not been a conflict at the expense of the communities that are served by the railroads. The countries through which the roads run have prospered exceedingly. The Harriman railroads have built up Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Hill railroads have built Great Falls, Spokane, Helena, Seattle and Tacoma. The Canadian Pacific has been the prime factor in the growth of Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. The population of these cities, during that time, has increased in some cases more than 100 per cent., and in no case less than 50 per cent. When Mr. Hill reached the Pacific Ocean Seattle was merely a struggling seaside town. It has come to be a great city.

One result of this struggle is shown by the import and export tonnage through each of the principal ports. San Francisco's tonnage fell from more than 86,000,000 in 1890 to 70,000,000 in 1904; and the Puget Sound ports increased their tonnage from about 23,000,000 in 1898 to 34,000,000 in 1904. The story is here written pretty plainly. In 1898 San Francisco handled more than 70 per cent, of all the business that left Pacific ports either eastbound or westbound. In 1904 the percentage had dropped to 56. In those six years San Francisco shows a loss of $14,000,000 in the value of its commerce; Puget Sound, a gain of $12,000,000.

The tonnages of the railroads are even more instructive. In the following table the figures represent the number of tons of freight carried one mile by each railroad in

1898 and in 1904. It must be remembered that the Santa Fé, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific were, in 1898, just emerging from receiverships.

TONS CARRIED ONE MILE

	1898	1904	Per cent. of Increase
Atchison	2,779,550,000	4,682,270,000	68
Southern Pacific	3,142,129,000	5,337,597,000	70
Union Pacific	1,300,000,000	4,053,298,000	212
Northern Pacific	1,648,170,000	3,685,672,000	129
Great Northern	1,937,955,000	3,351,802,000	174
Canadian Pacific	1,769,959,000	3,809,802,000	113

This increase in traffic is eloquent of the advances in commerce throughout the whole West. It is not, of course, to be taken as a guide to the growth of the Pacific commerce. By far the larger part of the increase is due to the local development of the regions served. The Union Pacific's great increase is due to the development of the territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, and not to Pacific commerce. It will be noted, however, that the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific, which serve the southern ports alone, have grown relatively more slowly than the northern roads. The largest increases are of the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific. These lines have expanded, have added to their systems, have built up their territory, have established new industries, have created new cities.—*By C. M. Keys.*

VANCOUVER

[THE WORLD'S WORK]

DAIRYING is advancing with rapid steps, while recent results with fruit sent to markets as distant as Glasgow prove that the orchards of this region, of which there are now planted 13,430 acres, will presently be heard from. Prices obtained in England and Australia for British Columbia fruit were higher last year than those fetched by fruit from any other exporting country. The coming of the new Grand Trunk Railroad to the coast means the opening up of undreamed-of possibilities in the valleys of the North.

It is to the gigantic system of the Canadian Pacific Railway that the Canadian North-West owes its population and prosperity; to it the strenuous city of Vancouver owes its very existence. It stands to-day the best possible illustration of what is doing and yet to do in the British North-West. Less than twenty years ago, with a population of only 1,000, the village of Vancouver was incorporated as the city. To-day not far from 50,000 active, able, all-daring citizens, drawn from the four quarters of the earth, inhabit a city having 160 miles of graded streets, thirty-nine miles of sewers, fifty-one miles of water mains, and every conceivable feature of a thoroughly modern and wealthy community.

It is Transportation that is writ large over the portals of Vancouver's humming prosperity. Beside the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads enter this gateway to the Orient. Situated "where East is West and West is East," with Yokohama only ten days away, and London only ten, with the future granary of the world and the inexhaustible forest and mine at its doors, who shall place a limit on Vancouver's hopes of becoming presently a greater Liverpool? Regular sailings take place from her wharves for China, Japan, Australasia, Fiji, Hawaii, Alaska and all the Pacific ports in North and South America, while an unending succession of free-foot "tramps" are forever lading and discharging the laughably heterogeneous mass of commodities which make up the world's exchange. Direct from the holds of vessels arriving from every port of the East and the Antipodes, into the waiting trains of the transcontinental railroads, is daily hoisted an enormous tonnage of tea, silk, sugar, rice, spices, and what not for our own Eastern and European markets. Presently these same bottoms put back to sea, laden low with lumber and foodstuffs and cotton and an infinite variety of manufactured goods. A stroll along the waterfront carries the imagination to the shores of all the Seven Seas.—*By Vincent Harper and Agnes D. Cameron.*

THE EDUCATION OF BUSINESS MEN

[THE WORLD TO-DAY]

DURING THE past five years the training of young men for business careers has assumed such importance that it may now be regarded as a special branch of education.

The complaints that college-trained men are poorly prepared for business at the best and at the worst completely spoiled, their tastes and inclinations having been diverted into other channels, have been common and frequently justified.

This situation has been brought to the attention of our educational institutions in a number of ways, chiefly, perhaps, by the growing demand of parents and students for more practical courses of study. This has shown itself in the choice of studies made under the elective system, in criticisms of existing courses by business and other so-called practical men, and in the direct pressure for the introduction of new courses and new studies brought by governing boards and others occupying places of educational influence and authority. Colleges and universities have also observed that many of the brightest graduates of the secondary schools are being diverted into business instead of encouraged to continue their education in higher institutions, and upon further examinations have learned that this tendency is due not so much to a lack of appreciation of the value of higher education as to the feeling that colleges are not furnishing the kind of training needed. Wherever engineering, agricultural, law and other technical schools have been introduced, it has also been observed that many students enter and graduate from these technical courses who do not intend to be specialists, but who believe that such courses more nearly approximate what is needed by a business man than those offered in the colleges of liberal arts. An increasing tendency to forego the advantages of a degree in order to be able to choose the precise studies desired has also been observed in large institutions which offer a great variety of courses.

The public high schools have felt the pressure more keenly, perhaps, than the colleges and universities. A larger proportion of their students are preparing for business and a larger number of their constituents lack appreciation of classical, philosophical and other studies remote from the interests of every-day life. Many of them have been literally forced to give especial attention to the training of business men.

Many members of college and university faculties have been slow to readjust their educational theories to the new conditions. They have been unwilling to admit that the newer studies are equal in educational value to the old ones, and have felt that this new movement is retrogression instead of progress. Especially is this true of the friends and devotees of the so-called classical studies.

The special studies, now often called commercial, include commercial geography, economic history, money and banking, public finance, transportation, insurance, commercial law and business administration (bookkeeping, accounting and auditing, and business forms and practices). All provide elective studies which give students an opportunity to make a special study of particular industries and to select such engineering, law or other courses as have a direct bearing upon these.

An important element in the determination of the future of this branch of education will be the attitude of the commercial world. Its dissatisfaction with former conditions is largely responsible for the introduction of these new courses and its satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the outcome will have great influence in determining the direction and character of the next move. The vast majority of business men realize the need of better trained service and will welcome this new type of college graduate and give him a trial.—*By William A. Scott.*

THE COMING THING IN FICTION

[The World To-Day]

The following clipping from *The World To-Day* marks the distinction between the old and the new style of literature, showing the distinc type demanded by readers of the day.

It is relentless thinking that is reappearing in the world of the new novel. That fact is the most hopeful sign of the times. It shows that the "strenuous life," of which we have heard so much, is not wholly physical. The key to the pronouncement upon strenuousness is an emphasis on personal independence. To be strenuous in the meaning of its most conspicuous exponent is to keep your will independent of circumstance. You are not to sit down and let fate judge. You are to take the bit in

your teeth—with apologies for the image—and go, not fate's way, but your way.

In our recent fiction the subject matter is in accord with this idea. What people will read to-day, is the literature not of dissection but of movement. Not the analysis of our minds in repose, but the display of character in action. Hence we have that wide range of conflict—man resisting, enduring, overcoming his difficulties—which fills the fiction of the moment. We have the story of adventure; we have Mr. Kipling's splendid tales; we have the business novel that takes over the scene of warfare into the market-place. But everywhere it is war. And one should also notice that what we crave is successful war. He who fights and wins—in some way or other—is the man we want to hear about.

But no people of wide interests can keep from bringing their record of the emotional life into line with their record of the material life. In a moment when we are eager to see man triumphant over circumstance materially, we wish to see him win the same triumph emotionally. We demand heroes in fiction who show the same kind of independence, the same kind of devotion in love and war.

And the degree of subtlety in our standards will be the same in one case as in the other. In what we ordinarily understand as "action," we demand to-day an independence—or the idea of an independence—that is grandly superior to circumstance; that has delivered itself from its sensibilities; whose strong mind is in stable equilibrium. Our idea of the man of action is one who can not be "worked," who is impervious to external stimulus except when that stimulus is approved in his own mind. At our national military academy the candidate for admission must pass a series of "temper tests." In Mr. Kipling's picture of the barrack-room we see that the new recruit is put through a similar process. "They ragged him low and cunnin'" to test his relation to external stimulus. Not until he can so rule his sensibilities that his conduct is the expression of his own will—not a mere reaction to external stimulus, but often a defiance of it in obedience to a standard in his own mind—will he be accepted as a soldier.

But the question arises, What is the nature of the interior standard? The English novel during two generations, amid its other business, has wrought out a set of distinctions that are just the thing to fit the new mood and form the standard in love of the new novel. The sentimentalists, as revealed in Thackeray, in Meredith, are the people who have no interior standards, whose emotions are regulated by external stimulus. They are the antitheses of the heroes of the new novel. They are the negative clew to the new ideal. By contrast they are its perfect exposition.

The conclusion of the whole matter is the contrast of motive of the sentimentalist and the man of genuinely strenuous nature. When we look close at the sentimentalists, whether in Thackeray, or Meredith, or Mr. Hewlett, we find that invariably the key to them is the same. We must touch their sensibilities in order to get a motive for action. This is true of the sentimentalist in life. Sentimentalism is consistent with much apparent goodness, with generosity, with devotion, with sacrifice even. But always this goodness upon analysis turns out to have an insecure foundation. The sentimentalist is an epicure of feeling. He sides with the under dog, for example, because the spectacle touches his sensibilities, and if he resist their appeal he will be uncomfortable. This is a typical case of the motives of the sentimentalist. A situation in which no such appeal is made does not move him. One which outrages his sensibilities destroys entirely his capacity to think. He contrasts with the man of sympathy, the man who can escape from himself and find a motive for action without the appeal to his sensibilities or even in defiance of that appeal. He contrasts still more with the man of conviction—who may or may not be also a man of sympathy—who can find a motive in his own ideas of right and wrong, to whom appearances are nothing, who holds his own course in defiance of everything but conviction, who culminates in Job, and the words, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

That note is the coming thing in fiction.
—*By Nathaniel Stephenson.*